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MEET THE MRS.

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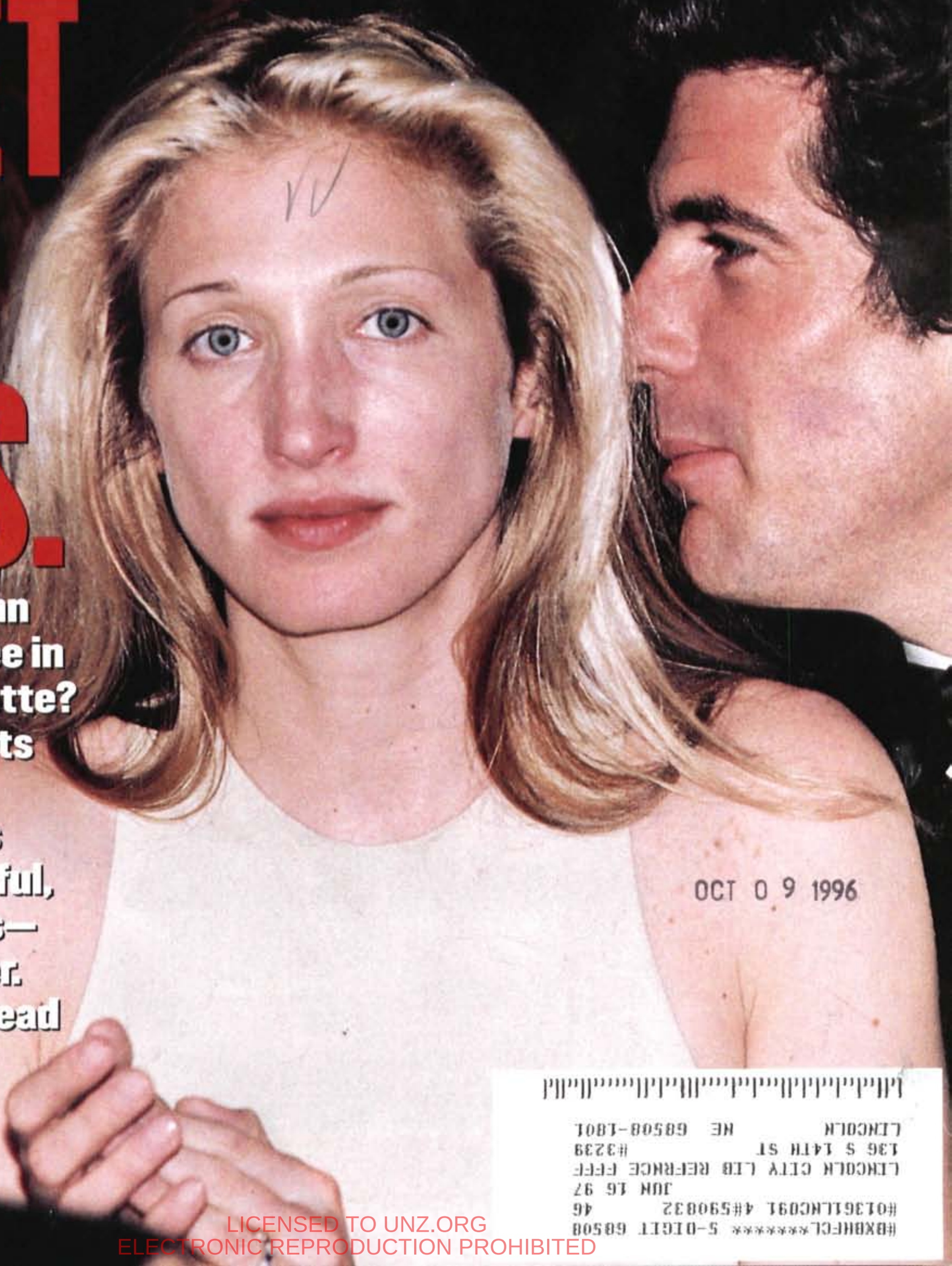
By Rebecca Mead



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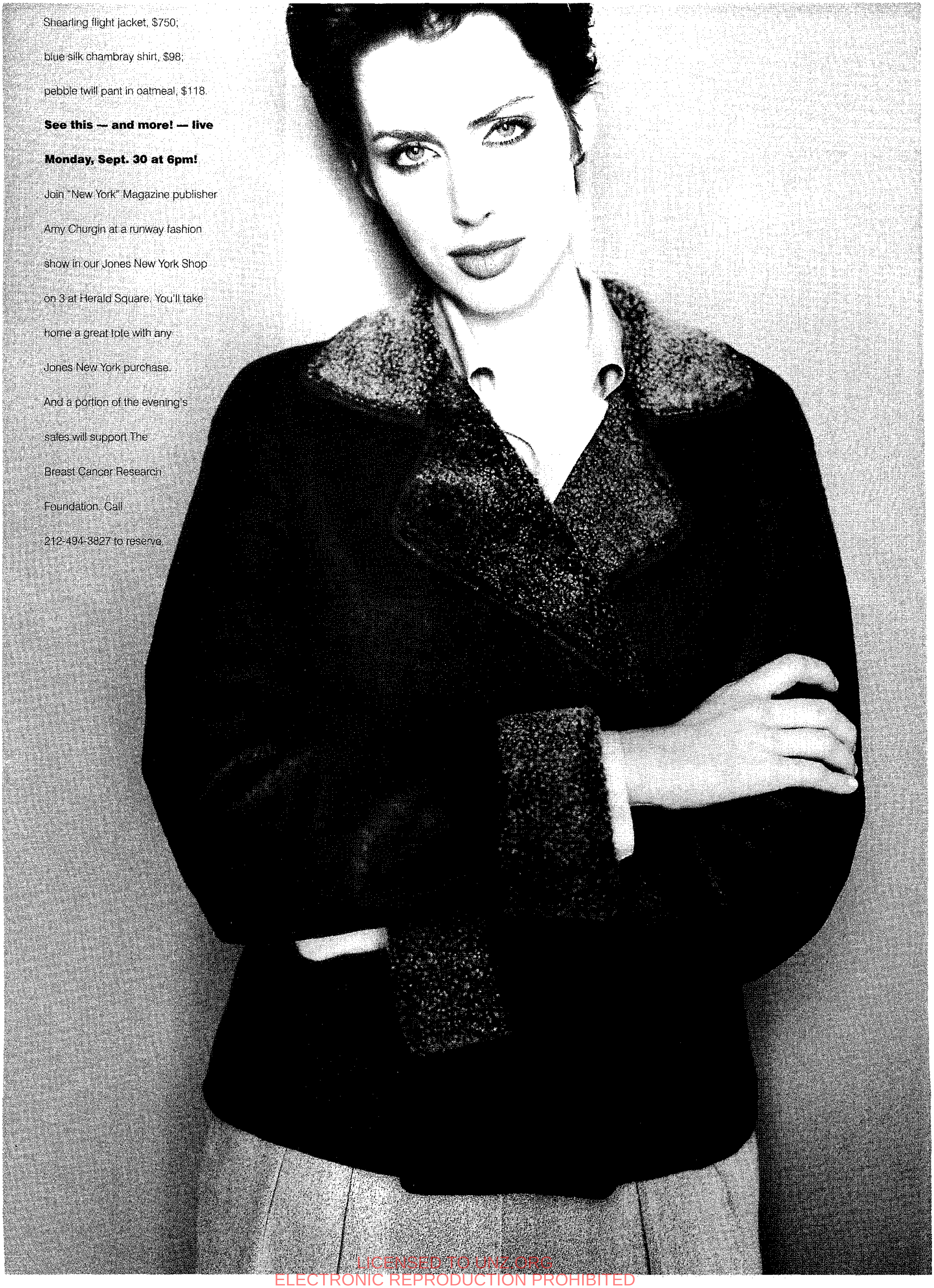

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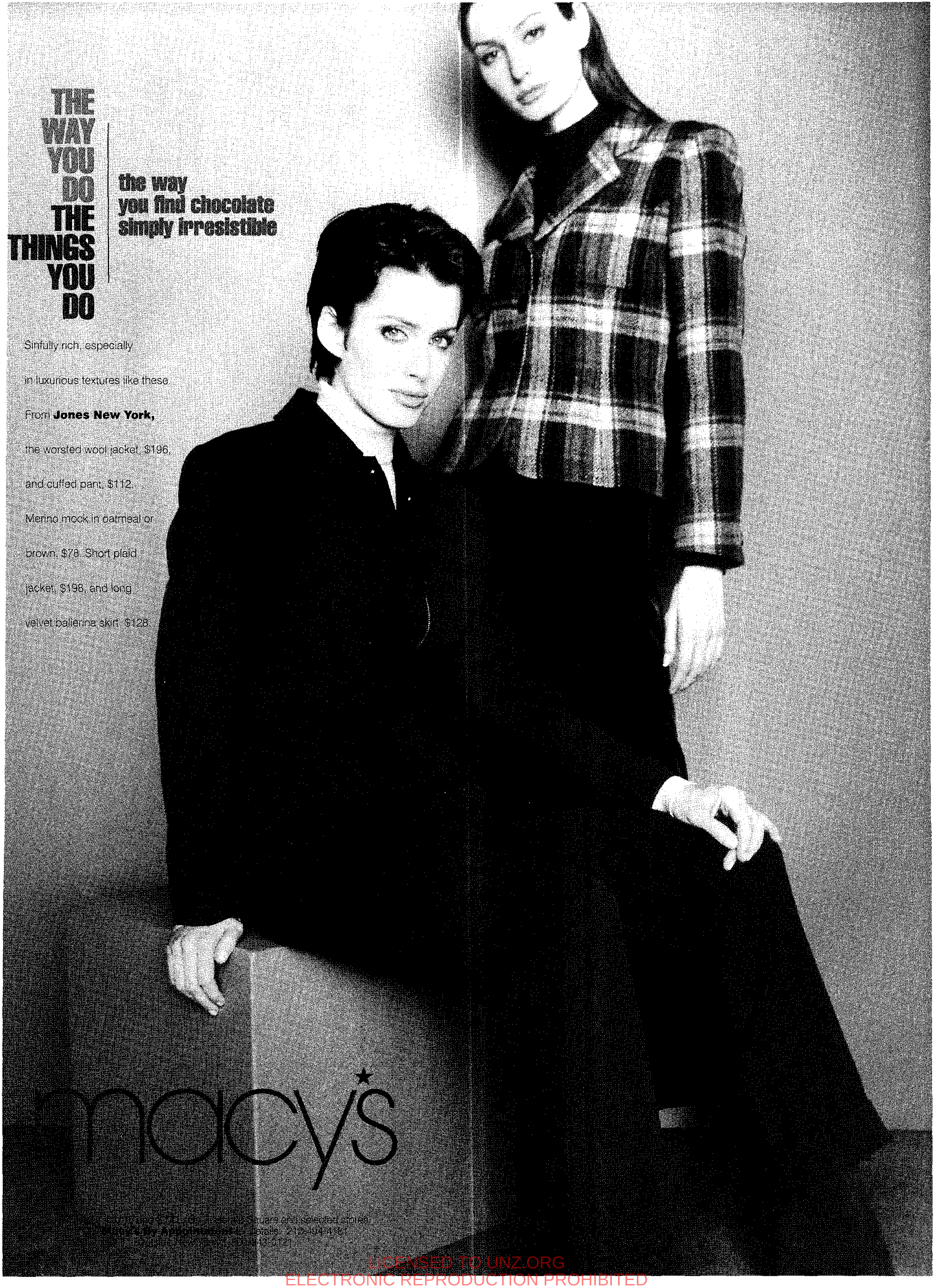
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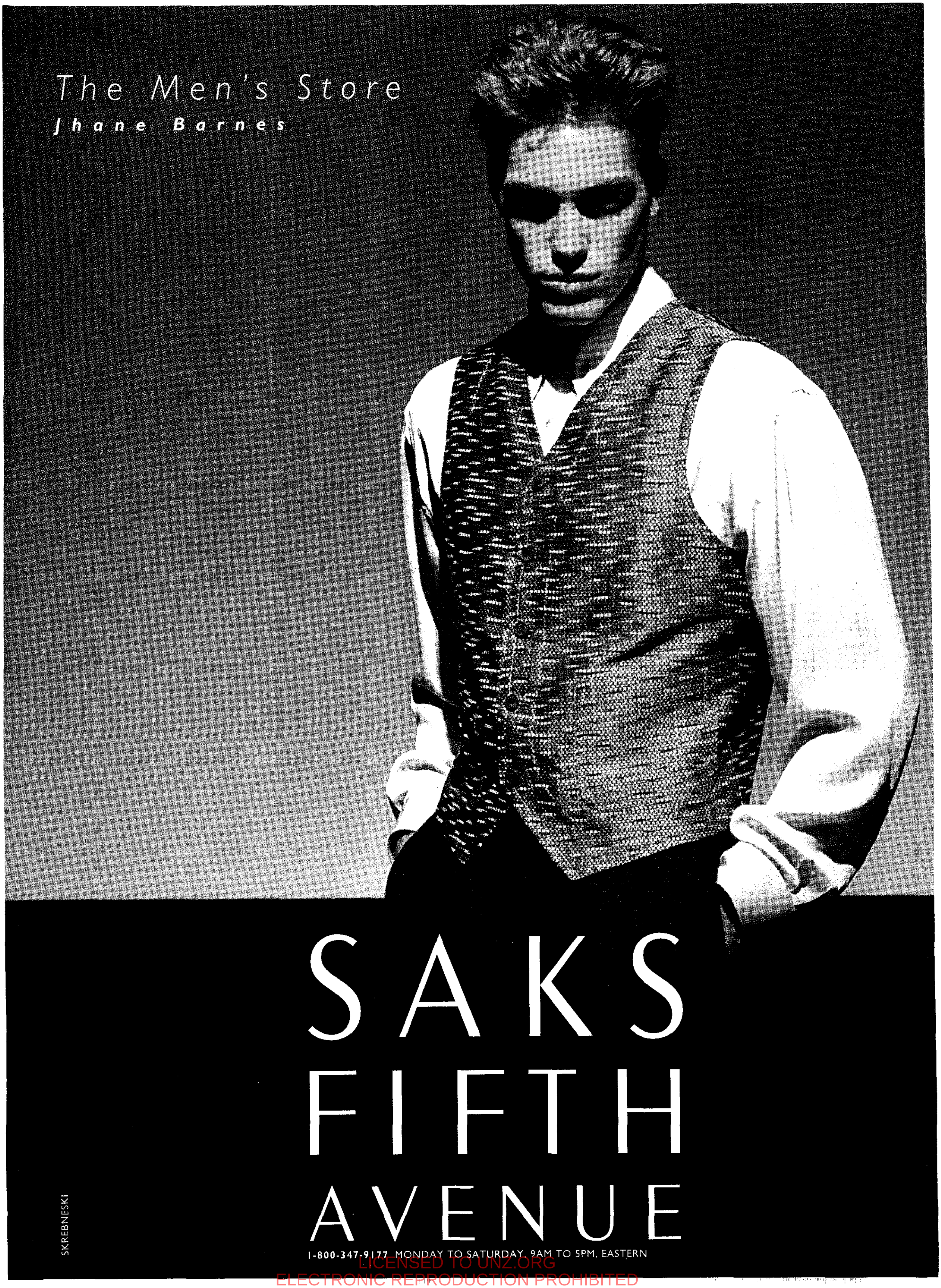

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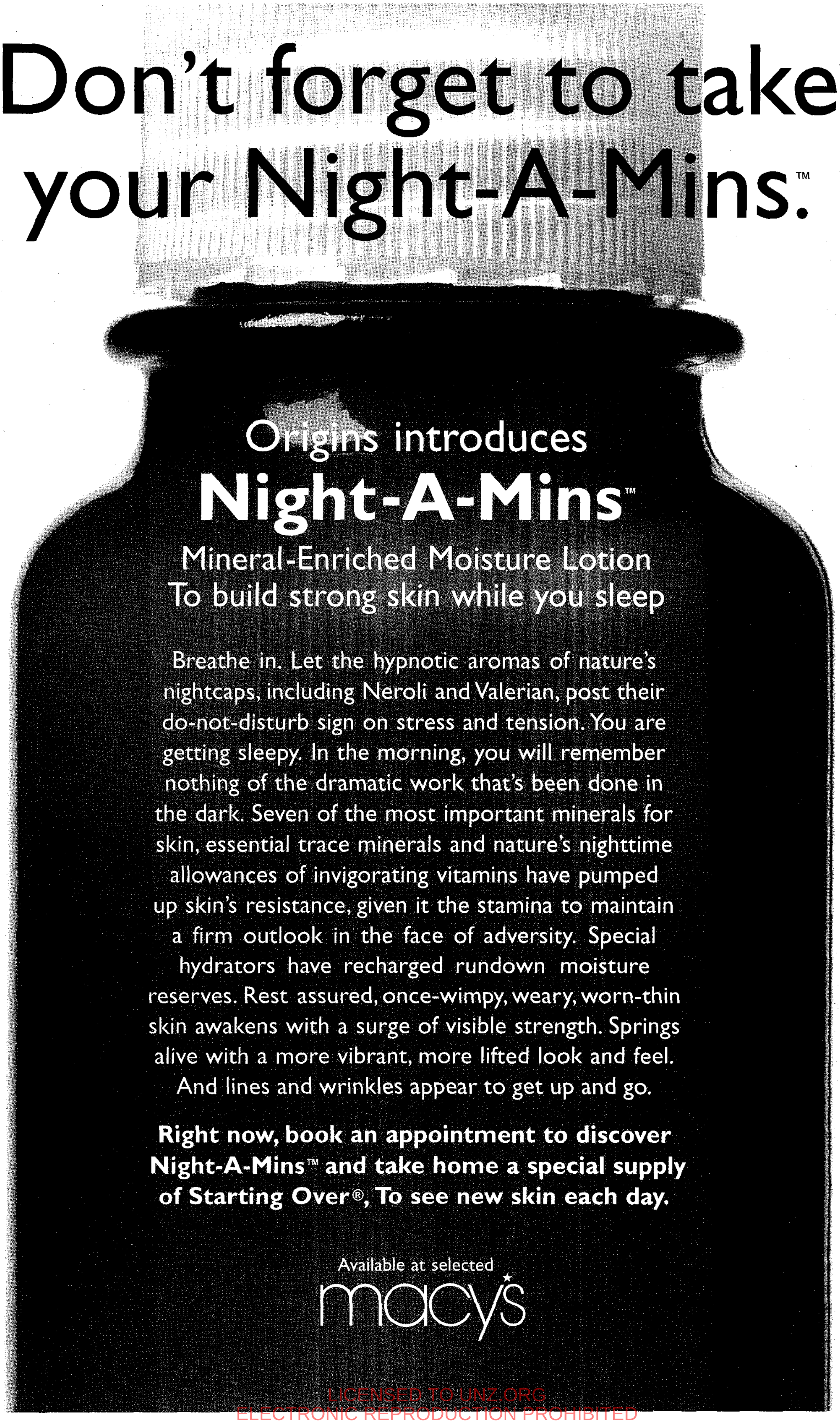

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LETTERS OCTOBER 7, 1996

Baby Talk

Adoption success stories, counterexamples to our writer's nightmare; the perils of counting other people's pennies.

MARK FRANKEL'S "ONE YEAR IN Adoption Hell" offers a discouraging and understandably angry chronicle of the plight of couples (including Frankel and his wife) who attempt to adopt infants from abroad under the auspices of a disreputable agency. And he makes valid points about the lax monitoring of such agencies. At the end of the narrative, the writer reveals that he is now working with another agency, where his experiences have been much more positive. It's a pity that the writer did not name this agency—sad both for adults considering adoption but scared off by stories like this one, and for the legions of infants and small children around the world who await families.

As a journalist and an adoptive parent, I've met many prospective adoptive couples (and singles) and also toured orphanages in other nations. And I'm happy to be able to attest that there is at least one New York agency (which also works with couples in New Jersey) that handles international adoptions carefully, lovingly, reliably. That agency is Spence Chapin. I don't know if Spence Chapin is where Mark and Susan Frankel eventually and happily landed, but I've come to know dozens of "international" families formed with its assistance.

Ilene Barth
MANHATTAN

WE HAVE TWO ADOPTED CHILDREN AND are about to adopt a third. Our attorney, Stanley Michelman, was competent, knowledgeable, experienced, compassionate, and honest and charged us very reasonable fees. Our adoption was completed without a hitch. Mark Frankel grossly misrepresented Mr. Michelman in his article. Michelman has represented hundreds of couples who have successfully adopted and who are forever grateful to him, as we are.

Jami and Jeffrey [Last name withheld]
NORTHERN N.J.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Dollars and Cents

FIRST, THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME ONE OF your seventeen cover girls and boys on your September 23 "Who Makes How Much" issue, though my four fellow borough presidents may have felt they deserved coverage, too.

Second, while others had their reasons good and bad for supporting it, when a pay raise for city officials was first proposed last year, I argued vehemently against it. Given the city's very difficult fiscal circumstances and the fact that thousands upon thousands of New Yorkers are having a tough time making ends meet, pay hikes for public officials was a kind of Edselnomics most of my constituents were not buying.

Third, I realized that trying to refuse the raise would be harder than getting blood from a stone, rent from George Steinbrenner for Yankee Stadium, or a kind word and a warm smile from Mayor Giuliani.

Fourth, I therefore decided to donate the $19,000 difference between my old $95,000 salary and my new and unwelcome salary of $114,000 in the form of modest grants to organizations throughout the five boroughs engaged in economic-development efforts.

On paper, in your magazine, and, of course, in the ever-watchful eyes of the IRS, I officially make $114,000 a year. But my pocketbook actually sees only $95,000 of that. Leave the high life to others, I say, and I'll have the high road all to myself.

Ruth Messinger
Borough President of Manhattan
MANHATTAN

YOU GOT MY SALARY RIGHT BUT THE name of my church wrong. It is John Street United Methodist Church. It would almost be a mockery of the Crucifixion if it turned out that I made more than the owner of a body-piercing palace, so I am glad to see that I do not. However, my salary placed beside the compensation of my eighteenth-century predecessors at this church (like Francis Asbury) would reflect nearly as wide a discrepancy as my own beside the wages of Patrick Ewing or Mike Tyson today!

Rev. James R. McGraw
MANHATTAN

IN "WHO MAKES HOW MUCH" *NEW YORK* highlighted a quote from radio personality Don Imus, who said, "Having money makes the pointless pursuit of happiness easier." Writer Joanne Kaufman's response was, "Can't argue with that, can you?"

I can and I do.

I say that *having happiness makes the pursuit of money pointless.* It seems clear that even with his millions, Don Imus is still unhappy. His quote, whether unconsciously or not, reveals his own frustrations with his personal pursuit of happiness as well as his cynical view on life.

Yes, having money can make life easier, but the pursuit of happiness is never pointless.

Martin Geller
MANHASSET, N.Y.

By Design

YOUR ARMANI ARTICLE WAS IMMENSELY enlightening and disturbing ["The Last Designer," by Rebecca Mead, September 16]. What Armani is negating is that grand American legacy of *progress*. Not all progress is wonderful or worthwhile, but progress is ultimately necessary in all fields of endeavor. In Europe, where class distinctions rule and are decidedly undemocratic, fashion, style, good-quality clothing, however described, are only for the rich. Class distinctions kill the dynamic that makes a country like ours so "rich" and able to help expand an empire like Armani's. The world comes here to get paid and the reason we can support them all is the spirit of equality in all things, plus a vast marketplace and consumers to sustain it. Trying to dictate a certain something that is only affordable to the very few will never fly here. No dictators, please! Armani's work, as beautiful as it is, is just one man's labor.

Kirby
MANHATTAN

THE TIMES KEEP CHANGING.

THE EMOTIONS REMAIN THE SAME.

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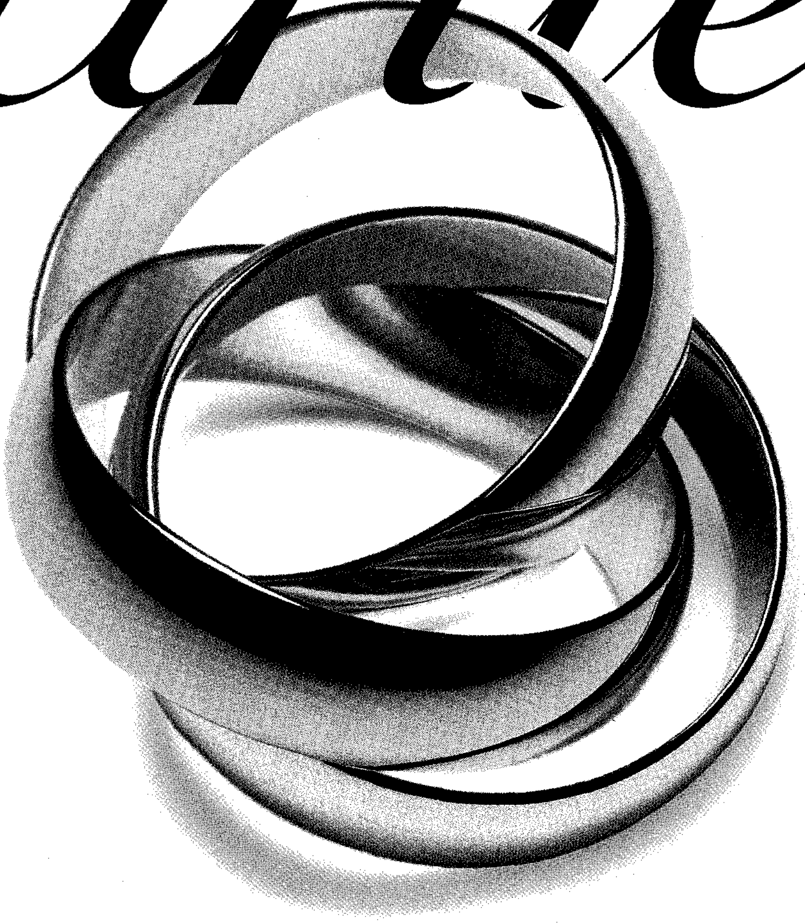

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

NOT YET A DUNN DEAL?

Dunn: **Post-Mort-em?**

Time is running out on editor-in-chief **Martin Dunn's** contract with the *Daily News*, and sources say negotiations don't seem to be moving in a positive direction. One clear indication: Owner **Mort Zuckerman** has apparently been hedging his bets by speaking with **Susan Douglas,** the recently deposed editor of London's *Sunday Express,* who is coming to New York to meet with him. If Douglas is Dunn's successor, we might expect her to set new limits of tab taste. She's best known for running the large page 1 headline A BUNCH OF SHITS, a quote from **John Major,** who was candidly referring to European leaders.

JOHN'S BIG PARTY

The bruised egos of the many family members and friends who were not invited to **John Kennedy's** wedding should be somewhat assuaged by invitations to a larger reception being planned by the honeymooning hunk and his bride, **Carolyn Bessette.** Like the wedding ceremony itself, the reception will be kept under wraps, but our latest intelligence has the Hamptons as the site of the celebration. Kennedy's aunts **Pat Lawford** and Ambassador **Jean Kennedy Smith** as well as sister **Caroline** and *George* partner **Michael Berman** are all Hamptons homeowners—and now that the season's over, all the renters are back within city limits—so it does seem like a logical choice. Since keeping this party a secret is going to be a considerable challenge, don't be surprised if they change locations again.

JFK Jr.: **Diplomatic party boy**

COACH GETS CAUGHT IN A FULL NELSON

The star of ABC's *Coach,* **Craig T. Nelson,** is being accused of some very unsportsmanlike behavior in a lawsuit just filed in federal court. Seems that Nelson, who races cars in his free time, moved a little too quickly when writer **David Fisher** pitched a movie project based on the life of race-car driver **Craig Breedlove.** Fisher had been working on the project with his friend Breedlove since the mid-eighties; last year, he pitched it to Nelson, inviting him to co-produce. Nelson promptly visited Breedlove at his Northern California home and offered him $250,000 for his life story—without ever mentioning that he'd heard the story first from Fisher. The 59-year-old racing champion, who's building a car with the engine of an F-4 Phantom jet to break the sound barrier, jumped at Nelson's offer. Now comes the inevitable lawsuit: Fisher (whose most recent book, just coincidentally, is *Legally Correct Fairy Tales*) is suing for at least $100,000, accusing his erstwhile partner Nelson of "secretly procuring the project for his sole benefit." Nelson's attorney, Tom Hoberman, says, "The lawsuit is totally frivolous and has absolutely no merit." Fisher's attorney, George Zelma, wouldn't comment at all.

Craig T. Nelson: **Jumping the gun?**

NOT THE BEST OF *TIMES*

"Holly Golightly will be there, Jay Gatsby will be there, Scarlett O'Hara will be there, Alice will be there. . . ." The literary characters are all expected at the 100th-birthday party for *The New York Times Book Review,* to quote the party invitation. Problem is, many of the famous names currently working in publishing *won't* be there. The party is being held on Thursday, October 3—right in the middle of one of the industry's biggest annual conventions, the Frankfurt Book Fair. "Well, it's unfortunate," says *Book Review* editor **Chip McGrath.** "It's too bad that the Frankfurt people scheduled their thing the week of our anniversary. What were they thinking?" In fact, McGrath continues, judging from the acceptances they've gotten so far, "I'm tempted to say that what you might conclude is that Frankfurt is not the draw, perhaps, that it once was." The other big joke in the *Times* newsroom these days concerns the abrupt departure of the company's president, **Lance Primis.** Some are now saying that they always knew he didn't fit in at the staid Gray Lady: Primis drove a flashy red sports car—a Lamborghini, according to one source—while his predecessor drove a simple Buick. Reached at his home, Primis refused to comment, except to note that he does not now drive a red Lamborghini.

WHERE'S MICK?; PHILIP'S INSULT

GATHERING NO MOSS: What's bringing **Mick Jagger** and **Keith Richards** to a sound studio on the Lower East Side? They've booked time there, and insiders in the Stones camp say that there have long been intimations that the Rolling Stones will tour again in 1997, so it stands to reason that Jagger and Richards would be entering the studio to work on a new album about now. But another source reports that Richards has been producing an album of Jamaican music that Jagger hasn't had a chance to hear yet. And relations between the

Photographs: top left, AP/Wide World Photos; top right, Henry McGee/Retna; center right, Gary Moss/Outline.

Jagger and Richards:
On the roll again

STEVEN TYLER'S CELLULAR STRUGGLE

With a tell-all book in the works and a high-powered lawyer attempting to overturn her divorce settlement, **Cyrinda Foxe-Tyler,** Aerosmith front man **Steven Tyler**'s ex-wife, is waging a full assault on the beleaguered crooner. After haggling with him for a decade, Foxe-Tyler sprang a nasty surprise on the rocker last month following a tension-filled trip they shared, taking their daughter **Mia** to view the tony Purnell School in New Jersey. According to Foxe-Tyler, tempers began running high when the couple engaged in dueling cellular-phone conversations during the ride. "He just kept yapping to his publicist," Foxe-Tyler claims, "so while he was dropping names and showing off, I pulled out my cell phone and called my lawyer." When Steven Tyler showed up later that night at Twins, the Upper East Side twin-operated theme restaurant, to meet his current wife, **Teresa** (and, of course, her identical sibling, **Lisa**), a young legal assistant promptly served him with a summons. Unfortunately for Foxe-Tyler, she had left her cell phone in Tyler's car and had to call him to try to retrieve it. He was in his car when she reached him and was less than genial. "Yeah, I've got your phone," he reportedly responded, "and it's going in the East River." Tyler did not return calls.

Steven, Mia, and Cyrinda Foxe-Tyler:
Phony family

two have been so good in recent years, according to this source, that of course Richards would want Jagger to hear his solo work.

***POST*-ING A JOB:** The Washington *Post* is looking for a new film critic, and the Paulettes, as the disciples of **Pauline Kael** are known, are left wondering what happened to one of their own, the paper's longtime reviewer **Hal Hinson.** Hinson is not popular with his fellow critics: Not only did he gush about the universally panned *Hudson Hawk,* but he's been known to call and have projectionists delay screenings when he's running late. Recently, other critics in Washington, D.C., had to wait half an hour for Hinson to make it to Carroll Ballard's *Fly Away Home.* (Hinson counters that no one told him the screening had been pushed back.) Others say that Hinson, who began negotiating his resignation two weeks ago, was done in by his taste for independent and foreign films, which isn't a good fit with the Style section's ambitious new editor, **David Von Drehle.** Says Von Drehle simply: "It was time to make a change." Hinson wouldn't discuss his job.

A GOOD THING: Martha Stewart's ex-husband, **Andrew Stewart**—who divorced Martha in 1990 after nearly 30 years of marriage to wed one of her former employees—has just adopted a baby boy. Martha's daughter **Alexis,** eschewing her mother's usual stiff-upper-lip propriety, said bluntly that her feelings about a new semi-sibling are "nobody's business but mine."

PHILIP'S BIG DIS: Nonagenarian architect **Philip Johnson** still likes to go out in the field to study houses, and this summer, when he toured the Hamptons, he called magazine publisher **Richard Ekstract** and invited himself over to lunch to look at Ekstract's spread. The house, one of the more famous in the Hamptons, is called Villa Amore—but is known locally as the Train Wreck because of its convoluted exterior. Ekstract asked Johnson what he thought of the house. "Isn't it for sale?" Johnson replied after a moment. The owner allowed as how it was. "Well, it's *too* good," said Johnson magisterially. "Torch it. You'll never sell it."

Mary Tyler Moore:
Fur the love of Scaasi

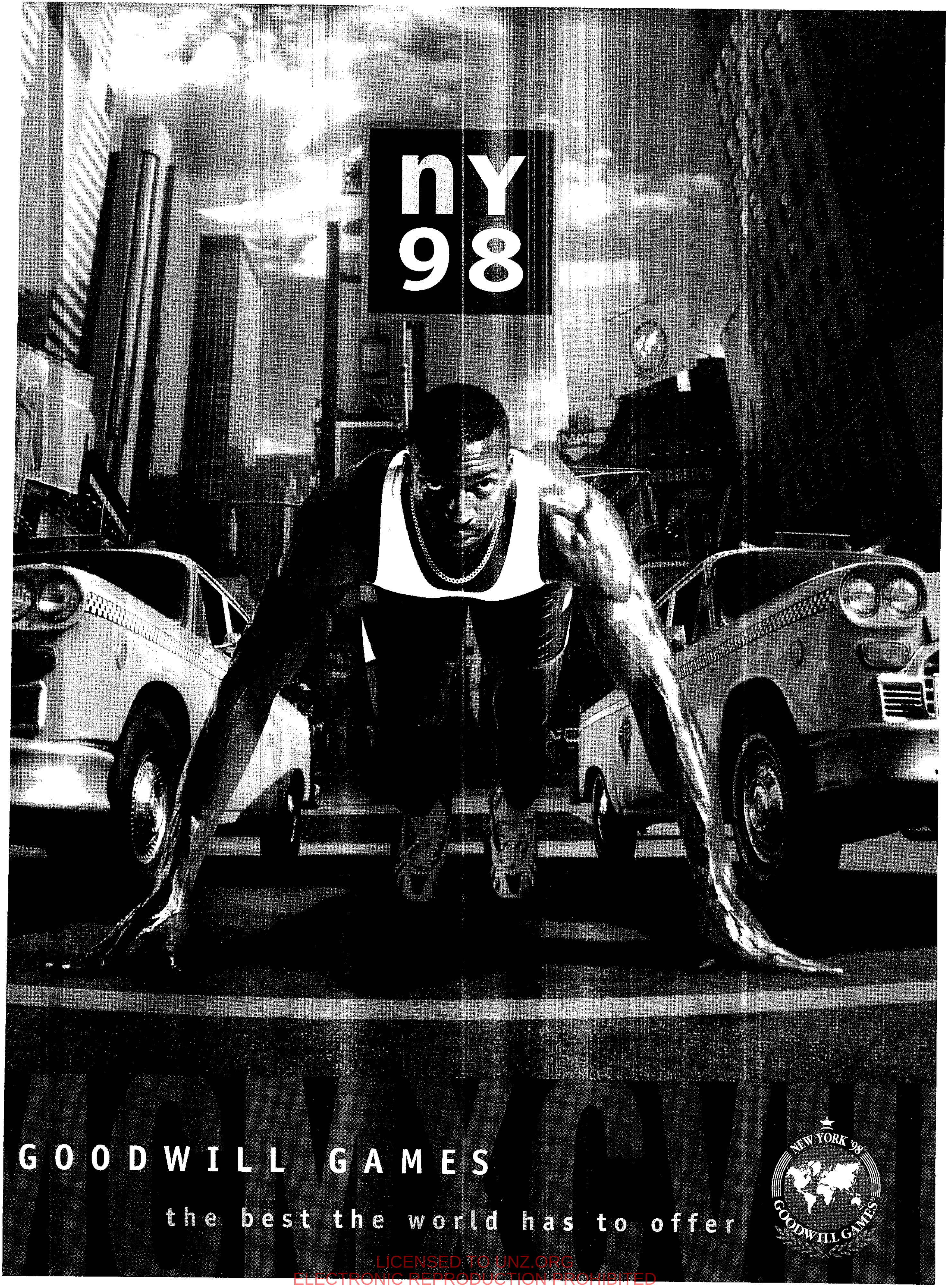
BLUE TO GREEN: Forget about *Blue*—**Joni Mitchell**'s new color is going to be green. She's just minutes away from signing a seven-figure deal to publish three books, sources say. The idea is to sell international rights all at once, locking up the three books at three different divisions of Random House: Crown USA, Knopf Canada, and Random House UK. The volumes will include a memoir, a book of lyrics and poetry, and a book of artwork.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Ariel Levy.

SCAASI'S MOORE-BID SURPRISE

Arnold Scaasi—who has designed clothes for **Jackie Onassis** and **Princess Aga Khan**—is used to dealing with grande dames. But as he gears up for a New-York Historical Society retrospective of his work, featuring some 200 of his creations, the clothier may be in for an unprecedented surprise at the hands of one of his high-profile clients—**Mary Tyler Moore.** Moore lent three of her Scaasi originals for the retrospective. But the animal-rights-obsessed television personality had previously donated another Scaasi—a $112,000 sable coat—to animal-rights avengers at PETA. With Bardot-esque aplomb, the theatrically savvy group has decorated the coat with animal traps, electrocution devices, and various other morbid fur-processing paraphernalia, and will display it in all its reconceived glory outside the retrospective's opening-night soirée. Scaasi is unfazed; as far as he's concerned, animal rights went out with platforms. "Fur is an issue which is no longer in women's minds," he claims. "PETA people wear leather shoes and eat meat."

Photographs: top left, Alpha/Globe Photos; top right, Steve Granitz/Retna; bottom left, Bill Davila/Retna.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GOTHAM

I love this hellish city—*Frank O'Hara*

THE FRONT PAGE

Winning Is No.1

In baseball, as in politics, winning is the only thing.

After the Yankees won it all, Eastern Division, there was none of the alcohol-soaked revelry for which these events are traditionally known. "You don't need to shower each other with champagne," David Cone said in the locker room after he pitched his team to a 19–2 pasting of the Milwaukee Brewers and its first division title in some time. "You don't need to get drunk to appreciate the importance of this."

Of course, what he meant was, *not just yet.* First would have to come a second, totally unnecessary pasting of the Brewers.

"This is the best feeling ever," Tim Raines said shortly thereafter, champagne and beer drizzling down his face. "I'll never forget this moment." Jim Leyritz was running around the clubhouse, popping corks and showering colleagues. "Nobody should be dry," he said. "This is the fun part," said a literally effervescent Wade Boggs. "To party and feel good."

Outside, everybody had been partying and feeling pretty good since early afternoon, chanting, "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!" and singing in agreement with Frank Sinatra that if you could make it here, you could make it anywhere. "Last year, we tasted it, but it wasn't filling," said fan Ralph Buonocore, inspired somehow to beery metaphor. "This year we're gonna go all the way, baby!" Joey Rivera, a 29-year-old Bronx native, reveled simply in the moment: "This is the best place in the world to be."

Winning sure is swell. It feels oh-so-much better than losing, which feels bad and is strictly for losers. In sports especially, and baseball in particular, winning is just pure, unmitigated pleasure. It is not like in war, for example, where the winners are often left with the nagging feeling that they needn't have killed quite so many of the losers. In sports, winners can exult in their winningness without giving any thought to the losers, who after all are losers and can always wait till next year.

Nowhere is winning so all-consuming, though, as in the relatively new sport of politics, where winning is so much fun that even the losers revel in it. Bob Dole has not yet lost the presidency, and already Republicans are celebrating. A DOLE DEFEAT WOULD ENERGIZE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY FOR 1998, columnist Scott McConnell cheered in the *Post* last week, arguing that a Dole pasting—the bigger the better—puts the GOP within striking distance of world domination, or something like that. George Will has also been popping his conservative cork, suggesting that if Dole can manage to lose by the end of October, voters may take a closer look at the congressional races and hand big consolation wins to the loser's teammates. *Wait till this year.*

Of course, politics wasn't always simply a sport. "More important than winning the election," Adlai E. Stevenson said back in 1952, "is governing the nation." But perhaps even more important than that, 1952 was also the year the Bronx Bombers beat the Brooklyn Dodgers in the World Series, four games to three. Bob Dole could tell you that.

SNIPE OF THE WEEK Last week, Mayor Giuliani announced that he was going to become a "national spokesman" for illegal immigrants' rights. "Ha!" a top-level City Council aide told *New York.* "Every once in a while, Giuliani has a brief moment of political acumen, and this was one of them. It's like a squirrel finding a nut—I've never heard him talk about immigrants' rights before—but now that it's clear that he's going to win some ethnic votes, he won't let it go."

EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL Just after TWA Flight 800 crashed, reporters and editors around town established a betting pool on how long it would take to solve the mystery. "We've given up," one metro reporter covering the investigation now says. "I wouldn't waste money betting that they're ever going to figure it out."

OF COURSE "It uses what we call 'mnemonic technology,' as in a memory device. It actually reminds the skin to get back in shape. Using the Web is a new way to communicate, and this product is a new way of communicating with the skin. This is a loose reference."—A spokeswoman for Clinique, explaining the origins of the name for "Moisture On-Line," its new face cream

City

BLEEDING HEARTBURN

THE UPPER WEST SIDE MAY BE NOTORIOUS FOR its lack of quality restaurants, but still, the neighborhood's gastronomes have never lacked for food options—they just have to buy it and cook it for themselves. And in the firmament of Upper West Side gourmanderies, three constellations rule: Fairway and Zabar's, of course, and, recently muscling its way toward the top, Citarella.

Once devoted exclusively to fish-mongering, the shop at 75th and Broadway expanded two years ago and now purveys a sensuous palette of meats, pastas, prepared dishes, sauces—all offered up by a staff whose stylish composure and élan disarm all but the most self-important shoppers (of whom there are typically several). The end result is that even at 6 P.M. on Saturday, even when you've grabbed number 86 at the meat counter and look up to see that they're now serving number 51, it's a great place to be.

Not for everyone, it seems. On September 12, just across the sidewalk from the shop's lovingly decorated windows, up shot a picket line. According to Eduardo Cordero, an organizer for Local 1500 of the United Food and Commercial Workers union, some employees began contacting the union during the summer, carrying tales of management caprice, low pay, and harsh working conditions in the store's basement (somebody has to clean those beautifully displayed cuts of tuna and mahimahi). In late July and August, three employees were fired, Cordero says, for talking to UFCW organizers. Two were new hires who worked downstairs, and one, a counterman, was an eleven-year veteran. "We have the evidence," Cordero says. "That will come out."

No way, says owner Joe Gurrera, who bought Citarella in 1983. He says the two new employees just weren't working out, while the firing of the counterman "had to do with a dispute over his son," who had also worked there. Gurrera, who also owns a fish operation on Fulton Street (which is unionized), said the dismissals were "absolutely not" related to organizing activity (such firings would be illegal). "It doesn't matter to me if the employees want a union or not," Gurrera says. "It's their choice, and we'll stand by it." (For the record: Fairway is unionized. Zabar's is not.)

Cleaning fish and cutting meat are not easy. Employees typically work 60- or 70-hour weeks, says Cordero. Though people on the floor can make $900 a week or more, downstairs employees do less well. Gurrera produced pay stubs showing that the two axed downstairs workers made, with overtime, $735 and $1,180 for a two-week pay period, which comes to, respectively, about $19,110 and $30,680 a year. Workers do have health benefits but must contribute 25 percent (or *something;* "I don't know exactly," Gurrera said) to the cost. Since a family policy can run $6,000 a year, that's not exactly a steal.

Cordero says that the organizing effort is continuing, and that enough employees have signed union cards for UFCW to file a petition for an election. He says the picket line will come down if the three workers are reinstated with back pay. Gurrera counters that his employees don't want a union "because I pay way above scale." He maintains that since the workers were fired for other reasons, reinstatement is a nonissue.

The whole mess is wreaking a bit of havoc with the delicately tuned consciences of Upper West Side shoppers. The prickly combination of liberal guilt and bourgeois entitlement is leaving the

SHOT

Eastern Parkway, 6 P.M., Thursday, September 19, before a Yom Kippur celebration, *photographed by Michael Ackerman.*

cream of the 10023 set vexed over whether their stated principles really are more important than that fine side of venison they'd counted on for Sunday dinner.

One evening last week, one woman, when asked if she'd cross a picket line to continue to sample the West Side's rarest meats and freshest fish, summed it up: "My humane response would like to be no, but"—she smiled a nervous smile—"I still may shop." The store was still doing a decent business—Gurrera has posted signs in front of the store emphasizing that Citarella employees are not on strike. Most passersby—this is a block where somebody is petitioning for something practically every weekend—reacted with the usual after-work indifference, but one woman drew the picketers' cheers. She walked in, noticed the line, walked back out, stared at the picketers, made one of those stagey "I wash my hands of this place" gestures, bowed for her applause, and hiked up the street. MICHAEL TOMASKY

Religion

SERMON ON THE MOUND

THE PROMISE THAT THE PROMISE KEEPERS promise to keep is to their wives and children, and thus to their God. But on the second day of the first-ever New York City gathering of the six-year-old Christian men's movement, the Promise Keepers organization had a slightly more pressing promise to keep, one it had made to all 35,000 attendees cramming Shea Stadium: the promise of a box lunch.

Dan Brown, 30, a bearded, gentle-looking high-school teacher from New Jersey, was fervently breaking open large cartons holding some of the thousands of box lunches to be handed out in the stadium parking lot. The night before, an announcer had said over the PA from the massive center-field stage that since there were an unexpectedly large number of walk-up registrants, they might not have enough lunches to go around on Saturday. There was a plan B: Certain men would be asked to brown-bag *it*. But *still*, to those standing in the lunch fray the next day, the prospect of box-lunchlessness seemed both real and ominous. Waves of men of faith would have to pit their Christian demeanor against their empty stomachs. One couldn't help but wonder whether Shea was in need of a miracle.

"That's what a lot of us were thinking," said Brown, evoking the loaves and fishes. But he seemed less concerned about the biblical scenario unfolding than with trying to stay ahead of the rush, tearing open box after box of TV-size cartons, only to have them instantly depleted and in the path of the believers, their hunger no longer just spiritual. "I'm just trying to keep things moving as best as I can," he said. "There's not much I can do about it."

Assorted Promise Keepers at Shea Stadium.

Intentionally or not, Brown was stating a primary theme of the gathering. In AA, it's called Letting Go and Letting God; in the Promise Keepers, it's called putting your faith in Jesus. Speaker after speaker elaborated, calling for men to take a greater role in spiritual matters around the house, to support and talk with one another, to serve their wives and support their pastors. Dire media predictions to the contrary, there was no specific mention of turning back to the good old days of, say, A.D. 470. At certain appointed times, men rushed the stage to receive the Lord, but they did so in comfort, wearing loose-fitting shirts and trousers with breathable fabrics. Still others took advantage of these moments to make use of short lines at the hot-dog windows. And everybody was nothing if not terribly nice. "God bless you," a man said at the Friday press conference after a reporter sneezed, adding, "and I mean that."

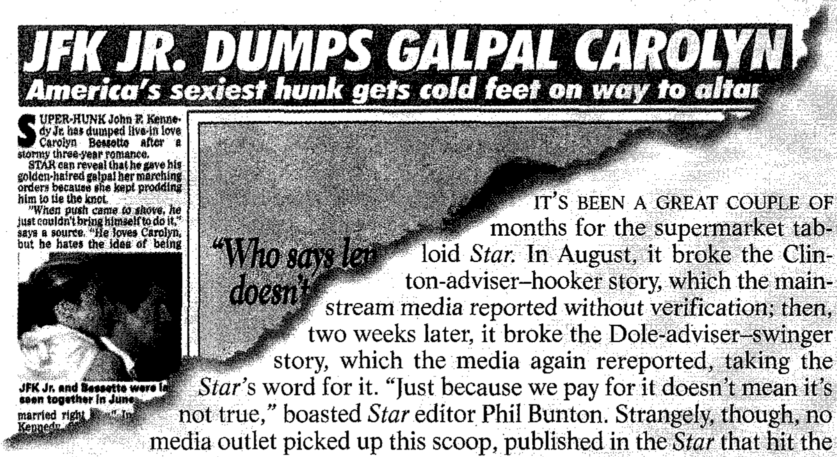
Back at the lunch operation, support units were stepping in. One of them was Dave Fultz, an amiable 55-year-old tractor-trailer driver who had stubble on his face, a buck knife on his belt, and a shirt on his back reading ETERNITY, YOUR CHOICE, SMOKING OR NON-SMOKING. Fultz spoke well of the Promise Keepers lunches—he was at RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C., where a multitude of 50,440 men were fed—and specifically of the Shea lunch, which consisted of cold fried chicken, an apple, an oatmeal bar, a can of juice, and a couple of what looked to be Ding Dongs.

"The soda is cold, the apple is cold, whatever fruit is in there is cold . . . you get a nice cold lunch, whether it be chicken or a hoagie," said Fultz. "Me being a big eater, I always thought I could handle two. But I found that one is very satisfying."

By the hour's end, lunch had been served and the Promise Keepers were filled. There were even seconds. But Fultz was loath to cite divine intervention. "It's a miracle," he said, "that they can get a million men to come together."

MEDIA

Meanwhile, in Bizarro Camelot . . .



JFK JR. DUMPS GALPAL CAROLYN

America's sexiest hunk gets cold feet on way to altar

SUPER-HUNK John F. Kennedy Jr. has dumped live-in love Carolyn Bessette after a stormy three-year romance.

STAR can reveal that he gave his golden-haired galpal her marching orders because she kept prodding him to tie the knot.

"When push came to shove, he just couldn't bring himself to do it," says a source. "He loves Carolyn, but he hates the idea of being

"Who says len

doesn't

JFK Jr. and Bessette were la seen together in June

married right

Kennedy

IT'S BEEN A GREAT COUPLE OF months for the supermarket tabloid *Star.* In August, it broke the Clinton-adviser–hooker story, which the mainstream media reported without verification; then, two weeks later, it broke the Dole-adviser–swinger story, which the media again rereported, taking the *Star*'s word for it. "Just because we pay for it doesn't mean it's not true," boasted *Star* editor Phil Bunton. Strangely, though, no media outlet picked up this scoop, published in the *Star* that hit the supermarket checkout lines last Monday:

"Super-hunk John F. Kennedy Jr. has dumped live-in love Carolyn Bessette after a stormy three-year romance. Star *can reveal that he gave his golden-haired galpal her marching orders because she kept prodding him to tie the knot. "When push came to shove, he just couldn't bring himself to do it," says a source. "He loves Carolyn, but he hates the idea of being married right now."*

Three days later, *Star* writer Peter Burt explained, "We definitely stand by the story in the sense that we wouldn't have run the story if we didn't believe it to be true. We have some very good Kennedy sources that have always proved to be right, time and time again. Having said that, we were the first down in Georgia [the site of Kennedy's wedding to Bessette] last week."

NORMAN VANAMEE

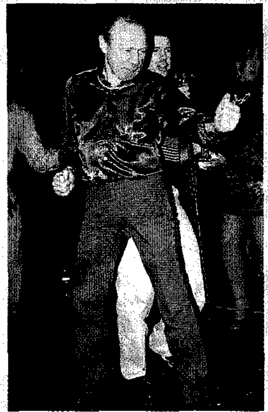
Photograph: top, Tom McKitterick/Impact Visuals.

THE SCENE

Secret Eaters

At the Guggenheim Museum to celebrate "America's Top Tables," as selected by the readers of 'Gourmet.'

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan



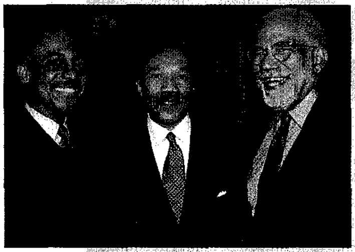
Top, Tom Colicchio and Danny Meyer of Gramercy Tavern, Drew Nieporent of Montrachet, Maguy LeCoze of Le Bernardin, and Charlie Palmer of Aureole at the Guggenheim. Above, Anthony Haden-Guest at the National Victim Center's "Just Disco" benefit, at Pier 59 Studios.

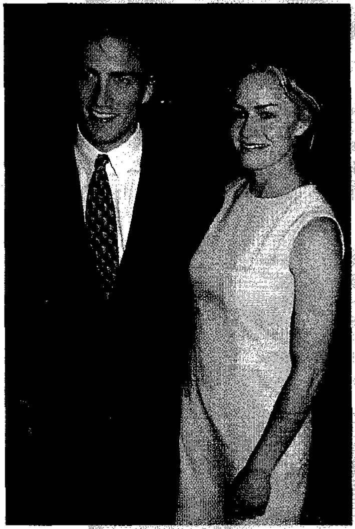
THEY ARRIVED INCONSPICUOUSLY—NO SHOW, no flash, no limos. You might even have thought it was just another cocktail party. And that's just as well. For when the inner sanctum of New York's high cult of restaurant worship gathers to bestow its honors, it's a very private affair. Not even the honorees knew why they were being summoned.

They milled around the museum's lobby a little while, just for show—and then, when no one was looking, they filed silently down into the underground auditorium to receive the wisdom of *Gourmet*, the monthly bible of food, which was naming the city's best restaurants.

Of course, there were no surprises, just the same swanky joints you read about all the time—but maintaining the suspense was half the point. "It's very secretive, this whole world. Only we all know each other," said Aureole's Charlie Palmer. "Even the chef groupies don't actually know what we do," said Wayne Nish of March, "because the chef's process is a very secretive one."

Drew Nieporent allowed a hint: "We all do the same thing. We try to please people, and try to do it with finesse and without being phony," he said, pausing for an air kiss. Peter Hunsinger, *Gourmet*'s publisher, offered a comparison: "They're different, kind of the same way sailors are different from golfers." But only David Rosengarten, the magazine's New York critic, was willing to name that secret quality that sets food people apart from the rest of humanity: "Food is the only socially acceptable obsession. I guess that's what binds us together: Other people pursue theirs behind closed doors. We can pursue it in public three times a day."





Top left, Montel Williams, Kweisi Mfume, and Ed Bradley at the Pierre Hotel celebrating *No Free Ride*, which Mfume wrote with Ron Stodghill II. Above left, at Do Something's BRICK Awards (co-sponsored by MTV and *Mademoiselle*), co-chair Andrew Shue and his sister, Elisabeth. Below left, Dewi Sukarno, Robert Kennedy Jr., Mary Richardson, and Rory Kennedy at the Hard Rock Cafe for the premiere party for *Caught*. The party benefited Riverkeeper, an environmental charity. Below right, old Factory hands Christopher Makos, Taylor Mead, and Billy Name at the Barneys party toasting the publication of *Unseen Warhol*, by Benjamin Liu and John O'Connor.

Still, there had been only 32,000 box lunches, and 35,000 hungry men. . . .

"It's extremely good planning."

PAUL SCOTT

Culture

ANDREW DICE CLOWN

"HEY, CHICO, HOW COME WHEN YA LEFT Puerto Rico, ya said 'Fare*well*'?" taunts the clown, suspended above a tank of water, from his cage. "But when ya come to America, ya say 'wel*fare*'?"

The crowd shimmies with laughter.

The guy's date snaps her gum, sternly. "Get him," she says. The guy, sunburned with rage, winds up and wildly pitches his last ball—five shots, two bucks—and misses by quite a bit.

"I feel sorry for yer girlfriend. Ya can't even get *me* wet," yells the clown, as the couple slinks off. A collective "Oooooh" hovers above Mulberry Street, where DROWN THE CLOWN clogs the flow of the San Gennaro feast, again.

For Daniel Liberti, a fireman from Fort Lee, tonight marks the close of his twentieth year as the politically inexcusable clown. He's been provoking the masses since he was 13. "I've had people throw bottles at me, and I get yer-mutha this and yer-mutha that," the clown says. "But in all these years here, I never had a fight."

And yet, the clown yells virtually nothing but fighting words. To Asians: "Hey, egg roll—go home and build me a Toyota." Or to African-Americans: "Yo Coolio, ya watermelon head." Even Italians don't escape the self-described "three-quarters guinea and one-quarter mick" clown's ethnic bashing. "I'm not prejudiced," the clown says, shrugging his muscled arms. "I go hard on everybody."

Only once does he remember censoring himself. "My father didn't like a line I got from Dice Clay. I used ta say, 'I've seen better-lookin' heads come outta my zipper.' But I stopped. Right?"

The clown's father, Lino, shakes his head sadly. "It was too dirty, Danny," he says. "Nobody laughed at that one."

The father of a 1-year-old boy, the clown concedes that he has some limits. "Makin' a kid cry ain't so great," he says, especially if that "*Romper Room* reject" runs away screaming when he gets out of the cage. His other rule: "I don't make fun of handicapped people." His first cousin's in a wheelchair.

"But," he adds, "I do call normal people Jerry's Kids and retards."

Back in the cage, the clown needles a double-chinned gent. "Look out, fat boy. Here comes Jenny Craig." Hoots and hollers abound.

"Yer so fat . . ."

The ball hits the sweet spot.

A splash. And then a real, joyful roar from the crowd. MONICA CORCORAN

It was a cold, clear, moonless night. The stars shone like diamonds off the black, still Atlantic. Inside the Grand Salon, crystal chandeliers bathed dancers in a golden glow as the band played on. In the First Class Club Room, millionaires warmed to card games and cognac, swathed in the smoke of expensive cigars. On the Second and Third Class Decks, many were asleep, as the greatest ship on earth cut its record-breaking path through the sea. It was late, almost midnight, when one lone lookout saw the ice.

In 1912, it left England, bound for New York and history.
This spring, it arrives.

Titanic

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Story and Book by **Peter Stone** Music and Lyrics by **Maury Yeston**
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The Cone Zone

Mets, eat your heart out. With the help of their star pitcher, the Yankees finally get to be the only baseball team in town. They could win, too.

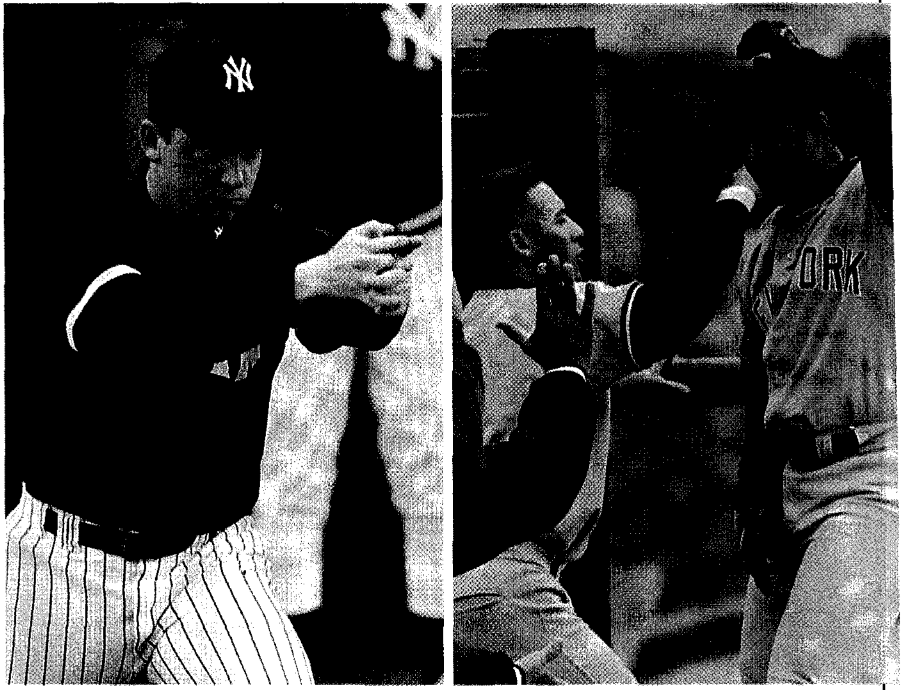
IT WAS A REAGANESQUE MOMENT OF bravado. David Cone, waking up in a hospital recovery room after three hours of surgery to remove an aneurysm that threatened his life and his $19.5 million right arm, his brain befogged by anesthesia, speaks his first words: “When can I pitch again?”

As this anecdote ascends into the realm of Babe Ruth–promising–a–dying–child–he’ll–hit–a–home–run–for–him myth, what happened next will be forgotten. Cone started babbling to a doctor about a real-estate transaction on Long Island. “I’ll see if I can get you a deal on that house, make a few calls to the owner for you,” he said woozily.

Cone laughed in the Yankees locker room last week as he recalled his words. He once considered becoming a sportswriter, and he still thinks in terms of narrative, characterizing the 1996 Yankees as a “human-interest story.” So Cone understands that his post-op scene describes the Yankees perfectly as they start the playoffs this week: resilient, gallant in unexpected places, with an undercurrent of *only-the-Yankees* weirdness.

This is a group of Bronx Bombers that leads the American League in recovering substance abusers instead of home runs. Propelled by gorgeous hit-and-run offense and stingy defense, the Yankees soared into first place in April, then clung to the top while surviving horrible starting pitching and a flurry of strange mid-season trades. The three most athletically gifted players—a Panamanian relief pitcher who’s skinnier than the brim of a hat; a rookie shortstop who learned about strength as the child of a biracial marriage; a center fielder who blows off steam playing classical guitar—are also the team’s quietest souls.

Next season, Mariano Rivera and Derek Jeter and Bernie Williams will own baseball in New York. They’ll push aside any lingering spirit of the late-eighties Mets. Providing the bridge is Cone, who is the true heir to the Mets era of intensity, charisma, and heart—at the same time as he embodies what’s compelling about the 1996 Yankees.



Ex–wild man David Cone, left, and whiz kids Derek Jeter and Bernie Williams.

“The Mets are where I grew up,” Cone says. “Keith Hernandez would come to the mound and challenge me, get in my face—‘You throw *this* fucking pitch! Get this fucking guy—do it! You *have* to do it!’ Not ‘Try this, try that.’ I never forgot it, never will. I said, ‘That’s the kind of player I want to be. Ten years from now, I want Derek Jeter to come up to me when I’m on the mound, and I’m gonna say the same thing Keith Hernandez said to me: ‘We’re gonna do this. This is what we *have* to do.’ ”

For all of Cone’s inspiring presence—“Just him being out there gives a lift to the ball club,” says general manager Bob Watson—the Yankees are radically different in temperament from the late-eighties Mets. That was a cocky, swaggering team, full of the youthful feeling of immortality.

Mortality, both professional and personal, suffuses this year’s Yankees. Perhaps that’s why the mood is so serene as they head into the playoffs. Joe Torre buried his brother Rocco this summer; another brother, Frank, watches games from a bed at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, where he’s awaiting a heart transplant. Center-fielder Bernie Williams missed a game in June when his 5-year-old son underwent emergency surgery for a neurological infection (Bernie Jr. is now fine). Dwight Gooden and Darryl Strawberry, with four drug and alcohol rehabs between them, are back from the baseball dead.

Then, of course, there’s George Steinbrenner, the dark-side deus ex machina, threatening to extinguish an entire stadium and move his toy to New Jersey.

ENTER THE VILLAIN, WEARING BEIGE SANS-a-Belt slacks.

Steinbrenner materializes from the toilet room in the Yankees clubhouse and plants himself behind Strawberry. (“George has been in the clubhouse more in the past ten days than most owners are all season,” whispers a fearful Yankees executive.) “You ready, Darryl?” Steinbrenner barks to the back of

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos.

Strawberry's shaved noggin. "Ready to go, big fella?"

Startled, Strawberry flinches, then turns and nods. Sure he's ready; now, if he can just finish putting on his uniform in peace . . .

Steinbrenner strides to the middle of the room and stands there, as if waiting to receive his public. The man is one continuous fidget: He buttons and unbuttons and rebuttons his brown double-breasted jacket. He tugs at his tie, smooths his hair. Opens his jacket again, and wedges his shirt tighter into his pants. Perhaps years of lying make a man jumpy. "Dwight's going to have a good start tonight," Steinbrenner says, his eyes darting around the room. "He's in the plans for me for next year."

Huh? Who said anything about 1997? As Steinbrenner speaks, the Yankees are plodding toward their first division title in fifteen years, and it's not a sure thing. The weary Dwight Gooden lasted all of two thirds of an inning in his previous appearance, and if he doesn't pitch well tonight against Boston, Gooden is almost certain to be dropped from the Yankees playoff roster, regardless of that no-hitter way back in May.

Poof! Steinbrenner is gone again, trailed by Minicams. David Cone watches. When Cone is on the pitcher's mound, can he see Steinbrenner in the owner's box above home plate, waving his arms like a disgusted matador? "No," Cone says. "We see him down here, in the clubhouse—during the games. That's been interesting. You couldn't write a *Seinfeld* episode to match the reality."

CONE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ON A FIRST-NAME basis with the surreal. During the 1988 playoffs, he co-wrote a column in the *Daily News* mocking the Dodgers and engulfed the Mets in controversy. In 1991, he struck out nineteen Philadelphia Phillies after an all-night smoking-and-drinking binge; before the game, he'd been alerted to a rape complaint against him, and he spent the game squinting into the stands for cops (no charges were ever filed).

To his credit, Cone, now 33 and married, has never ducked questions about his wild-boy period. "I wanted to be one of the guys," he says. "That was a hard-playing, hard-living team. And I did my best to fit in." This being the nineties, Cone now burns off late-night energy not by swigging beers but by surfing the Net in his Manhattan apartment.

When he was injured, Cone naturally continued to be a magnet for the bizarre. Most pitchers get rotator-cuff tears or bone chips in their elbows; Cone pitched five games in April—winning four of them—while his fingers grew cold and numb. Doctors restored the flow of blood by snipping a piece of vein from his thigh and splicing it into his valuable right arm.

"Dave is consistently on edge," says his wife, Lynn. "The only thing that kept him calm and sane when he was home was sitting in front of the TV, watching the Yankees."

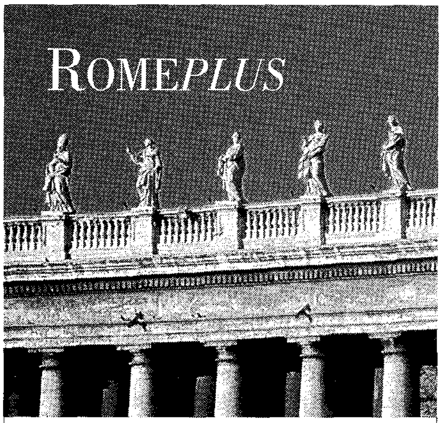
Cone tried to block out any fear as he pushed to get back on the mound this September. "But I knew the vein graft wasn't secure yet," he says. "I knew there were no pain sensors in the vascular system. I knew that one day I could throw a pitch and it could just come apart, and I wouldn't feel it until it was too late."

CONE IS AS PREDICTABLE A FALL TELEVISION presence as the Great Pumpkin. In 1992, he led Toronto to its first World Series. Last year, the Yankees snatched Cone and rode him to a wild-card playoff berth. Then they nearly ruined him: In the deciding game against the Seattle Mariners, Cone, who will never ask to be removed, flung an arm-wrecking 147 pitches. Exhausted, he bounced an eighth-inning, bases-loaded, full-count split-fingered fastball in the dirt, walking in the tying run.

Cone is a polished speaker, but his bright-blue eyes spark with barely controlled passion, and when that Seattle pitch comes up, the fire ignites. "If I'da thrown the pitch for a strike, and struck him out, people would have been talking about what guts he had to throw that pitch. 'That's the guy that threw the 3-2 splitter and struck out the guy with bases loaded to save the game!' they would say. 'Incredible, incredible guts!' People always point to that particular play as the turning point in the game. Which probably it was. Even though we got the lead and had a chance to win it again later." Cone catches his breath. "I still think about that pitch." He laughs. "Yeah, quite a bit."

Cone has started five times since his four-month layoff, with no problems, except that he's given up too many hits. "I'm still searching for a groove, what you'd call mid-season form."

Chances are he'll find it. This is the time of year when red-white-and-blue bunting hangs from the upper deck, when players arrive to find dogs sniffing their lockers for bombs because Al Gore will be throwing out the first ball. This is when the biggest games are played. This is when David Cone pitches. ▬



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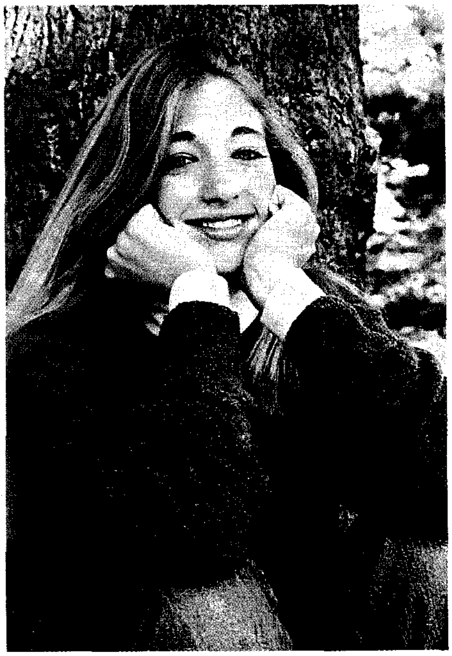
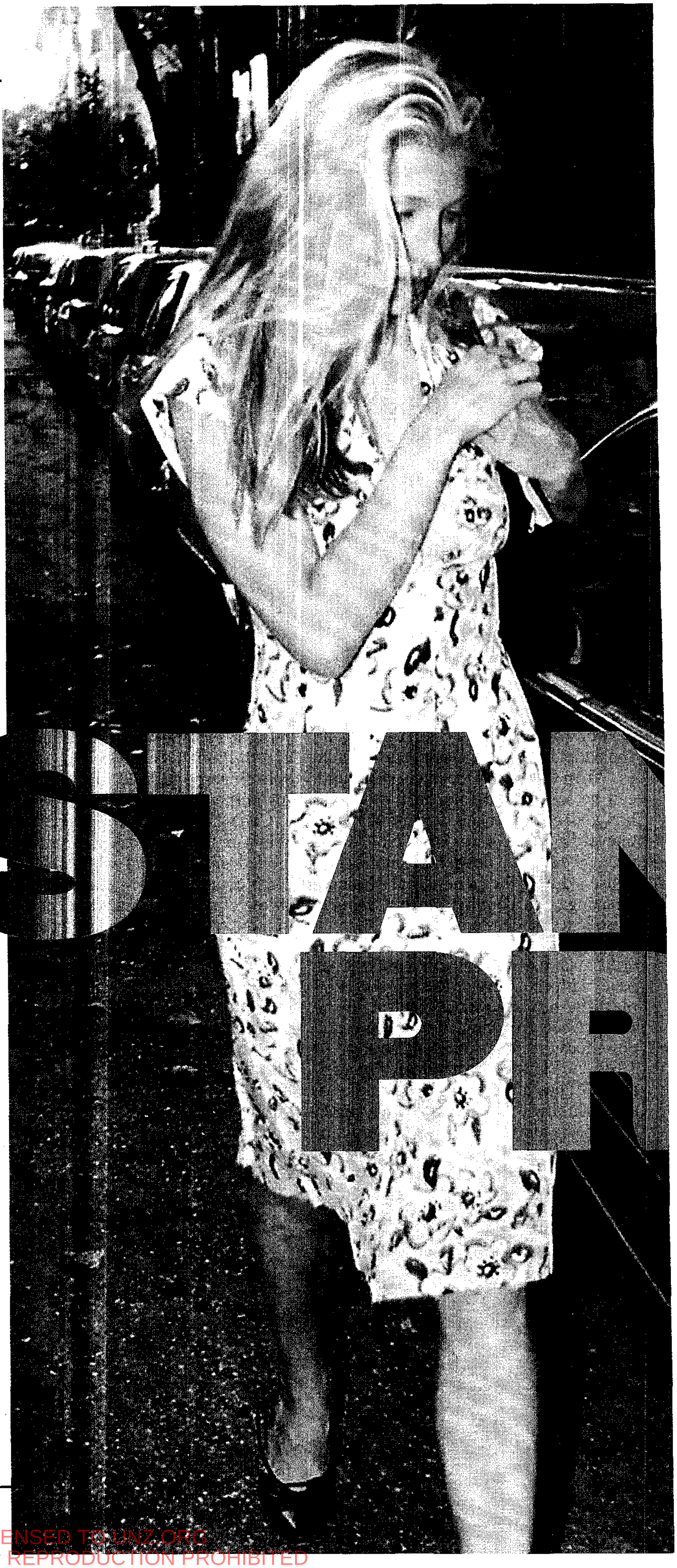
John F. Kennedy Jr.'s new bride is bright, ambitious, wickedly funny, and a master of men. Sound familiar?

By Rebecca Mead

INSTAN PR





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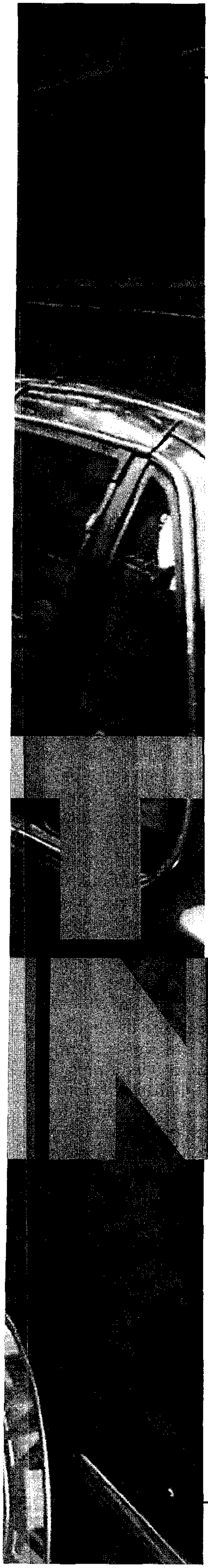


THE WIFE
Leaving a friend's memorial service this summer; (far left) Bessette's high-school yearbook photo.

AMONG THE DISPARATE PIECES OF INFORMATION about the John F. Kennedy Jr.–Carolyn Bessette marriage released by Senator Edward Kennedy's office last week, there were delicious details of tailoring (the bride's veil was silk tulle "with a hand-rolled edge"), ornithology (Cumberland Island, where the wedding took place, is home to "over three hundred species of birds"), and nomenclature ("Gogo" Ferguson, the family friend! Narciso, the exquisitely named dress designer!). There was also biographical background about Bessette, the former Calvin Klein publicist turned most sought-after woman in America, who has, in three or so years of being bride presumptive, managed to retain a remarkable degree of privacy, even as photographs of her comely, bikini-thonged bottom have been splashed across the nation's newspapers. But none of the snippets meted out about Bessette-Kennedy (as she will now be known)—her degree from Boston University; her childhood in Greenwich with mother and orthopedist stepfather—appeared to provide the key to understanding exactly why she, of all women, should have been the one to relieve John Kennedy of his bachelor status. Indeed,

Photograph: center, Lawrence Schwartzwald/Sygma.

> *"She is extremely female, and I think it is appropriate that there would be a lot of voltage across that gap."*

not even the bikini-thonged bottom seems an adequate explanation.

For that, it is necessary to turn to less-official sources, in whose descriptions Bessette begins to sound oddly familiar.

"She is one of those mysterious creatures that understands, on some deep level, mystical femininity," says new-media proselytizer John Perry Barlow, a longtime friend of Kennedy's who went to the wedding. "She knows how to handle men, like practically nobody I've ever met. She knows where all the levers are, and she is very deft in her operation of them."

"She is a very strong one-on-one person," says Richard Wiese, who has been friends for years with both bride and groom and is a weatherman on Channel 9. "He always found her provocative; she always drew something out of him that other women hadn't."

Barlow: "She has it in her to have a lacerating wit, but she restrains herself from using it. She has a way of cocking an eyebrow so that you know if you proceed a little further, you might find yourself in pain."

Wiese: "I think most women, because they are sort of taken by John, just can't talk one way or another around him. But she is very strong-minded and very decisive."

Barlow: "She is very good at making people feel they are special and important, and largely because she means it. It was the same thing with Jackie. It wasn't some show that was put on for purposes of self-aggrandizement; it was a genuine appreciation of men. Carolyn is extremely female, and I think it is only appropriate that there would be a lot of voltage across that gap. She is hardwired to relate to people who are male."

Wiese: "I don't think she has any problem hanging with him. If anything, he has more trouble hanging with *her*."

Barlow: "She is a lot like the woman who would have been her mother-in-law."

THE COUPLE

Kennedy and Bessette frolicking at a Hilton Hotel function earlier this year.

JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS, A WOMAN WHO NEVER saw the need to hyphenate, once told Gore Vidal, as he relates in his memoir, *Palimpsest*, that her aim in life "was to be attractive to men." It would be inappropriate these days to admit to such an ambition, even to Gore Vidal; and Bessette-Kennedy's stellar career at Calvin Klein—her rapid ascent from salesgirl to muse—is probably testament to her desire to impress Calvin the designer rather than Calvin the man.

Even so, it seems likely that Carolyn would agree with Jackie that attracting men, and staying attractive for them, is a worthwhile skill. If this were not an age in which an unmarried woman must have a serious job in order to have an identity, Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy might well have had a career as a beauty, the kind of woman whose energies, wit, and charm are dedicated to creating an aura of alluring femininity.

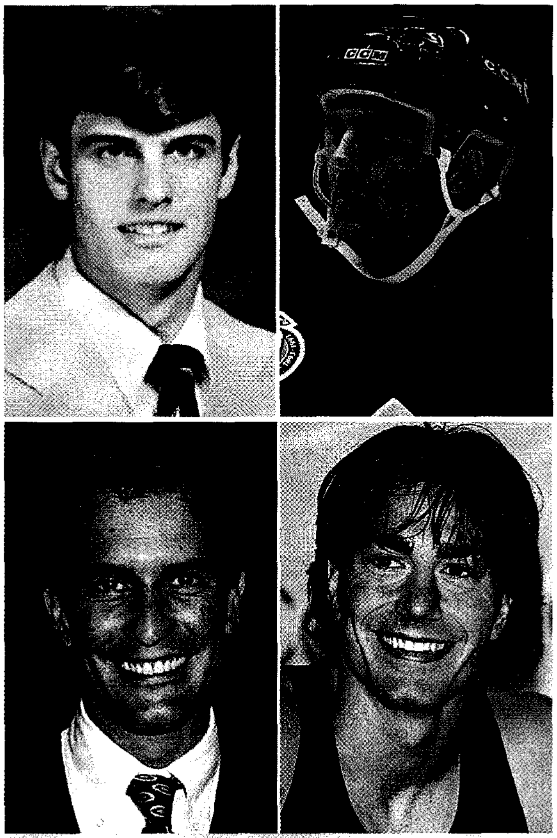
"She managed [Kennedy] really well," says one person in the couple's orbit. "She played the whole thing really well, and she was very smart in terms of her approach. She knew how to disappear; she knew how to drive him nuts." In the paparazzi shots of the snuggling couple that were on the front pages of the tabloid newspapers last week, Bessette certainly appeared to be holding the controls: her face above his, beaming but still serene. Kennedy, gazing up at her with his mouth delightedly agape, looked like a yappy dog, uncomplicated and excitable, who couldn't believe he was lucky enough to be having his chin chucked. "She is certainly a challenge," says someone who has worked with her. "It would be hard for any woman to stay mysterious for this guy, who basically can order it up. If there is anything she is up to, it is that task: never seeming easy."

Bessette, described by an acquaintance as "hypnotically attractive," appears to be almost a case study from the currently popular how-to *The Rules*, a postfeminist, unabashedly retrograde series of guidelines for husband-catching, whose chapter headings include such injunctions as "Be Honest but Mysterious," "Don't Talk to a Man First (and Don't Ask Him to Dance)," and "Be a 'Creature Unlike Any Other.' " The authors, Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider, declare that "if you follow the rules you can rest assured that your husband will treat you like a queen—even when he's angry with you. Why? Because he spent so much time trying to get you. You have become so precious to him that he doesn't take you for granted." Says an observer: "I think [Bessette] made [Kennedy] think she really wasn't interested, which was very smart. She can also flirt as much as he can. She is not shy; she is not afraid of attracting men. You notice that every time they got in a fight, she was very smart and would tootle off with somebody else, or insinuate that. She was cunning that way."

Photograph by David Allen/LGI.

"You notice that every time they got in a fight, she was very smart and would tootle off with somebody else."

BESSETTE NOW MUST DEPLOY HER SMARTS IN HER NEW CAREER of being Mrs. John Kennedy, a role that she will be expected to play at least partly in the public eye. In fact, she's already trumped the competition: The arrival of the princess of Wales in Washington for a fashion party at the National Building Museum last week was largely eclipsed by the attention granted to the new, younger, homegrown princess; the Kennedy wedding likewise overshadowed what was expected to be the famous-person wedding of the month, that of Christie Brinkley to Peter Cook. (That wedding took place on the same day as the Kennedy-Bessette nuptials, in Bridgehampton, and was attended by reporters from *People* magazine and, as it happens, at least one of Kennedy's friends, Wiese, who knew nothing of his pal's plans.) The public investment in John's marriage to Carolyn derives not merely from the fact that he was the most celebrated bachelor in the world, but from the fact that their wedding provides an occasion for optimism about the institution of marriage, however statistically misguided that may be. Kennedy and Bessette have done marriage, it seems, the way it is supposed to be done: They are adults; they've spent a long time thinking about it; they come to one another if not exactly without baggage, then at least without preexisting alimony commitments.



OLD BOYFRIENDS

Clockwise from top left: high-school beau Eugene Carlin, John Cullen, Michael Bergin, Alessandro Benetton.

And unlike Diana, Bessette seems to know what she is getting into. It is a role, say people who know her, in which she is perfectly cast. "She knew that she possessed all these qualities to make herself a kind of an 'It' girl," says an observer. "She knew all these talents were going to take her somewhere, but it wasn't as if she was a career girl. She had social power, and this sort of odd mystery that eventually was going to land her a situation like the one she has. To me, when I look at this couple, it's a very simple guy; it's a very complicated girl."

THOUGH BESSETTE NOW MOVES IN FABULOUS CIRCLES, HER celebrity was invented rather than inherited. She and her two sisters (twins, older than Carolyn) grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut; their parents were divorced when Carolyn was very young, and the children were raised by their mother and doctor stepfather (Bessette's father, William Bessette, was not present at the wedding, Barlow says). At St. Mary's High School, according to press reports, she dated Eugene Carlin, a school jock. Bessette went to Boston University, where she appeared as a pinup in a Girls of B.U. calendar and reportedly dated fellow BUers John Cullen, now a professional hockey player, and clothing heir Alessandro Benetton. She graduated with a degree not in a Jackie-like discipline such as art history or French but in the more utilitarian subject of education.

After college, Bessette stayed in Boston and worked for the Lyons Group, a nightclub consortium, then started as a salesgirl in the Boston branch of Calvin Klein. But she wanted to come to New York, and New York, it turned out, wanted her. Susan Sokol, then the president of Calvin Klein's women's collections, was looking for someone to work with celebrity clients. The young Bessette seemed supremely qualified for the job.

"She wasn't intimidated," says Sokol. "She had a wonderful ease about her. She was comfortable with anyone, and she has a lot of self-confidence, aside from looking great." She was moved to New York, and within two years, Bessette had been promoted to the public-relations department, where she handled P.R. for the collections and worked on Calvin's shows. She became friends with Kelly Klein and Calvin's daughter from his first marriage, Marcie, and she became increasingly important to Calvin himself.

"I think that she gave Calvin a lot of inspiration in terms of her personal style," says Sciascia Gambaccini, the fashion director of *Marie Claire,* who previously worked at Calvin Klein. "I am sure she intrigued Calvin a lot, and inspired a lot of his campaigns, with the way she looked. She's a healthy, beautiful American, and that is what Calvin likes most in a woman." She was not afraid of expressing her opinions. "During fittings, during these big meetings, some people would just sit there yes-ing everyone," says Gambaccini. "She was the one who came up and would say what she really thought every time." The muse was also capable of making fun of the master. "She used to always tell me these jokes," says a fashion-industry person. "Like saying, 'Calvin just flew in here on her broom; she's charging around on her broom.' But she said it in a loving way, as if you said it about your brother or your parent. She was like Calvin's daughter."

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Michael Ponzini/Focus On Sports; Bill Davila/Retna; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.

"I don't think Jackie and Carolyn ever met each other," says Barlow. "It's a real shame—a real pity."

Bessette first met John Kennedy, says Barlow, three and a half years ago. The first tabloid sighting of them was at the 1993 New York Marathon. Kennedy at the time was involved with Daryl Hannah, whom he was still seeing when his mother died in May 1994. Bessette, who lived in the East Village before moving into Kennedy's TriBeCa loft, involved herself with other men, too, at one time dating the Calvin Klein model Michael Bergin. When Kennedy seemed less than committed, Bessette would play him at his own game.

THE WEDDING

Kennedy and Bessette exiting church after the secret ceremony.

"Carolyn was like, 'Fuck you, *I* am going to go off,' " says a member of their circle. "I don't think anyone but John believed for a minute that she meant it—like she was going to turn in John for Michael Bergin, or something—but it played on his ego."

Bessette was anything but a pushover. "She is very sophisticated, and she plays her cards close to her chest," says a friend of Kennedy's. "She is the sharpest of the lot [of Kennedy's paramours], and I have seen them all."

"She has a remarkable ability to find what it is in people that allows them to be seduced," says someone who knows her. "I am not speaking in a sexual manner. She clearly knows how to find your weakness very quickly, and in a kind of scary way. When she is connected to somebody, the way she does it is by really relating. The flip side of that is that you can feel very undressed with her. You knew that she could turn and say the thing that you were most frightened of hearing."

The couple's courtship, like Kennedy's previous love affairs, was one of high drama. A fight, conducted, unwisely, in a public park, was captured on videotape last February. In it, Bessette gave as good as she got, ragging on Kennedy for minutes on end. But fights aside, by last spring John was telling friends he'd met his match.

"We were going out to play tennis," says Richard Wiese, "and I said, 'So when are you getting married?' And he sort of chuckled and said that she was his soul mate. He said, 'I think we are definitely going to get married.' "

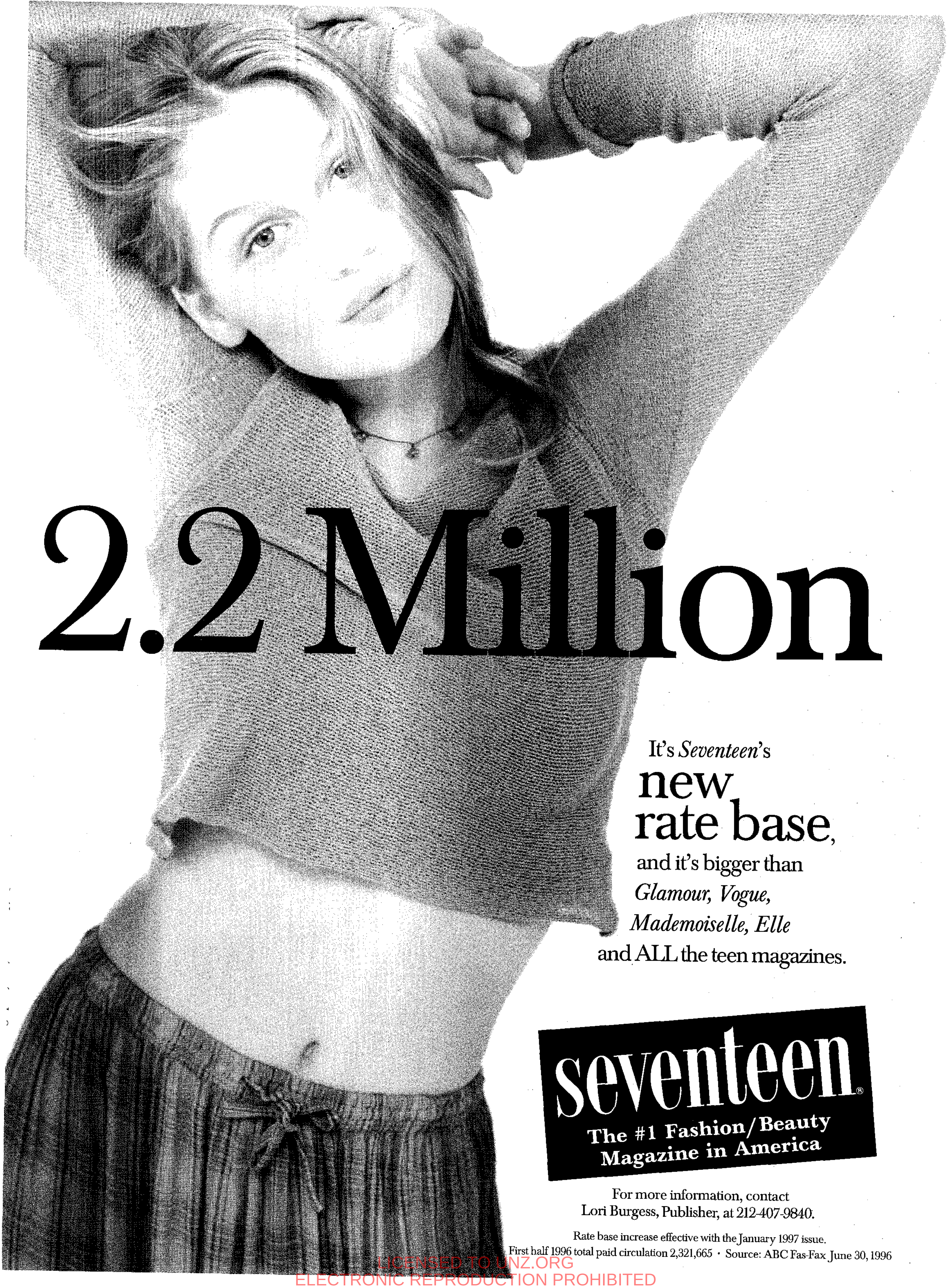
THE WEDDING, WHEN IT CAME, HAD "A FAIRY-TALE QUALITY," says John Perry Barlow: "In this very remote slave church, with no electricity, and it happened after dark. It felt quite otherworldly, very dreamlike." There was a certain amount of glee among those present about having bamboozled the press; the trade of journalism was represented only by *George* editor John Kennedy himself. (The issue of his magazine on the newsstands on the day of his wedding carried a pink cover line reading LOVE & POLITICS, and included a letter from the editor in which Kennedy wrote that "when both halves of a couple are high-powered, the public assumes their marriage is a calculated power merger rather than a love story." On the contrary, he went on to say, "the crises and isolation of a public life create a sense of shared burden that can bring a couple closer.") The couple had also hoodwinked most of their friends. "I talked to John the night before he left," says Brian Steel, a pal of Kennedy's. "He told me he was going away. He didn't tell me he was getting married, though. I said, 'Oh, business or pleasure?' and he said, 'Carolyn and I are going away to have some fun and relax.' "

The ceremony was, says Barlow, "a good, warm, intimate, familial gathering—a bunch of people that, if I had to start the human race from scratch, I'm not sure I could imagine a better 40 people than were there." Apart from, perhaps, the hazards of inbreeding: Almost every position in the wedding party was occupied by a Kennedy, from the flower girls (John's nieces Rose and Tatiana Schlossberg) to the ring bearer (John's nephew, Jack Schlossberg) to the best man (John's cousin Anthony Radziwill). Even Carolyn's maid of honor was a Kennedy: Caroline, her new sister-in-law, did the honors. Carolyn Bessette is fitting in, allowing herself to be absorbed.

The looming Kennedy absence was Jackie's. "I don't think Jackie and Carolyn ever met each other," says Barlow, who first got to know John nearly twenty years ago when Jackie sent her son to stay on Barlow's ranch in Wyoming. "It's a real shame, a real pity. They would have had a lot of respect for each other."

In fact, Bessette seems predestined for Kennedydom. There is, for one, the Carolyn/Caroline issue. "It's embarrassingly incestuous," says Wayne Koestenbaum, the author of *Jackie Under My Skin: Interpreting an Icon.* Koestenbaum also points out that the actress Jacqueline Bisset, whose surname sounds almost identical to Carolyn's, not only has John's mother's first name but played Jacqueline Onassis in the movie *The Greek Tycoon.* How could John resist?

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.



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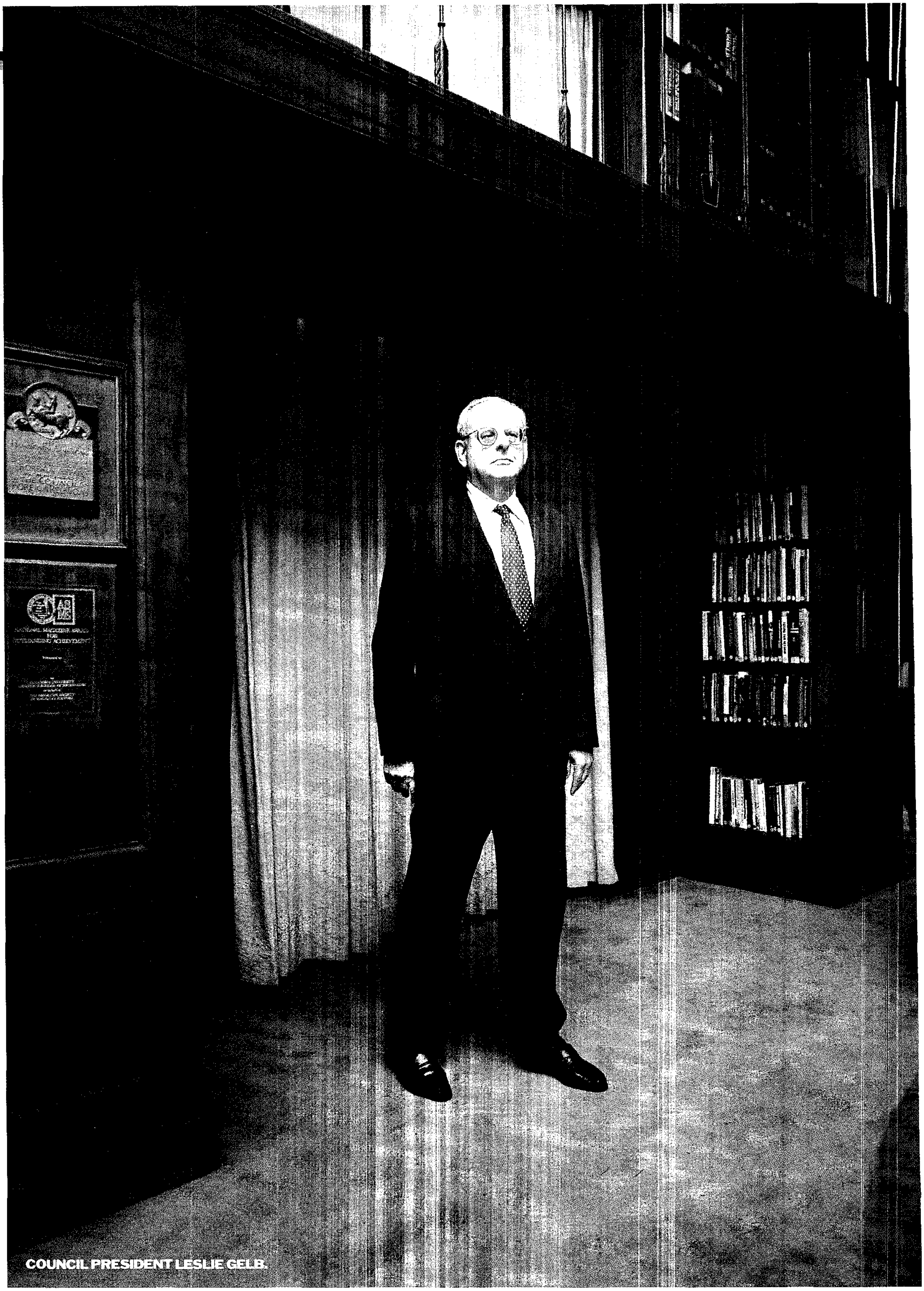
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PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BARRY
FOR *NEW YORK*

A FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE UPPER West Side, and Les Gelb, the president of the Council on Foreign Relations, turns to address the cocktail party around him. At his feet they have gathered, the future of the council, spilling out from the kitchen, a few dozen of them, eager and polished. Fancy drinks and lucky toasts. They like this time the most. These are the council's "term members," those who aspire to join, ages 25 to 39.

The future of the council. That, of course, is no small matter. The vast majority of American statesmen since the council was founded, in 1921, have been members (including Bill Clinton, George Bush, and Jimmy Carter). John McCloy, the assistant U.S. secretary of War during World War II, once said that whenever the department had a position to fill, "we thumbed through the roll of council members and put through a call to New York." The council, equal parts think tank and gentlemen's club, was the outpost from which the engineers of the American century, the Wise Men—among them George Kennan, Dean Acheson, Averell Harriman, and McCloy—devised the strategy that gave us the Cold War as a half-century of American foreign policy.

Now Gelb arcs his brow impatiently. He's a bearish man, with thick, tinted eyeglasses, not much good with idle talk. He raises a wine glass; the room goes silent.

"You're going to find that you are the future of foreign policy," he says. (Whoops fill the house.) "And unlike our generation, the best minds in the country are not wired beautifully to the Cold War [more whoops], 'cause it isn't happening elsewhere in the country, and it isn't like other think tanks." (Still more whoops now.)

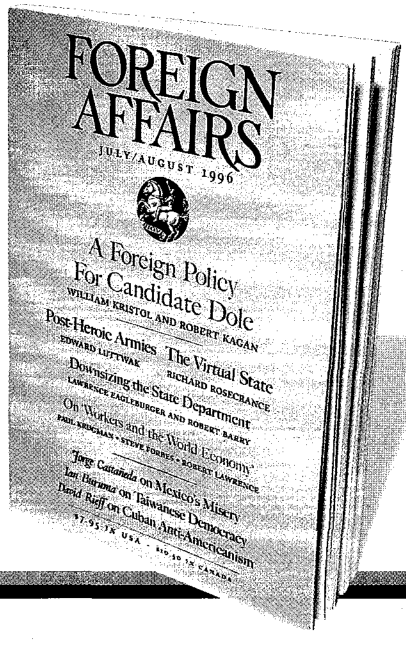
It is not at all clear, however, what the future of foreign policy is going to look like. Beside the bar, Les Gelb's then-assistant, Gretchen Crosby, is discussing Gelb's benediction with a couple of new recruits. Crosby graduated from Harvard, class of '92, and is about to enter a graduate program at Stanford. "Les's generation and his Harvard Ph.D. class, Tony Lake and the others—they all went into foreign policy," she says. "They were the best and the brightest. But the best and the brightest don't go into foreign policy today. The Clinton administration made domestic policy the place to be. Even I'm not going into foreign policy."

***FOREIGN AFFAIRS:* IT'S SNAPPIER. BUT IS IT SHALLOWER?**

Crosby stares off toward the door. It is late, and two men are bidding their farewells, exchanging cards. The younger one is black, in horn-rimmed glasses; the older one works for J. P. Morgan. "You meet friends at these things you never knew you had," the older one says. "Give me a call. Between the two of us, we're gonna talk some business, talk a little big-picture China."

LESLIE GELB'S OFFICE IN PRATT HOUSE, the council's gray stone mansion on Park Avenue at 68th Street, has the feel of a faculty club. There's a black-marble fireplace, a Turkish rug, whitewashed bookshelves. In his suspenders and loosened tie, however, Gelb resembles more some sort of overextended political appointee. When Gelb—a onetime official in the State and Defense departments (he directed the task force that wrote the Pentagon Papers) and, more recently, a columnist at the New York *Times*, took the council's reins in May of 1993—it was thought that he was inheriting a prune. "The fall of Communism meant that the great challenge was over," says James Hoge, editor of the council's house journal, *Foreign Affairs*. "The council had to adapt if it was going to stay relevant."

Indeed, the foreign-policy portfolio has been reduced to a mille-feuille of miniature problems, most of them outside Europe, involving cultures we don't understand very well—Somalia, Rwanda, Bosnia, Haiti, Iraq. The fact that diplomacy now has to do with brown people and what used to be called "soft issues"—terrorism, the environment, cultural tensions, and technology—makes the entire endeavor seem somewhat less central than in bygone eras.


FOREIGN AFFAIRS
JULY/AUGUST 1996
A Foreign Policy For Candidate Dole
WILLIAM KRISTOL AND ROBERT KAGAN
Post-Heroic Armies
EDWARD LUTTWAK
The Virtual State
RICHARD ROSECRANCE
Downsizing the State Department
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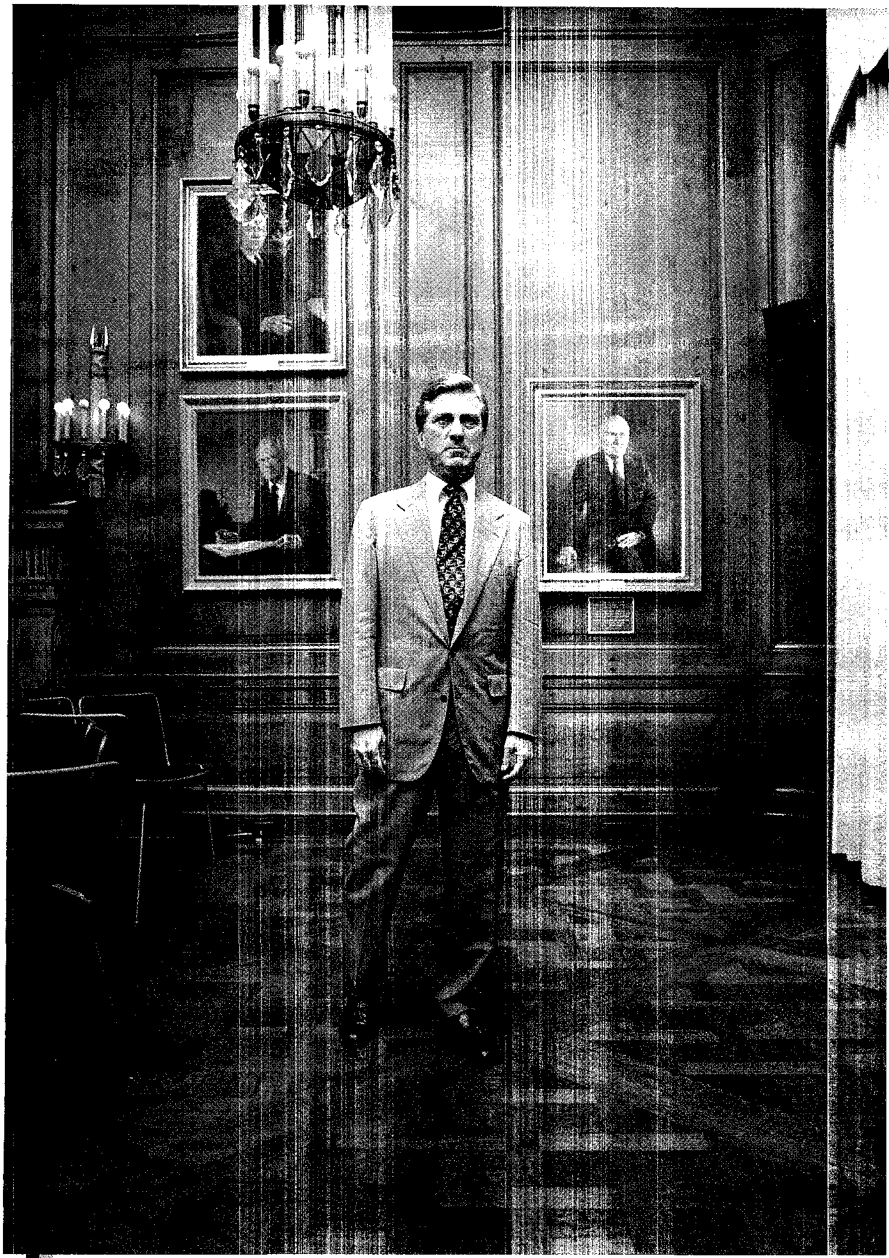
"Foreign policy as a career has less prestige than it used to," Gelb admits. "It is not even considered a field unto itself the way it once was." Even so, he says, "this is the most exciting time to be working in foreign policy. During the Cold War, when we knew the parameters of the debate, we could do the arguments by the numbers. The area of foreign policy in general had been slipping intellectually. Now we have a whole new intellectual challenge. And so the membership is once again relevant to the fate of the world."

But is it? At a time in which publicists now have a seat at the political table, in which the well-timed comment can be as vital within the world of foreign affairs as it is to politics, the grand crisis of foreign policy seems to be its very democratization (TV cameras do get in the way of fighting a war). "What the younger members here are realizing is the obligation we have to educate the public," Gelb says. "Foreign policy cannot remain the property of back rooms." But that raises its own problem: The council is recognizing that it runs the risk of becoming obsolete if it does not grow, somehow, shallower.

ON SEPTEMBER 30, THE COUNCIL ON Foreign Relations celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary with a $250-a-plate gala at the Waldorf-Astoria. The theme of the party is "The Next Generation." At 75, the council is more visible than ever: It's impossible to flip through the major op-ed pages over the course of a week and not find a few of the council's fellows weighing in. (And Pat Buchanan, throughout his campaign, was quick to name the council—along with bankers and the U.N.—as leading forces of the New World Order conspiracy.)

One need only look to today's State Department for evidence of the council's value as a farm team: Secretary of State Warren Christopher and his No. 2, Deputy Secretary Strobe Talbott, are members and have sat on its board of directors; Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs Peter Tarnoff was Gelb's predecessor as the council's president; Winston Lord, assistant

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.



***FOREIGN AFFAIRS* EDITOR HOGE.**

secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific affairs, preceded Tarnoff at the council's helm; and America's own Captain Diplomacy, Richard Holbrooke, the former assistant secretary of State, was reelected in May to the council's board, on which he had served before brokering the peace settlement in Bosnia. Tarnoff says that when he or Warren Christopher is grappling with a particularly nettlesome issue, it is common practice for him to phone up to the council and, upon a few hours' notice, convene in New York among a handful of its thinkers, movers, and shakers and "bounce ideas off of them."

For a think tank, it has a large and surprisingly active extracurricular program, sponsoring seminars, junkets, and speeches by visiting and national dignitaries. "You could say the council is New York's own State Department,"says the author Kati Marton, a member who happens to be married to Richard Holbrooke. "New York is not Washington, and the city needs an institution like this to facilitate a concentration of people who are engaged in the dialogue. You can expect to run into everybody who makes policy and foreign policy there at the council."

If you believe that an eastern Establishment still exists, there is no organization that better exemplifies it than the council. On a given afternoon, you may run into just about anybody who has ever read a Graham Greene novel and experienced a sense of longing—the mandarins of foreign affairs, sure, but those from farther afield, from John Gutfreund to Wendy Luers to Jesse Jackson to Diane Sawyer. You may see an intellectual like Irving Kristol or an anti-intellectual like R. Emmett Tyrell. Beside you may sit Nathan Pusey, who once was the president of Harvard University; or the book editor Paul Golob, who knew Pusey only as an oil painting at school and who wants to look him in the eye and say, "My God, man, you're alive!"

"LES WAS A YOUNG TURK IN THE DAYS OF McNamara," Richard Holbrooke is saying. "Now he wants to identify the first real post–Cold War generation of foreign policy makers and bring them all together and make the council the center of nongovernmental policy discussions again." Holbrooke represents perhaps better than anyone else the marriage of the American foreign-policy class's old and new Establishments. On the one hand, like his predecessors, Holbrooke has a patrician affectation, has alternated his foreign-policy undertakings with lucrative posts on Wall Street, and seems to enjoy government service only when it allows the chance to deliberate over the fate of the world, as if it were a game of Risk. On the other hand, only a product of the current climate could court media attention with Holbrooke's acuity.

Holbrooke, along with Tarnoff and Lord, got to know Gelb during their bureaucratic days in Vietnam, and he served on the committee that selected Gelb as the council's president. Gelb had lobbied athletically for the job, and some at the council felt he had powerful allies. "The talk was that Gelb was being pushed out of the *Times*, and they had to do something for their old friend," says a council official. Gelb beat out John Temple Swing, the council's longtime vice-president; Alton Frye, national director of the council; and the former congressman Stephen Solarz.

"Les's predecessor, Peter Tarnoff, did not do much except throw lunches," says one member. "You went to the council when you wanted to take a nap." One director says, "Peter was a disappointment. He was passive and left it in a bad financial situation."

Holbrooke shoots baskets into a trash can from his newly assigned desk at First Boston, where he has been installed since returning in February from his assistant-secretary posting. "The council that I joined in

'69 is unrecognizable today," he says. "It is much more engaged."

Gelb's biggest change has been to redirect the council's attention and money toward its study programs, raising the number of endowed fellowships from 9 to 24. Indeed, Gelb has been widely praised for his recruitment of scholars to the council. Among the candlepower he has lured with fellowships: Richard Haass, a national-security strategist to George Bush; Charles Kupchan, a rising star at the NSC in the first half of Clinton's term; columnist Jessica Tuchman Mathews; and the China scholar Elizabeth Economy. Gelb also replaced two senior administrators, meetings director Margaret Osmer-McQuade and studies director Nick Rizopoulos, a putsch that has not gone over well in some quarters.

"There was a complacency here before, and there was not enough of an intellectual edge to the place," says Kupchan, who had participated in a study group at the council years before the Gelb regime. "It was almost too genteel, more clublike, and not enough of a debating forum. I agonized over my decision to come here, and I've been pleasantly surprised."

But will a heightened interest in the sport of the debate necessarily enable the council to regain its former influence? They're trying. "Everyone in the community wants to be the next Mr. X," Holbrooke says, referring to the famous containment-strategy article that George Kennan wrote in 1947 for *Foreign Affairs* under the pseudonym "X," and which almost single-handedly made Communism America's full-time policy predilection. The craze within the scholarly community these past few years has been to search for the grand paradigm for *this* age. Already Francis Fukuyama and Robert Kaplan have weighed in, with *The End of History* and *The Ends of the Earth,* respectively.

James Hoge has put *Foreign Affairs* through a thorough overhaul since being appointed editor in 1992. The magazine had read as if written on marble, consisting largely of Delphic, ghost-written articles carrying the bylines of various heads of state. *Foreign Affairs* is punchier now; articles are shorter, and each one actually contains a thesis. The high-water mark for Hoge's magazine—a piece by the Harvard professor Samuel Huntington entitled "The Clash of Civilizations?"—came in one of his early issues (*The National Interest* and other magazines were vying for it, but Hoge's deputy, Fareed Zakaria, persuaded Huntington to give the article to *Foreign Affairs*). The piece argued that with Communism dead, cultural and religious differences with or between Islamic civilizations will set the stage for "major, inter-civilization wars." Its import quickly became a staple of big-think vernacular—world leaders from Bill Clinton to Binyamin Netanyahu have referred to the concept of "a clash of civilizations," though most always in dissent.

"I don't want the magazine to be just for the elites," Hoge says (the word *elite* is used frequently at the council). "We were, frankly, getting no mail when I got here. Now we're being read because the articles are more argumentative. The magazine has always been most argumentative, and most influential, during times of transition."

P.R. MAN MIKE HOLTZMAN AND YOUNG TURK ELIZABETH ECONOMY.

Hoge's a bankerly-looking man, the spitting image of Robert Redford. He made his career in tabloids—serving as publisher of the *Daily News* and the Chicago *Sun-Times.* Hoge beat out Mark Danner, the 37-year-old *New Yorker* writer, and some say his background is a liability. "Much of the time, they run something not because it is an important piece but because it will get a lot of attention—that's Hoge's tabloid sensibility," says one contributor to the magazine. "The Huntington piece was odd, but it exemplifies the Gelb-Hoge regime: It was heavily publicized, then they even published the responses. The piece was evanescent, and the biggest value of it was in eliciting Fouad Ajami's response, which tore it apart."

"The problem of *Foreign Affairs,*" Danner says, "mirrors that of the council itself: how to make it more accessible while maintaining its authority. When you are trying to essentially achieve a media event, writing, say, about the 'clashing of civilizations' and so on, the danger is that your efforts go toward, trying to get a bounce on CNN or in the New York *Times.* This isn't necessarily the way to achieve influence in the foreign-policy community."

THE COUNCIL GREW OUT OF the Inquiry, a secretive group of well-educated bankers and lawyers who accompanied Woodrow Wilson to the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. The council saw as its mandate the calling of signals from the sidelines. That was the role of foreign policy then: the aristoi govern, while the lowly men of elective office must dirty their hands with politics. From its rather passive origins, the council came to wield tremendous influence. The international institutions conceived in 1945—the U.N., the World Bank, and the International Monetary Fund—were anticipated in studies done at the council.

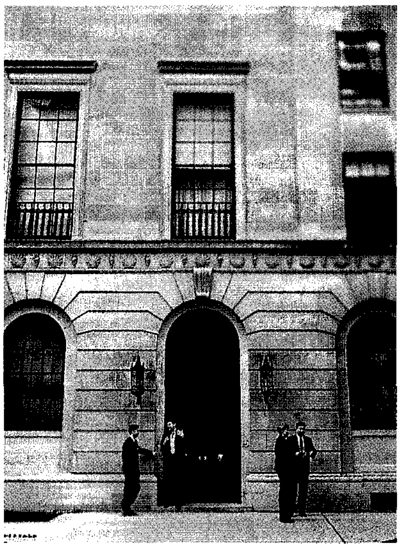
In time, the council opened itself to the meritocracy—letting in Jews and, eventually, women—while still finding fertile ground in the Porcellian Club and Skull and Bones. In 1955, the council enlisted a young instructor at Harvard by the name of Henry Kissinger to lead a study group on the subject of nuclear war. After meeting monthly with about a dozen of the council's luminaries, Kissinger in 1957 produced *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy.* The book (inspired largely, according to his biographer Walter Isaacson, by Paul Nitze's thinking) introduced the theory of limited-scale nuclear war and stayed on best-seller lists for fourteen weeks, making household names of Kissinger and the council.

"Vietnam brought the breakdown of the foreign-policy elite"—that word again—says James Chace, a council member and longtime managing editor of *Foreign Affairs,* now editor of the *World Policy Journal.* With the Cold War consensus fragmented, other think tanks, particularly those formed by the neoconservative movement, challenged the council's bipartisan preeminence.

Rebuilding the council's clout, Gelb seems to feel, involves casting a wider net when it comes to membership and activities. People at the council still brag about how Ron Brown wasn't made a member until he got a Cabinet appointment, how James Baker has been proposed but never admitted; the truth is that the council isn't so chary these days, letting in many whose work has nothing to do with the field—people like Mike Ovitz and Larry Tisch, for whom the membership is like some sort of intellectual pinkie ring.

You don't approach the council to join; you are asked to apply. You need to be sponsored by at least two members, and the membership committee convenes once a year to deliberate. Numbers have jumped recently, from 2,000 in 1980 to 3,300 today; the five-year-term-member program, for those under 35, is a virtual guarantee of full membership, which it wasn't in the past.

"For the first time since the World War II era, younger people weren't automatically in the foreign-policy business," Gelb says. "Where people once headed into it straight out of college, now they go into other pursuits—small business or law, journalism or human-rights work, often with aspects of foreign policy to it. What we're doing is taking those people and bringing them in here to think about U.S. foreign policy. I imagine that many of them would make their way into positions of influence in foreign policy eventually." Maybe so, but Mike Ovitz? "I wonder who they'd turn down," says the writer Ron Steel, a member since the sixties. "Larry Flynt? Don Imus? I don't know. If Pat Buchanan or Pat Robertson applied, that'd be interesting."



COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS, PRATT HOUSE, AT 68TH AND PARK.

The actor Ron Silver (*Reversal of Fortune, Timecop*) joined the council in 1994. Silver was sponsored by Holbrooke and Joe Klein, although the committee was unimpressed with his foreign-policy credentials. So why did he get in? "Because he's a friend of Les," says one council source. Some think that the council's frenzy to join up as many new members as possible is a bottom-line decision: It needs the dues. Dues range from $100 to $2,100 per year, depending upon the person's age and profession. According to a longtime council member, "there was a time when if the council was in the red, David Rockefeller and Frank Altschul would pick up the deficit. That doesn't happen anymore." (Gelb says the council is in sound financial shape.)

"The beauty of the council was that people were equals once they were inside," says the source. "Now you're valued for how much money you can bring in." The council's chairman, the investment banker Pete Peterson, is typically blamed for creating this new atmosphere. When an important guest comes to speak at the council, Peterson often arranges a small dinner and invites only the same handful of members to attend. Some members complained to Tarnoff that Peterson more than once led speakers aside before a speech in order, they suspect, to enlist their support for his own Wall Street endeavors.

Some members have found the council useful in other ways. Ron Silver says that when he prepared for the role of Henry Kissinger in a TV movie, "I was now able to look up his old council articles and speak to a lot of people who know him."

MANY MEMBERS COMPLAIN THAT THE council has come to be primarily an environment for networking, going so far as to sponsor an Outward Bound trip for the term members, where alliances can be formed and bonding can occur. The council has even considered publishing a "face book," à la freshman year at college, for term members, so the operators among them can more easily identify fellow satraps at council events. And plans have been discussed for a term-member "mentor day."

The term-member advisory commit-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

tee in New York is co-chaired by Lehmann Li ("It's like Lehman Brothers except I've got one more *n* and a lot less capital"). Still in his middle thirties, Li has degrees from Cornell, Stanford (business school), and Harvard (law and Kennedy schools) and also worked as an economic adviser on the Reagan and Bush White House staffs. At the moment, he's between jobs, so we meet one afternoon at the Yale Club. He's not a member, but there's an all-Ivy-club mixer he wants to go to for happy hour.

"In school and grad school, I always read about the council, but I hadn't realized how involved it was," Li says. "The senior people in law and media and finance and government tend to be members, so you just keep running into them. On one level, it's very social. Les has encouraged term members to build up relationships. Senior members have these dinners for the term members. Mort Zuckerman did it last year, and there will be some very interesting homes."

Holbrooke's rapid and extremely visible ascent makes him an obvious role model for the term members. "I think people look to the Holbrookes and the Scowcrofts and the Christophers as the people who've carved out a niche for the foreign-policy class," Li says. "And, of course, people talk about the Kissingers and the Schlesingers with some degree of reverence."

The Kissingers and the Schlesingers. It's common at the council to hear important people referred to in the plural. You hear it there all the time. Now, there are at least two famous people named Schlesinger—Arthur and James—but only one Kissinger who has made a living in diplomacy. It's an annoying habit; a person who does it is trying to display his mastery of a certain world, to show that he comprehends, say, Kissinger's significance well enough to write him off as just an example of a type, and it ends up belittling his accomplishments.

Gelb's intent, however, is to cultivate the Schlesingers and Kissingers of the future, to identify an entire generation of future leaders, bring them into the council, and mold a new Establishment. In creating a blueprint, a certain path promising to lead to membership in the ruling group, the idea is to ensure a self-perpetuating machine. It pretends that once one is inside the council, the rest of life becomes a sure thing, as though grand achievements can now be had just by playing the percentages.

The council—like the Rhodes scholarship, the Renaissance Weekend, or a stint with McKinsey—has become a station where the citizens of a credentialist society get their tickets punched. It's not surprising that the Clinton administration, which has counted fifteen Rhodes scholars among its ranks, has perhaps the highest-ever tally of council members—there are eight on his cabinet, and dozens within the executive branch.

EARLY IN 1996, THE COUNCIL on Foreign Relations hired its first full-time "proactive" press secretary. This is weirder than it may seem. The place, after all, was hermetic by decree: The contents of speeches and meetings have almost always been considered off the record, and nonmembers are banned from the building.

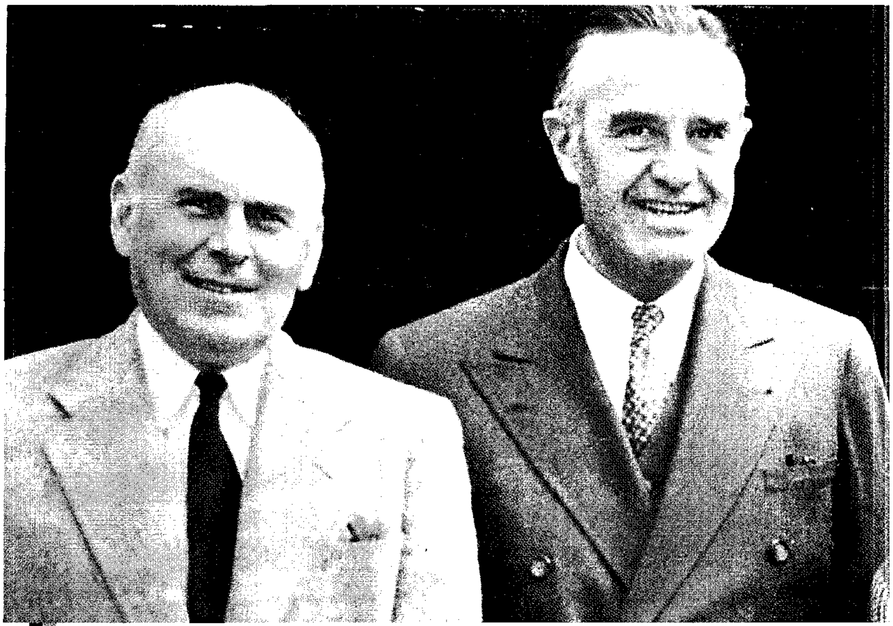
Up on the third floor of Pratt House sits Mike Holtzman, the council's 27-year-old press secretary. Two enormous, double-wheeled Rolodexes occupy his desk. Beside them are three more. (That makes seven in all.) "I've got everybody's number you'd ever need in there," he says. Holtzman is a protégé (his word) of Pete Peterson's. Before coming here, Holtzman was running Peterson's Concord Coalition, the deficit-hawk nonprofit that appeals to Generation X voters. Holtzman is usually aware if a council member is, at any given moment, in the public eye. One day, I happened to call when the news was breaking of Ron Brown's plane having gone down. "There were twelve CEOs on that flight," Holtzman said into the phone, distracted. "We're trying to get word who the heavy hitters were, see if any of them were ours."

At today's council, the publicity business is a full-time job. "I'm here to get the organization more public attention," Holtzman says (several members I called to interview asked whether the idea for the story had been *New York*'s or Gelb's). "When you have a Les Gelb or a Jim Hoge, you have access to the media. You don't need to do much, but when you want press, it's there." One of Holtzman's tasks is to promote not so much the Gelbs or the Hoges but the resident scholars—get them some face time as talking heads. "Some of the fellows here have been on TV a lot. Les has, too. Sometimes they'll come up to me and say, 'We're talking too much. Tell Les to stop promoting the place.' "

A year or so ago, the council fellow Charlie Kupchan, who also teaches at Georgetown, was profiled in the New York *Observer* ("A Young Wonk in a Hurry"). "Les told me, 'Next time Charlie does something, make sure it doesn't say "Council on Foreign Relations fellow and Georgetown professor"; just say the council,' " Holtzman says. And then he is on a roll. "You know, Charlie was on with Dan Rather, as part of the response to the president's State of the Union speech. Charlie's deceiving. He seems low-key, but he does a fantastic job promoting himself. Or take a guy like Richard Haass [who has since left the council for the Brookings Institution]. Whew—what an operator! Between his wife and him, they don't need any help getting publicity [Haass is married to Susan Mercandetti, the *New Yorker*'s famously well-connected consulting editor]. Haass—that's a person who doesn't need any help getting in the *Times* or anywhere. He wants his op-ed in, it's in." Holtzman chuckles. "But we have some fellows who need help. They have to come and see me."

Sometimes, when there is a big event going on at the council, you can find Holtzman standing outside Pratt House, ushering in cameramen from C-SPAN. That's because nowadays, Gelb frequently waives the off-the-record policy, even allowing the network to broadcast speeches. He has also struck a deal funded by HBO to film certain council meetings (including a rather lowest-common-denominator venture to be known as "The Great Debates").

"A great deal of the council's cachet and also its usefulness comes from its being exclusive and reclusive," Mark Danner says. "It doesn't have to be that, but it doesn't have to have a press secretary either. Having forums on C-SPAN—I mean, that was unheard-of before. The whole point was for speakers to speak off the record, so that they could be candid. I went to see Gingrich there the other day, and there were the cameras. Gingrich is always on TV, so what information were we going to get from him that we wouldn't get otherwise? You're just playing the audience, almost—I hate to say this—as a starfucker. At one point, I wanted to ask about Iranian arms in Bosnia. When I was in Bosnia, it was an open secret that Iran was supplying arms, but suddenly Congress was treating it like a scandal. In front of the cameras, it



KISSINGER AND BRZEZINSKI AT THE COUNCIL, 1965 (TOP); WISE MEN MCCLOY AND HARRIMAN (ABOVE).

would have been a waste of time to stand and ask that question—you'd have gotten the stock response. Off the record, Gingrich might have at least made an attempt to be frank. That's what's been lost."

The off-the-record rule was meant to protect both speaker and audience. "The idea was that someone of Cy Vance's stature didn't want to be seen asking a question of Jaruzelski or even Jimmy Carter," says Margaret Osmer-McQuade, the former ABC reporter and a member since 1975. With the confidentiality forgone, the results can be embarrassing—as they were last October, for instance, when after a council meeting with Fidel Castro, a participant walked outside and immediately blabbed to a *Times* reporter about what had been discussed (Castro admitted to having second thoughts over turning down Kissinger's offer to open up the U.S.'s economic embargo). Just the year before, when Kissinger, Vance, Peterson, and a number of other council members had convened to condemn Warren Christopher's stiff China policy, a summary found its way into Liz Smith's column.

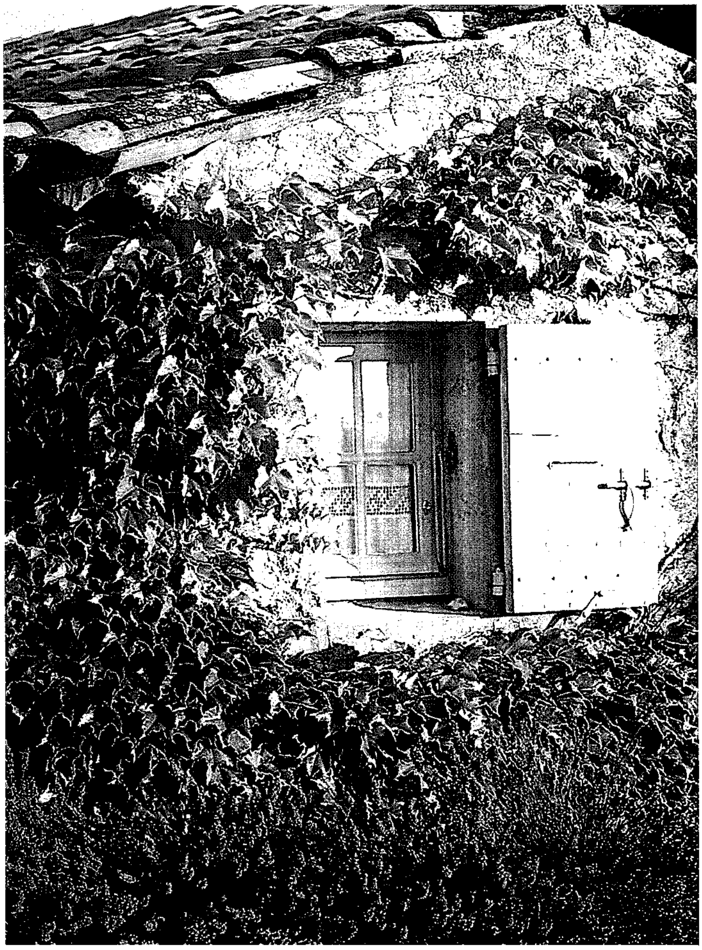
WORD IN THE FOREIGN-POLICY COMMUNITY is that a foreign dignitary looking to make an appearance in New York is more likely to speak elsewhere now—the Asia Society or Henry Kissinger's breakfasts. "We are getting all the formers speaking—former this and former that," says a council stalwart. "Then the only members who come to hear them are some corporate veeps from Chase who raise their hands and ask stupid questions and throw in the word *strategic.* Where are the Europeans on the boycott? How about some Cubans? I remember a meeting once where the French foreign minister, François-Poncet, was going back and forth with Kissinger and McCloy. You could learn something from the speaker in those days. Now we're getting Steve Forbes! We're getting Kay Bailey Hutchison! Is this how we're educating the next generation of policymakers? With Kay Bailey Hutchison?"

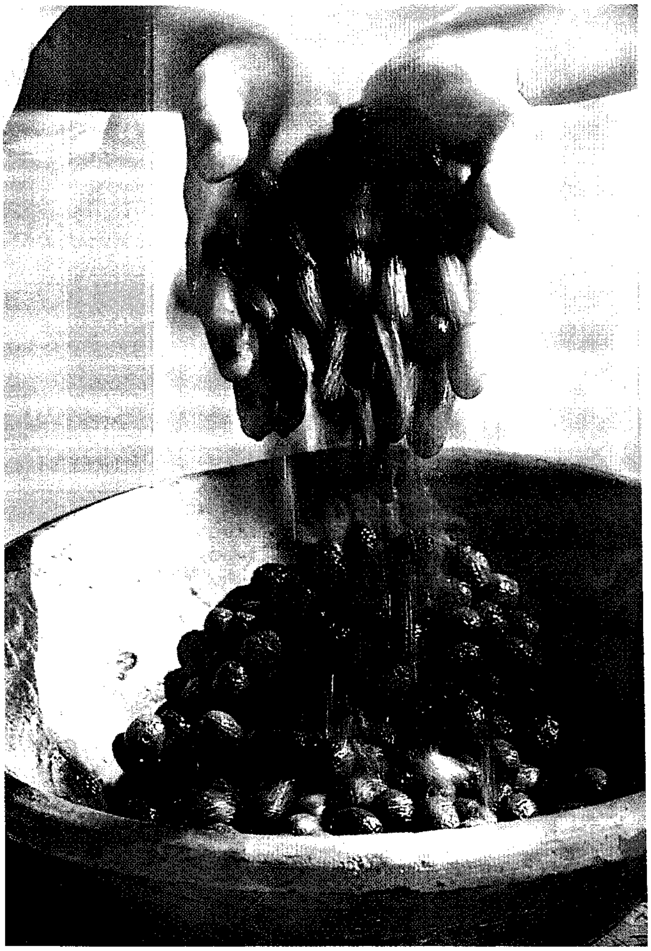
The irony of Gelb's efforts at the council is that by raising the institution's profile and going willy-nilly after unproven young membership, he is bringing it the very fate he means to prevent: He is allowing the council to become average. And to a council member, there is no designation worse than that. "There are already hundreds of organizations driven by dinners and meetings where people get up and talk," says Elisabeth Sifton, an editor and publisher at Farrar, Straus & Giroux and a second-generation member. "They all have a certain tone, often cliché-ridden, full of self-satisfied power-seekers. Events at the council always had a distinctive flavor. I'd like to think that there are still places where work is done that isn't done anywhere else."

Or consider the words of *Foreign Affairs*'s Fareed Zakaria: "The downside of democracy is that there may be some dork who gets up there and asks a stupid question of the elite. But it's much less likely that the Bundys and the Achesons will make a false step."

The council takes itself seriously—from the Holbrookes to the Zakarias. That was its purpose, and because that is so, it will always have reason to exist. It may no longer be the best place in town to engage in the dialogue about the Mexican peso crisis. It may not, some nights, have any greater range of opinion represented than a luncheon at the Century Club. It may not formulate policy—it's almost impossible to grapple with the moral issues at the heart of most foreign-policy debates in such polite company. And it may or may not be an exclusive personnel clearinghouse for the State Department. But as long as it is around, the council will always be a place where a person can learn to play Henry Kissinger. ▬

Photographs courtesy of CFR.



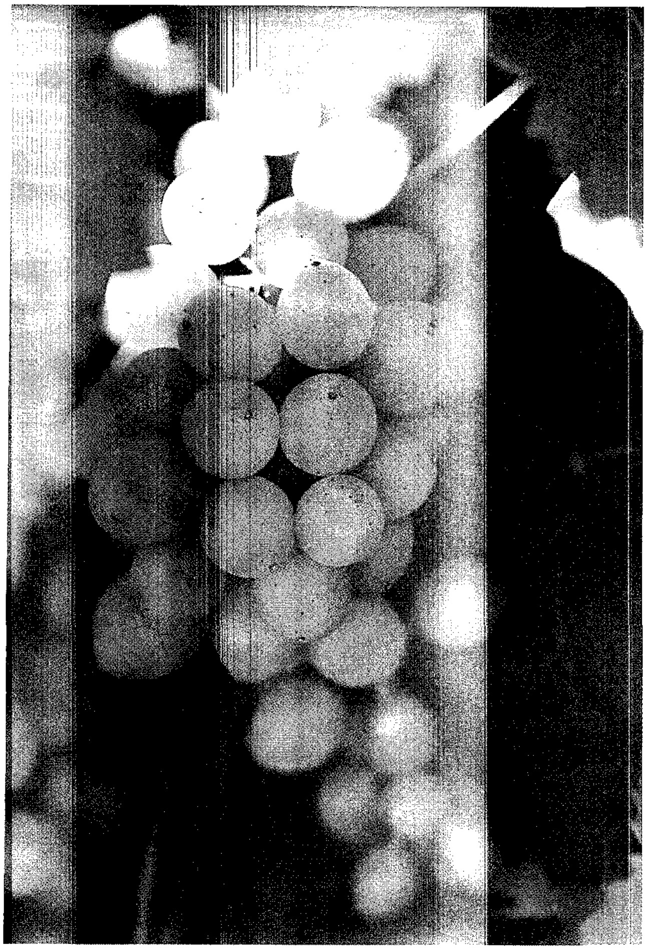


COOKIN

Bread baking, truffle tasting, grape harvesting, chicken trussing, wine sampling, olive curing, alfresco dining: A crash course in the art of Provençal living with food critic Patricia Wells. By Gillian Duffy

NOT EVERYONE CAN JUST UP AND TAKE OFF FOR A YEAR IN Provence. But you can get the general idea, in a week, of what Peter Mayle was going on about if you sign up for a total-immersion course in the local folkways and food at the cooking school run by the French-food fanatic and ex–New Yorker Patricia Wells. The author of five wildly successful books—*The Food Lover's Guide to Paris, The Food Lover's Guide to France, Bistro Cooking, Simply French,* and *Patricia Wells' Trattoria*—Wells, 49, is now setting out to teach the art of Gallic cookery to her fellow Americans one by one. And she's doing it in the French's own backyard—at her country home, Chanteduc, 30 miles northeast of Avignon.

An audacious move, perhaps, but then, says Wells, "I've always done a lot of entertaining, and I realized that I would spend half of the evening talking about hyssop or how to cure olives. It was sort of a cooking school already." Scribner, meanwhile, has just released *Patricia Wells at Home in Provence: Recipes Inspired by*



WELLS

Her Farmhouse in France, which promises to produce yet another generation of home-schooled experts in pistous and daubes.

Wells, a New York *Times* alumna, remembers the day in 1976 she had to quit being a vegetarian to get that food-writer job that had opened up on the Living section. Four years later, Wells, who spoke no French, was unsure about moving to Paris when her husband, Walter, was offered a job as news editor at the *International Herald-Tribune.* Craig Claiborne "was hysterical when I asked him if I should go," she laughs. "He said, 'If you have to ask the question, you don't deserve to go.' " But over the years, Wells, the first American restaurant critic to write for a major French publication, *L'Express,* came to be respected as one of the most knowledgeable food writers in France—by Americans *and* by the French. Her reputation was sealed with the 1984 publication of *The Food Lover's Guide to Paris,* though she initially couldn't find anyone to print it. "One said, 'I love it, but I'd never publish it because it won't sell more than 10,000 copies,' " Wells recalls. Workman Publishing finally relented, and the rest is history. The book, an exuberant grand tour through remote bistros, three-star restaurants, *boulangeries, fromageries,* local markets, and tea salons, has sold 125,000 copies and has been printed in six languages.

In 1981, Wells was a guest at Chanteduc, an eighteenth-century Provençal farmhouse tucked away in the hills above the medieval town of Vaison-la-Romaine. There were spectacular views of Mont Ventoux and idyllic vineyards close by. Wells returned the following year, to find the owner thinking of selling. In typical French style, it took Wells two years of negotiations to finally secure her dream house. She sold her New York apartment and never looked back.

Left to right, lavender beds surround Wells's eighteenth-century farmhouse, Chanteduc; after curing her olives, Wells tosses them with herbs; grapes from the organic vineyard; Wells gathers tomatoes in her vegetable garden.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGOIRE KALT
FOR NEW YORK

Last September, Wells conducted her first cooking class in the large rustic kitchen. Each is limited to ten students and has three instructors (including Wells). The emphasis is not so much on technique as on the importance of seasoning and tasting as you cook. Wells brings to the table hundreds of hours spent taking notes at the elbows of the best chefs in the world, from Joël Robuchon and Alain Passard to Alain Ducasse. While writing *Simply French* with Robuchon, whom she considers the greatest living chef in France, she watched him cook for weeks at a time, snapping pictures and asking a jillion questions. Robuchon wasn't exactly in the habit of writing down his recipes—Wells would go home and translate what she saw into the chef's vernacular. In what was perhaps the ultimate coup, *Simply French* five years ago became one of France's top-selling cookbooks.

Students gather in the kitchen to make soupe au pistou and wheat-and-polenta bread beforeretiring to the terrace for a lunch *en plein air.*

After hearing last year that Wells was starting a school, Robuchon offered to teach a day of each of the two courses himself. But the week he was due in from Paris to instruct the first group, an airport strike prevented him from shipping his ingredients and equipment. Determined not to let his friend down, he had two assistants drive halfway across France in a truck laden with deep-fat-fryers, guinea hens, and langoustines. "I didn't know if I should be insulted when I saw he'd brought everything but the kitchen sink," says Wells. But it was a memorable occasion, with people picking grapes in the vineyard and settling in under the big old oak tree where Robuchon presided at the head of the table as hawks hovered overhead. It could have been a scene right out of *Cousin, Cousine.* Unfortunately, Robuchon hasn't announced whether he'll be making any cameos next year.

Over the past decade, Wells has restored and rebuilt the farmhouse and established an organic vineyard. (With the help of a local wine-maker, Grenache, Mouvedre, and Syrah vines have been planted; Eli Zabar took 150 cases of 1994 Clos Chanteduc to stock the shelves at his Vinegar Factory.) In the weeklong course at Chanteduc, Wells offers her students—all of them American at the moment, since she has not done any promotion outside the U.S.—the opportunity to cook with herbs from her garden, grapes from her vineyard, and olives from her olive groves. They learn how to shop the local markets, and there are visits to the local vineyards and olive mills. The schedule can be pretty intense, beginning at 9:30 A.M. and going on till midnight. Typically, the week begins with a welcoming feast—poulet aux fines herbes, roasted tomatoes, sourdough bread, and whole potatoes roasted in bay leaves and sea salt—straight out of the brick bread ovens, Wells's favorite method of cooking. In fact, the first thing Wells installed in the farmhouse was a wood-fired oven so she could stoke her passion for baking bread and roasting things whole, such as fish, legs of lamb, and chickens. Every day, students can learn how to make a different bread.

Things begin in earnest on Monday morning, with a course on herbs and vegetables—how to tell the difference between sage, thyme, and fennel, and when to pick the purslane and arugula. Students then gather in the kitchen to make soupe au pistou, herb salad, and wheat-and-polenta bread before retiring to the terrace for an aperitif and lunch *en plein air.* In the evening, it's off to the village of Mondragon for a truffle dinner at the restaurant La Beaugravière, which, in small-town fashion, closes to the public for the class.

Tuesday is market day, and Wells leads a shopping tour of the local producers. Then it's home for a Provençal buffet lunch made with the morning's purchases. That afternoon, Monsieur Henny, the village butcher, demonstrates trussing, carving, and marinades. As an exercise, Henny will roast chickens both trussed and untrussed so you can taste the difference for yourself. The trussed tastes better, says Wells. By Friday, you'll be fatter but wiser: For the farewell lunch, students cook haute Michelin—caviar d'aubergine au thym; etuveé de jeunes courgette aux amanes fraîches, lardons, et menthe; and tarte au chocolat.

"I thought I'd died and gone to heaven the first time I visited Pat," says Eli Zabar. "I've never spent an evening with her without learning something. She is an extraordinary resource, a walking encyclopedia." It is her enthusiasm in spreading the word to American and French readers that is helping to preserve the old French traditions and encourage the country's small, artisanal growers. The French have recognized her contribution to their culture: In 1989, the government bestowed on Wells the coveted Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres. She was at once honored and amused: "It's normally awarded to movie stars—like Sharon Stone!" ▬

WHO TO CALL, WHEN TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

FOR BOOKING Contact Judith Jones via fax, (919) 846-2081, or e-mail, jj708@nando.net, or write her at 708 Sandown Place, Raleigh, N.C. 27615.

CLASS SCHEDULE (this fall's semester is over) Spring–summer 1997 series: May 25 through 30; June 1 through 6; June 8 through 13 ($2,750). End-of-summer–fall 1997 series: August 24 through 29; September 7 through 12; September 14 through 19 ($2,750). Black-truffle workshop, including a truffle hunt and visits to the truffle markets: February 12 through 15 ($2,500). Fees include lunch and dinner but not lodging.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

CHÂTEAU DE LA BAUDE Charmingly restored sixteenth-century château with six bed-and-breakfast rooms. Great views of the vineyards in the valley; tennis, pool, and billiards. Ten minutes' drive to Chanteduc. Gerard and Chantal Monin are delightful hosts. Chantal offers a not-to-be-missed Provençal dinner four nights a week (with advance notice). To really appreciate the place, stay on an extra day or two after the cooking school finishes. From 400 to 480 francs nightly (680 francs for a double suite). *84110 Villadieu (6 kilometers from Vaison-la-Romaine). Telephone: (33) 90 28 95 18. Fax: (33) 90 28 91 05.*

L'EVÊCHÉ Beautifully decorated home of Jean-Loup and Aude Verdier offering four bed-and-breakfast rooms. Set in the medieval village and a ten-minute walk uphill to Chanteduc. From 300 to 400 francs nightly. *84110 Rue de l'Evêché, Cité Médiévale, Vaison-la-Romaine. Telephone: (33) 90 36 13 46. Fax: (33) 90 36 32 43.*

LE BEFFROI Sixteenth-century hotel with 22 rooms; from 330 to 750 francs. Also located in the medieval part of the village and a ten-minute walk uphill to Chanteduc. *84110 Haute Ville de Vaison-la-Romaine. Telephone: (33) 90 36 04 71. Fax: (33) 90 36 24 78.*

HOTEL DE LYS (annex to the Hotel Burrhus) Modern, comfortable hotel overlooking the main square of Vaison-la-Romaine. Eight rooms at 250 to 480 francs. *2 Place Monfort, 84110 Vaison-la-Romaine. Telephone: (33) 90 36 00 11. Fax: (33) 90 36 39 05.*

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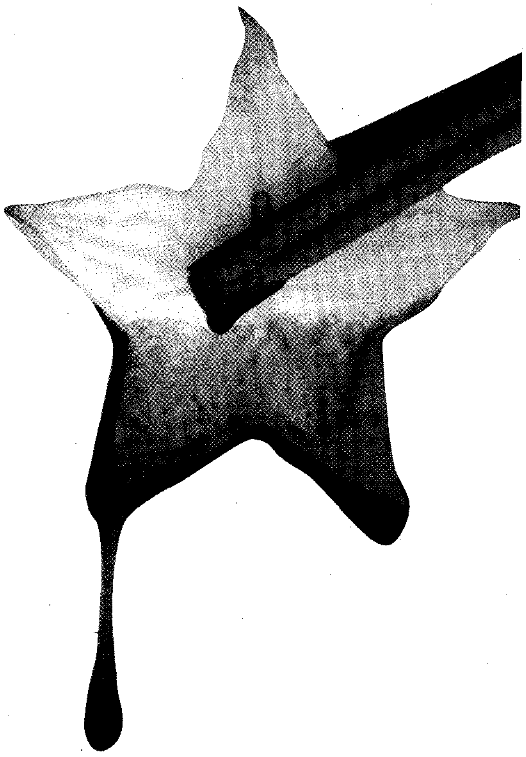
NEW YORK 5th Annual Holiday Entertaining Fair



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Come celebrate with NEW YORK MAGAZINE as it revels in holiday cheer! Our Fifth Annual Holiday Entertaining Fair is a festive convergence of the press, readers, caterers, restaurateurs, event planners, and editors to sample sparkling spirits and liquors, delicious holiday foods, and the season's exciting new products. Whether you're planning for 20 or 200, this is the ultimate environment to meet, mingle, taste, discover and gain inspiration for your own holiday entertaining.

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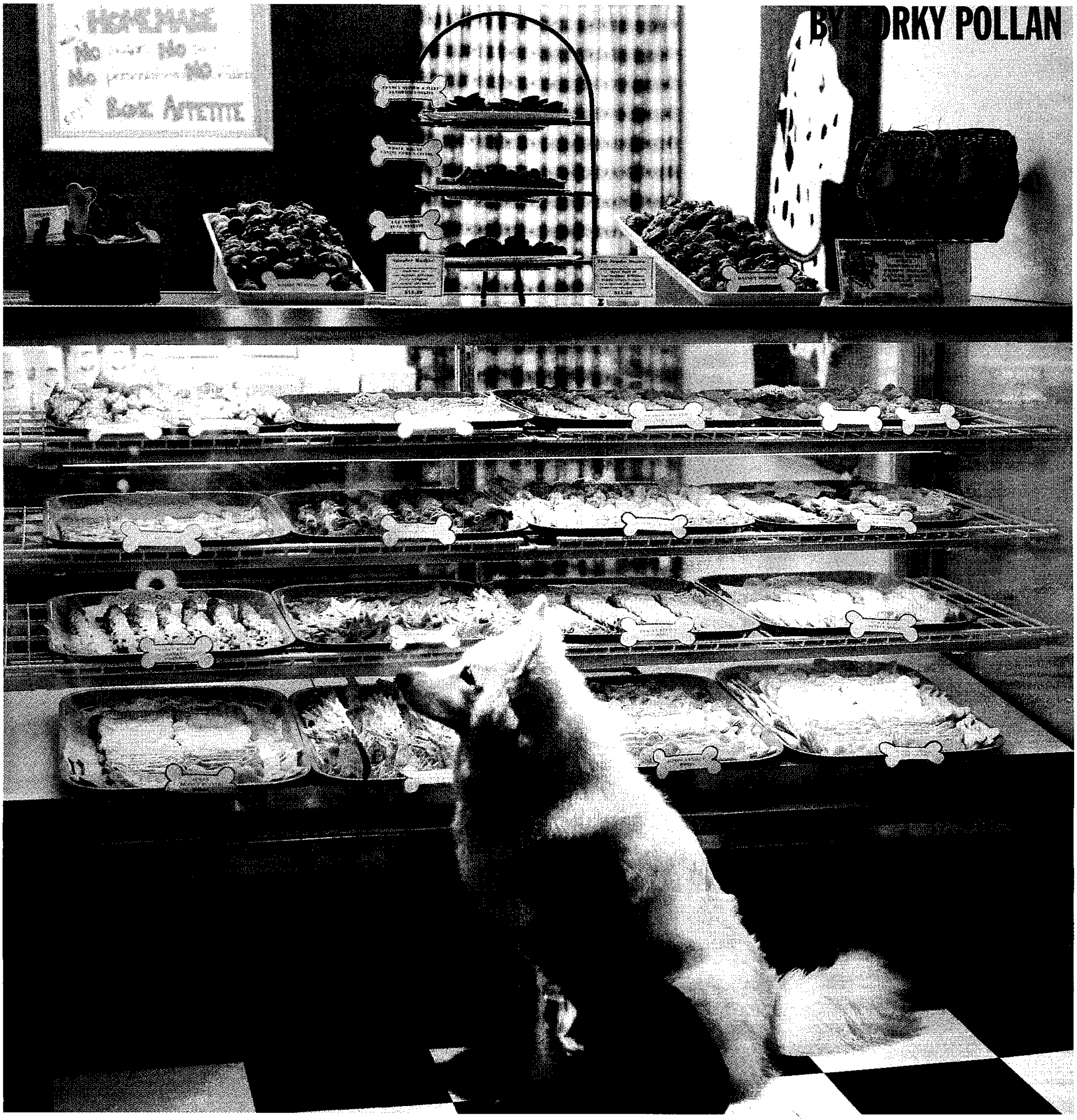
Happy Holidays from NEW YORK MAGAZINE

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Photographs: left, Kenneth Chen; right top to bottom, Steve Wisbauer; James Worrell (2).

Dog Bites

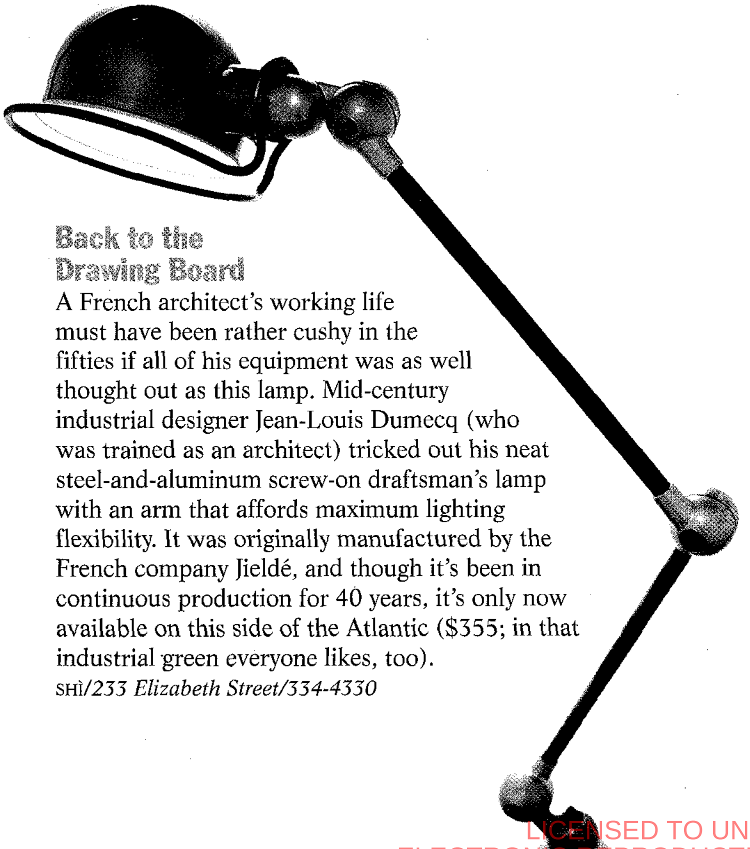
Stacie Caplan and Adrienne Savino love to bake, so when they couldn't get their perpetually dieting friends to feast on their homemade muffins, cakes, and cookies, they began—to great acclaim—making them for dogs. Sure, the bakery's a bit goofy, what with birthday cakes, quiches, and puppy pizzas, but all the treats are salt- and sugar-free and made from whole-wheat or soy flour and egg whites. And they're flavored with real chicken liver, chicken stock, bananas, and apples. Additional wares include leashes, collars, coats, beds, and—for two-legged customers—doggy coat hangers, mugs, frames, and boxer shorts (from 70 cents for a muffin to $100 for a needlepoint rug).

BOW-WOW BAKERY/*336 East 54th Street/230-1988*

Men With Olive Complexions

Not *another* bottle of olive oil, you say. Get a load of these. They're made in Spain from molds of antique liqueur bottles and filled with extra-virgin California olive oil that's meant for dipping. The earnest Venetian gondolier and the jaunty Italian jockey are infused with herbs, the stolid Venetian soldier with spicy chili peppers ($50, $55, and $60).

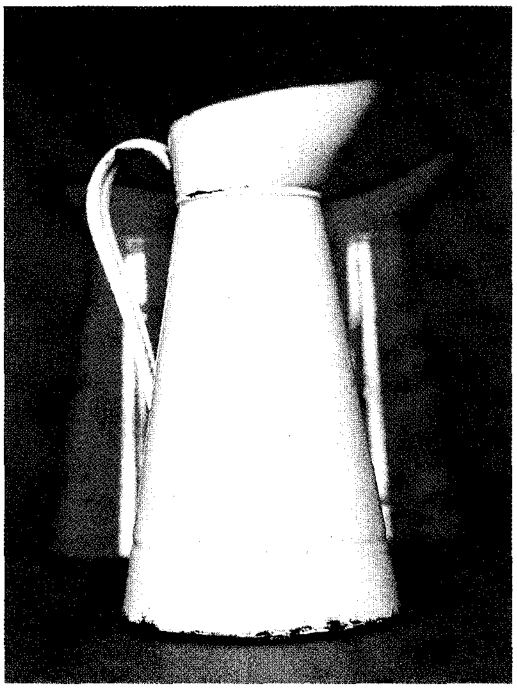
WILLIAM-WAYNE & COMPANY/*846 Lexington Avenue, at 64th Street/737-8934; and 40 University Place, at 9th Street/533-4711*



Back to the Drawing Board

A French architect's working life must have been rather cushy in the fifties if all of his equipment was as well thought out as this lamp. Mid-century industrial designer Jean-Louis Dumecq (who was trained as an architect) tricked out his neat steel-and-aluminum screw-on draftsman's lamp with an arm that affords maximum lighting flexibility. It was originally manufactured by the French company Jieldé, and though it's been in continuous production for 40 years, it's only now available on this side of the Atlantic ($355; in that industrial green everyone likes, too).

SHÌ/*233 Elizabeth Street/334-4330*



Relief Pitchers

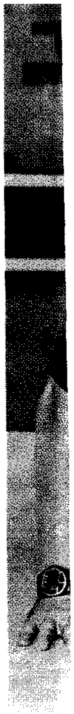
Steve Lohr and Marcelo Soriano, owners of the country-ish homeware shop the Lively Set, have a knack for collecting the kind of utilitarian farmhouse stuff city folk love to find brand-new uses for. Among the partners' latest finds are "end-of-day pitchers," which farmers, before the advent of modern plumbing, used to wash up after a long day in the fields. These tillers of soil needed lots of water, so the enamel tankards are Bunyan-size; most, in fact, are at least thirteen inches tall, just the perfect height for fall's cattails and repurposed dried grasses ($125 to $325).

THE LIVELY SET/*33 Bedford Street/807-8417*

THE GOODS MICHAEL HIRSCHORN

Take It All Off

Our writer served as a **guinea pig** *for Equinox's new comprehensive diet-and-fitness program. After twenty weeks of hell, he lost* **80 pounds.**



From left: Week No. 3, working the weights with trainer Barretta; doing pushups; 80 pounds later, the obligatory after photo.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDMOTHER died choking on a chicken bone. My grandmother's father used to eat a diet that consisted mostly of liver- and other wursts, countered not all that successfully (I'm told) by yearly visits to Baden-Baden, the Canyon Ranch of prewar Mitteleuropa. My parents were both overweight, though my father now maintains a fastidiously gaunt profile through bouts of monastic self-abnegation, a ritual he will detail with no small pride and which my grandmother will repeat to others as an endlessly renewable resource of found comedy. *Always chicken. Can you believe it?*

No surprise that I have always had food on the brain. It was, however, a supreme mortification to be confronted with a fact I had been successfully repressing for some time: I had grown to more than 50 percent over my desired body weight. Last November, I found myself at a wedding in Puerto Rico, whose black-tie reception was held outdoors in a delightful garden in old San Juan. I have pictures of myself almost bursting through my tux, crimson-faced, gasping for air, a buffoonish, Pythonesque sight amid the festive bicultural throng. The evening, by all other measures a delight, was untenable: I nearly expired in the 90-degree temperature and high humidity—collar gagging my throat, the studs nearly popping off my shirt. If I didn't do something soon, I determined that evening, my weight would quite literally kill me.

Three weeks later, I found myself at the 76th Street branch of the Equinox Fitness Clubs, where I weighed in at 308 pounds. My blood pressure, I later learned, was a toxic 150/100. For a 31-year-old, this was shocking, especially since I had until recently been physically active. The Equinox people had agreed over the phone to take me on for their ten-week intensive-training regimen—geared at the time toward professional athletes and VIPs eager for some personal attention—but that afternoon, I received a phone call from the club: "This program is really for people who are, you know, already in shape," the woman said gingerly. "We're not sure you can do this."

I was in all likelihood the least fit person they had ever seen: a mere walk up to the third-floor exercise area was enough to induce palpitations. On the heart-rate monitor the club lent me, my pulse hit 160 before I even got on the bike for my first workout. But Rich Barretta, Equinox's head trainer, saw in this extreme adversity a challenge. If I agreed to show up five days a week, he would get me in shape. Given that we would be "training"—nobody "works out" anymore—for two hours a day, this was no empty deal. And Barretta, who was Mr. America in 1987 and still has muscles on his muscles, didn't look like the kind of guy to let me spend 90 minutes on wrist curls.

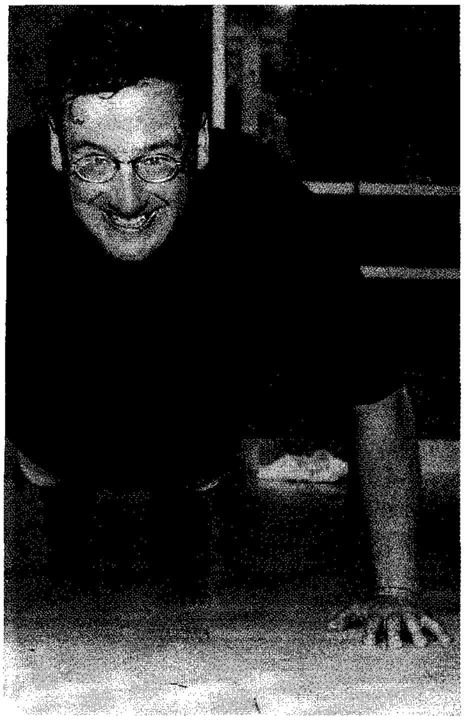
"Oh, my God," restaurateur and club regular Larry Jacobs told me my first time into the downtown Equinox. "You are going to be training with God. This man works miracles."

Barretta *was* in fact godlike, if perhaps a couple inches shorter. Sharp-featured, with shoulder-length coal-black hair, he has a kind of effortless machismo (pretty much everybody gets greeted with "Hey, girl!") that makes him comfortable with long silences and allows him to discuss musculature, male and female, with detached precision. It immediately became apparent, however, that we had differing approaches to the manly arts. "I bet all your friends are telling you you can't do it," he ventured the first week. Actually, I said, all my friends were telling me, "Don't hurt yourself."

This turned out to be not much of a worry. Barretta knew more about fitness than anyone I had ever met—how a slight rotation of the leg transforms a leg curl, how pinching the shoulder blades in a pull-down opens an entirely new muscle set to stressing, how deft use of anaerobic exercise creates an "afterburn" that prolongs

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARTHUR COHEN FOR NEW YORK

calorie-burning long after the workout, and just how much a body can stand before it keels over. “There is no drill sergeant, none of that phony crap, none of that drop-and-give-me-twenty bullshit,” says Michael J. Fox, a Barretta client. “He just says, ‘This is the way different muscle processes in your body work, and this is the way different diets are going to affect it.’ I’d worked out with people who would give you literally a thousand abdominal exercises in a day, or in a workout. And he’d break it down to like 50—but they’d be really specific and really work.”



Barretta’s program buys into none of the current hogwash about moderate exercise being as good as the rigorous kind. Moderation might be fine for maintenance, but what we always suspected to be true is in fact the case: More pain means more gain. The more calories you burn off, the more weight you lose. The converse, I learned, is not necessarily true: One needs to consume enough calories to prevent the body from going into “starvation” mode, shutting off the fat-burning engine and setting the body up for quick weight gain. Computed from the series of tests conducted by the club, I learned that I burned an average of 2,986 calories a day doing nothing but living (for a large person, this number is not remarkable). If I ate a generous 2,200 calories a day, I would, by this rough calculation, be at a deficit of some 700 calories a day. This would result in a weight loss of about a pound every five days. Any more calories I burned off from exercise would only make me lose weight faster, and Barretta wanted me to burn through at least 1,000 calories each time we trained.

Given that I was so out of shape, Barretta had no choice but to stick me on a treadmill. I was too far gone and my joints too overtaxed, he decided correctly, to run for more than a few minutes, so it was to be slogging along for me (and watching me slog along for him). For the first month, we rarely made it over to the weight rack.

Meanwhile, Equinox hooked me up with nutritionist Barbara Crosby, an exceedingly warm, fiftyish Long Island yenta who comes into the city on Wednesdays to see clients at the gym’s 76th Street Wellness Center. Crosby is an adept of Dr. Barry Sears, whose *The Zone* remains a best-seller close to a year and a half after its release. Her approach went more or less as follows: Eat all you want of certain kinds of high-protein food while keeping most carbohydrates down to a minimum. Fat is not necessarily the enemy, though you want to take it easy on the oil and butter.

“*Intensive* **training was paying off big-time.** *I was,* **I began to notice, becoming fitter than** *I had ever been in my life.*”

This meant, essentially, poultry. Chicken, turkey, turkey, chicken (nonfatty meats are okay; filet mignon and pork are, thus, not). Those low-fat poultry sausages for breakfast (the best are at Citarella, Balducci’s, and Urban Hero), chicken or turkey on some greens for lunch, a half-chicken for dinner, a little sorbet to break the tedium. But, boy did it work: 8 pounds gone the first week, another 7 the next, 25 pounds off in the first month.

But Crosby wasn’t satisfied. She had seen many people drop weight quickly and gain it right back. She wanted me to transform completely the way I approached food: Eat when you’re hungry; don’t when you’re full. I was dubious. Rules I could follow, but she was asking me to reprogram my entire internal gustatory software. There would no more “cheating,” no eating of the “wrong things,” no “bad” or “good” foods. She favored New Age–y aphorisms like “Don’t punish yourself,” which at this time seemed eminently sober. “Own your hunger,” she said.

I realized I had been hardwired with a contemporary, though also notionally Victorian, conception of eating. This one is familiar to anyone who takes more than a passing glance at New Yorkers’ table rituals: the shredded bits of cookies and bread on the tablecloth, the pushing away and then near-manic consuming of food, the demands on the waiter for a meticulous cataloguing of ingredients. Eating out is a dance of control and denial: One must always appear not to want the food, and never under any circumstances can one enjoy it (exceptions for the chocolatey desert, always shared, and nibbled at amid remonstrations that this is not done regularly: “I really *shouldn’t*”; “I won’t eat anything tomorrow”).

Crosby, who herself lost 50 pounds 25 years ago, understood all this. She wanted me to lose weight by *not* dieting—if I knew what different foods would do to me, I would learn to regulate my intake, and educate my mind and body to do what most people do normally. She laid out a series of guidelines—not “rules,” she insisted: no bread-type foods, at least initially; unlimited vegetables; not too much fruit.

Back in the gym, I was getting results. We kept to our two-hour-a-day routine religiously, a regime that often required me to be in the gym before sunup and meant that I would have to give up most lunching and socializing. On weekends, I would often run or bike, fearful that any letup would lead to a total collapse of resolve. The impact was remarkable: My skin cleared up; the repetitive-strain injury that used to freeze my neck and shoulder into a Quasimodo slouch went away; I slept at night and no longer required multi-hour naps on weekends; I woke up in the mornings in something other than a narcoleptic haze. The numbers were stunning as well: After only six weeks, my cholesterol dropped from 250 to 170, and my blood pressure was

(continued on page 115)

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Cheap Thrills

Lagerfelds in Chinatown? Urban archaeology in Rockefeller Center? Cuckoos on Madison? Bargains are better with an element of surprise.

S*YLVESTER THE SUBWAY,* A SURPASSINGLY charming children's fable published in pre-urban-blight '45, is just one of the quirky finds at this bookshop, which specializes in all things New York: books, photographs, maps, prints, and ephemera. Through October, the shop is trimming 20 percent off selected items: black-and-white photos dating from 1890 to 1940, nineteenth-century *Harper's Weekly* prints; old magazines and newspapers, maps, and selected books. *New York Bound Bookshop, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, lobby (245-8503); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 12–4; 10/1–10/31.*

In the Pink

IF SARTORIAL TRAPPINGS BY DONNA KARAN, Courrèges, Lagerfeld, Herve Leger, and others at "negotiable" prices can't lure you down to this quirky storefront on the outskirts of Chinatown, well, your loss. Shop owner Kimmy Lee combs showrooms, fashion shows, factories, and other mysterious places for the merchandise that she sells at below-wholesale prices at her electric-pink shop. Now she's marking down her already good prices by 50 percent—but be prepared to dig. For example: Thierry Mugler dress, was $235, now $118. *Fuchsia, 126 Baxter Street, between Hester and Canal Streets; no telephone; cash only; Mon.–Sat. noon–9; through 10/12.*

Webbed Feat

IF THE PHRASE *THE WEB* STILL EVOKES IMages more arachnid than cyber, Innovative Computing will come to your home or office and introduce you to the World Wide Web. They'll bring the computer, fully loaded; all you need is a normal phone jack. A training session for one to two people (laptop used), was $125 per hour, now $100; for three to fifteen people (laptop with projection device used), was $200 per hour, now $150. *Innovative Computing (876-6770); through 12/15.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

The Rubdown

THIS UNPRETENTIOUS HOLISTIC DAY SPA HAS a few specials in honor of the fall equinox. The aromatherapy foot treatment brings new dimension to the term *pedicure*—Ettia's interpretation is more like a total foot overhaul, with an hour and a half of scrubbing, clipping, and rubbing (was $80, now $55). The salon also gives a great facial and reflexology massage (was $170, now $120). *Ettia, 239 West 72nd Street (362-7109); all major credit cards; Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 10–8, Thurs. till 9, Sat. 9–7; through 10/26.*

SYLVESTER the SUBWAY
By EVA and THOMAS LAUFER

Find New York City relics like this *Sylvester the Subway* book at the New York Bound Bookshop.

Clockers

AFTER DISCOVERING THAT NEW YORK IS woefully lacking in places to buy cuckoo clocks, Cindy Fanelli, the owner of this antique-timepiece shop, decided to purvey reproduction cuckoos. Select clocks are now on sale, as are vintage wristwatches, like a 14-karat Longines, retail $850, now $425. *Fanelli Antique Timepieces, 790 Madison Avenue, near 67th Street, Suite 202 (517-2300); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; while supplies last.*

They Do Lunch

CATERERS FISHER & LEVY FEED THE HONchos at Bear, Stearns at their VIP luncheons (perhaps a little filet mignon sandwich with horseradish sauce) as well as doing smaller cocktailish events and private parties (perhaps some smoked-trout canapés with caviar). New corporate clients are now offered a 20 percent discount. *Fisher & Levy (832-3880); through 10/25.*

It's a Stretch

HAVEN'T THE TIME—OR the patience—to navigate through the maze of discount emporiums that line East 86th Street? Just make a beeline to Orva, now discounting Marika activewear: leggings, in bike, Capri, and ankle length, were $20–$24, now $12–$14.40; racing-back bra, was $19, now $11.40; leotards, were $20, now $12; and more. *Orva, 155 East 86th Street (369-3448); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–9, Sun. 10–8; through 10/6.*

Private Eyes

THIS LICENSED OPTICIAN HAS A HUGE STASH of discounted designer specs; now frames that were $150–$300 here are $75–$200; prescription no-line bifocal lenses, were $160–$400, now $120–$250. Sunglasses too. *Chelsee Eyes, 20 West 20th Street, Suite 804 (242-4823); cash or checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–5, evenings and Saturdays by appointment; through 10/30.* ▬

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

"Tänan teid väga!"

That's the way Riina J. says "thank you." She is expressing the gratitude of thousands of frail and isolated New Yorkers who would like to thank the following companies and individuals for their support of the 11TH ANNUAL AMERICAN CHEFS' TRIBUTE TO JAMES BEARD. Together they helped us deliver over 160,000 meals all summer long to our homebound elderly neighbors.

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'The First Wives Club,' which could have been the worst kind of lowest-common-denominator slapstick, is surprisingly witty and a very fun ride.

Sarah Jessica Parker (left) faces the wrath of Bette Midler in *The First Wives Club.*

Photograph by Andy Schwartz/Paramount Pictures.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Getting Even

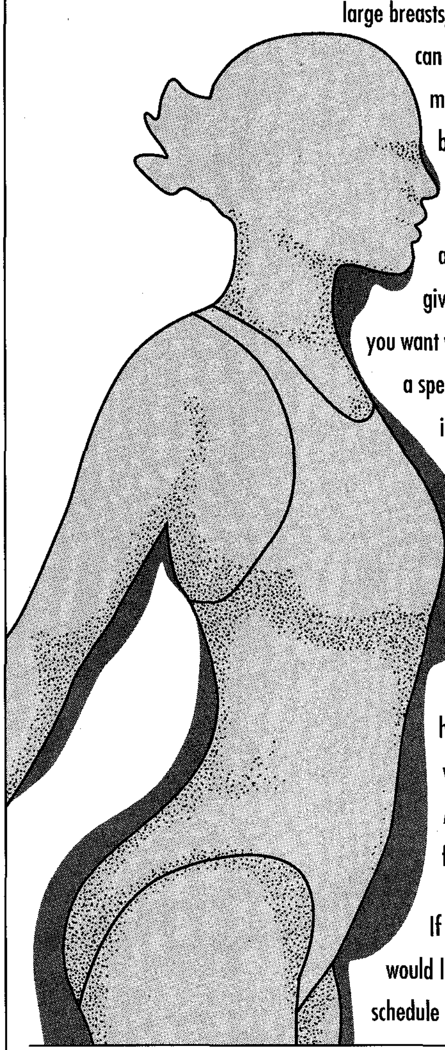
THREE ACTRESSES IN A state of near-euphoria—Goldie Hawn, Bette Midler, and Diane Keaton—go on a tear in **The First Wives Club,** turning what could have been merely a glibly plotted laugh machine into something memorable. Please don't misunderstand: This is not an original or deeply creative film. It's a formulaic commercial comedy. But it's also genuinely pleasing and at times breathtakingly funny. *The First Wives Club,* based on Olivia Goldsmith's novel, is a revenge comedy: Three wealthy Manhattan women of a certain age, abandoned by their husbands for younger women, join forces, plotting and scheming to trip up the men. The movie works so well because the three ladies, apart from their painful situation, actually have very little in common. Long ago, they were college buddies, but they haven't seen one another for years, and each has been hardened by ego and screw-you distaste for anyone who lives or thinks any differently. In other words, they are like many of us. As new-old friends, they make a very unstable trio. This is a movie about togetherness, but it's hardly a smoothly complacent sisterly love-in. From time to time, the three women tear one another apart. The scenes of fighting are pitched so high that they are closer to opera than to cinema—Rossini couldn't have done it with greater verve.

There may be no substitute for star temperament. Stars are wrecking movies, driving salaries out of sight, holding up productions with ridiculous demands . . . but you gotta love 'em. Goldie Hawn—in a nicely vulnerable performance—has triumphed over a situation threatening to turn grotesque. There was no way that always young persona—the giggle and bounce and snit—could age gracefully, and Hawn, after a long struggle, now knows this. Here she is, playing an aging movie star obsessed with her figure and her Bardot-Jagger lips, a boozy Narcissa who can do little more than fake an interest in another human being. Hawn parodies herself brilliantly. Willful yet fragile, she is desperately funny. Bette Midler, her friend-nemesis, plays a brilliant Upper West Side frump—a tough, loving, wised-up woman who has helped her husband build his business and who is now too bitter to gloss over painful truths. Midler, lips curled down, has dead-eye aim. And Diane Keaton's goody-goody is another self-parodying job, a trampled-upon wife too frayed in her impulses to get through a single sentence without heading off in five directions. Keaton's is the least spectacular role, yet no one else could have pulled off this eccentric mix of pathos and glamour.

In recent years, American comedy has been reduced to brutal slapstick. But *The First Wives Club* gains speed from an old-fashioned virtue—unusual verbal precision. The picture was written by Robert Harling, of *Soapdish* fame, and directed by Hugh Wilson, whose work up to now (some *Police Academy* movies, etc.) has not been—how shall I put it?—interesting. This time, Wilson is still slick, but he has found something to say. Even if the plot is pure contrivance, the emotions of the movie are true. And Wilson is a good ensemble man, bringing out the personality of each star as the three come roaring into a room like a many-headed monster. Each takes her turn at topping the others and then steps out of the way. Now, this kind of direction may do little for the art of film, but it certainly adds to movie craft, which has been much in abeyance recently. Wilson also gets expert performances out of such New York theater stalwarts as Eileen Heckart and Philip Bosco. Maggie Smith, nearly immobile with hauteur, is on hand as a much-married society doyenne. As always happens in this kind of film, the husbands don't amount to much, but at least no one gets tied up in ropes, the way Dabney Coleman did in the awful *9 to 5*. Revenge turns out not to be what *The First Wives Club* is really about. This is a movie about love, and the greatest expression of it is the sheer delight that Hawn, Midler, and Keaton take in performing.

ANTHONY HOPKINS, PLAYING THE GUY WITH the brush in **Surviving Picasso,** uses his short, stubby body with supreme confidence. Hopkins has never seemed so comfortable and happy in his barrel-chested, bull-headed little frame, or so sexual. He makes a great egomaniac, so great that it's fun watching him jump around, all elbows and chest. Here's an old man on top of every aspect of his life, endlessly creative, restless, dominating, cruel—a lady-killer never hurt by women but only hurting them. He falls for the young and beautiful Françoise Gilot (Natascha McElhone), an art student, and she becomes part of his orbit. She's devoted and eager, but he humiliates her and everyone around them, and she begins to withdraw.

This latest Merchant Ivory production is skillful and beautiful to look at, but there's an element of disingenuousness to it. Will Pablo Picasso turn into a nice guy? The movie is shocked that the great artist is ruthless and dominating, a man who takes pleasure in manipulating people, then turns as playful as a child. Whatever anyone says to him, he asserts his predominance—he's smarter and tougher and greedier and more spiritual than you are, all at once—and the whole world waits on his pleasure. No doubt it's all true, but so what? The movie is populated by women who have been hit by Picasso like a hurricane and left battered in his wake. But how can you chase a whirlwind and then expect him to act like a proper bourgeois husband? He's a bastard, but a very famous bastard, and apparently there are benefits—erotic, material, even spiritual—in being attached to him. In the movie, Gilot narrates, and by her own admission, Picasso made her into an adult. So there isn't much interest in the question "Will she leave him?" The movie attempts to re-create Picasso as a therapeutic episode in the life of Françoise Gilot. But Hopkins's performance keeps bursting the frame of the movie. ■



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The Other Simpsons

Mona Simpson's fictional families are as dysfunctional as any on TV. This time, though, she adds a new, Jane Austen–ish element: a rich bachelor.

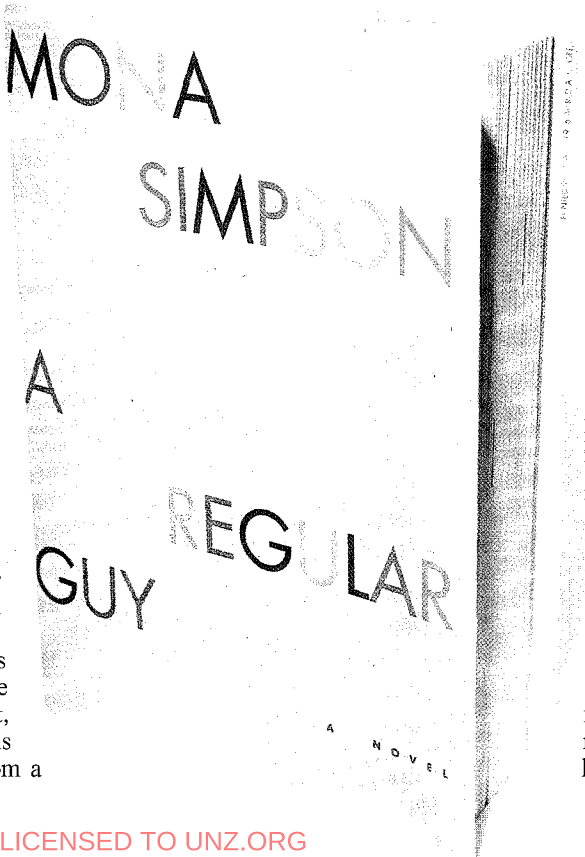
A Regular Guy

BY MONA SIMPSON

Knopf; 336 pages; $25

ITS GALLEY PROOF ADVERTISES *A REGULAR GUY* AS "The New Novel by Mona Simpson." Actually, it's the old novel by Mona Simpson—mother and daughter hit the road in search of Dad and A Better Life. The shaggy theme that Simpson has made her own in *Anywhere But Here* and *The Lost Father* is probably good for any number of books, but *A Regular Guy* suggests Simpson is growing bored with it. Instead of a picaresque quest for roots and meaning, a lost-in-America journey of the heart, she's written an Austen-ish courtship comedy—a tightly orchestrated romantic dance complete with brittle antiques of observation that read like revisions of the master herself: "It is common knowledge that among the minions of a rich young man, a favorite topic of conversation is the question of who will be his wife."

The eligible bachelor in question is Tom Owens, a California biotech tycoon who's part Jay Gatsby and part Steve Jobs (Apple Computer's co-founder and Simpson's relative). Owens is the phallic Maypole around which dance a gaggle of gawking women: Mary, his abandoned hometown flame and the mother of Jane, his only child; Olivia, the tall blonde steady girlfriend who can't quite maneuver Tom to the altar; and assorted other swooning hangers-on. There's something politically sickening, but real, about these women's total absorption in the rich man's gravitational field. They're forever scrambling for crumbs—of money, of affection, of attention—that Owens is only half aware of dropping. Simpson here has adopted not only Austen's prim dictions but her sweetly jaundiced social temperament. The book's females, whatever else they may be up to in their lives, are fundamentally romantic huntresses. Killer nesters. They want, they want, they want.



Simpson's channeling of Austen is not altogether successful; but epigone, like master, understands that cash is king.

Owens—by far the book's most vital figure, the only one who acts and doesn't just react, who doesn't leap out of his chair when called—is cut from a wholly different sort of novel, circa the twenties. He's the lonely visionary industrialist out of Dreiser, Fitzgerald, and Lewis. He's the empire builder with the frozen heart. While the women crowd round with their little blowtorches, trying to thaw him, Owens tends to business: a fuzzily rendered, superimportant project known as Exodus. Exodus, which involves a drug of some kind that will cure grave, unspecified ills (though not, of course, the ache in Owens's heart), is man's work par excellence. It's noble, chivalrous. Owens, like most industrialist heroes in literature, if not in life, is out not for money but for the greater good. He's an ego harnessed to an idea, blind to his own frailties and follies. When, out of nascent political ambition, he sponsors a bill to serve virtuous rice and beans to every California school kid, he can't understand the rather tepid reaction.

Simpson doesn't tell new truths about her Great American Stock Hero, but she updates him nicely. He's a health-food snob. He dresses in jeans, he pays his workers in stock, he refuses the perk of a special parking spot. He's a Deadhead entrepreneur whose greatest feats are already receding as the world grows corporate. The only other man he can relate to is Noah, a wheelchair-bound Jewish research scientist who's turned down megabucks commercial jobs in favor of the pure pursuit of knowledge. Noah is a traditional sidekick, loyal to his grandiose master yet also able to cut him down to size. The little man is the big man's heart, his conscience, especially when it comes to Jane, the daughter, whom Owens only reluctantly acknowledges, transforming her from a snot-nosed ragamuffin into a worldly-wise heiress-to-be.

Jane is the Cinderella of Simpson's book, the fairy-tale orphan who finds out she's a princess. Her fate, the minute you recognize her role, is sealed, inevitable; her flowering's a bit tedious to behold. She starts as a nature child on a commune, where "the collected odd convictions of solitaries became Jane's educations." Once she makes it to Dad's in California, though, her eyes are opened to the finer things. "When he turned on music it was classical. She knew classical was better; her mom did, too, and whenever they put it on, they tried to pay attention." Though Jane is placed under the dry, Victorian tutelage of two old ladies charged with changing her from savage to savant, most of her time is spent watching Owens's women jump through hoops as they try to catch his eye. She's a Carson McCullers little girl viewing a private performance of *Pride and Prejudice*.

As a story, *A Regular Guy* is mostly middle. It's thick around the narrative waist. Slapped between its fairy-tale beginning and romance-novel ending are mounds of circumstantial complication, domestic vignette, and trivial incident. The question meant to move the whole thing forward—who will wed the prince?—is solved, when the time comes, almost arbitrarily, rendering the preceding twists and turns oddly irrelevant. Though she bends over backward to sound like her ("Of the people in this circle, Mary and Jane craved information most acutely; they felt it influenced their future, though it was not at all clear how"), Simpson is no Austen. The dance of the sexes in *A Regular Guy* is so much frantic hopping around in place (*Look at me! No, look at me!*) instead of an elegant meshing and counter-meshing.

What Simpson does better is the dance of class, or, more accurately, the dance of cash. She knows the ripple effect that spreads from wealth, the social earthquakes and aftershocks that follow when sudden riches erupt. By far the novel's best minor character is Owens's accountant, Eliot, whose job is to sort and weigh the pleas of his lord's dependents and petitioners. Simpson is on to something in these scenes: the neo-feudalism of our times, where the rich get richer and the poor must learn to beg. Assigning cash values to Owens's emotional ties is Eliot's challenge, and Simpson's, too, at bottom. She takes a hardheaded pleasure in the task. Though she's weak on the matter of who will marry whom, she shows finesse in portraying who gets what, and exactly what they'll owe in return. When Owens says good-bye to his best girlfriend and offers her a parting gift of exactly $25,000, the sum expresses perfectly the mixture of rage and affection in their relationship. Like Austen, for whom the nuances of income are more than just numbers, Simpson knows the prices of things. And, more crucially, the prices of people. ▬

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Hare Apparent

'Skylight' is a play about the clash of two worldviews, a well scripted, tautly acted comedy-drama that establishes David Hare as one of the foremost playwrights of his generation.

Home sick: Michael Gambon and Lia Williams in *Skylight*.

AFTER WORLD WAR II, NEW BRITISH PLAYWRIGHTS burst forth like gangbusters. It was like a bicycle race; first a whole pack, then a *peloton,* and finally two cyclists out front: Tom Stoppard and now David Hare. With the others declining, drying up, or dead, the race remains to these two.

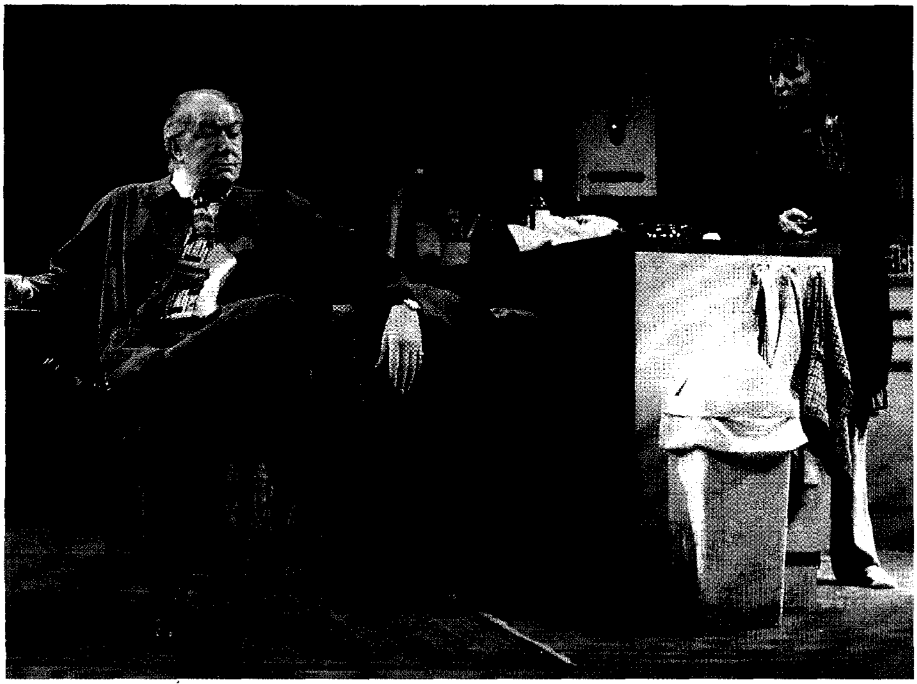
Hare came from behind. *Slag, Knuckle,* and *Teeth 'n' Smiles* showed great promise but had something slightly limiting about them. Other plays –*Plenty, A Map of the World, Fanshen*—were politicized to the verge of propaganda. Still, in *Plenty* and again in *The Secret Rapture* Hare was fighting his way through to making his characters as interesting as his ideas, albeit with uncertain results. But with *Racing Demon* and now **Skylight,** he has written first-rate drama in which the humanist concern for individuals and the socialist concern for the world do more than intertwine: They fuse.

Skylight is the story of Kyra Hollis, who as a young girl escaped her respectable but stodgy provincial background and started out as a waitress in a London restaurant, where she promptly caught the eye of the owner Tom Sergeant and his wife, Alice. Tom, considerably older than Kyra, had worked his way up from the ranker ranks to end up as a wealthy restaurateur. Soon Kyra became, as it were, a member of the Sergeant family—almost literally, as she and Tom conducted a six-year affair behind Alice's back. Everyone was happy, including the two Sergeant children, until Alice found out.

Kyra left, and Alice, who developed cancer, made Tom's life an expiatory hell. To assuage her suffering, Tom built her a sumptuous sickroom with all comforts and a magnificent skylight. Three years have passed without communication between Tom and Kyra; Alice has died, as has Kyra's lawyer father. The Sergeant daughter is in college; the son, Edward, is 18 and adrift. Kyra lives in a shabby London suburb and teaches underprivileged kids in a similar one at the other end of the city. Even during her long daily bus trips, she is reasonably content.

The past irrupts. First Edward, then Tom comes calling of a winter evening. With Tom, it turns into a long night of sex and disputation. He wants Kyra back and cannot conceive of her enjoying her present life, about which he waxes wonderfully sardonic. She defends her new existence and cause. The debate grows in intensity and scope: Is fulfillment found in giving or taking? Where is the proper border between self and selflessness? The ensuing agon is fierce, funny, and intellectually challenging. As written, directed, and acted here, it goes from absorbing to overpowering.

Two opposite philosophies of life, incisively argued, are couched in flesh-and-blood characters who, rebedding and reconsidering each other, fight all the better. The dialogue glints and flashes, prickles with witty barbs and bitter sagacity, and cuts to the bone. The disputants touch on the biggest issues, yet keep them snugly within their human containers: The embattled ideas do not spill over into disembodied shadowboxing in an ideological fog. Everything is as concrete as the cooking and eating that keep coming to the fore, yet encapsulates the oldest, most consuming conflicts.



Richard Eyre's staging is consummate: thoroughly thought out, but always at the service of naturalness and universality. Lia Williams's Kyra is as complex as she is endearing: perceptive, quirky, impulsive, and wise. She stands before us in the nakedness of her honesty, the dignity of her compassion. In the generous hands of a superb actress, she tickles our mind even as she skewers our heart. As Tom, Michael Gambon is intense, commanding, and possessed of an almost frighteningly projectile diction. A spellbinding monolith, he lacks only grace of aspect and movement. I wish he could portray force without verging on brutishness: be a little less Charles Laughton or Leo McKern, a little more Trevor Howard or John Mills. Christian Camargo is an entirely winsome Edward.

John Gunter's fine set has a diaphanous back wall, suggestive of Alice's skylight. And what does that stand for? It is open to multiple interpretations, like Hare's entire play. It compels us to look beyond, to search for meanings in a work that abounds in them.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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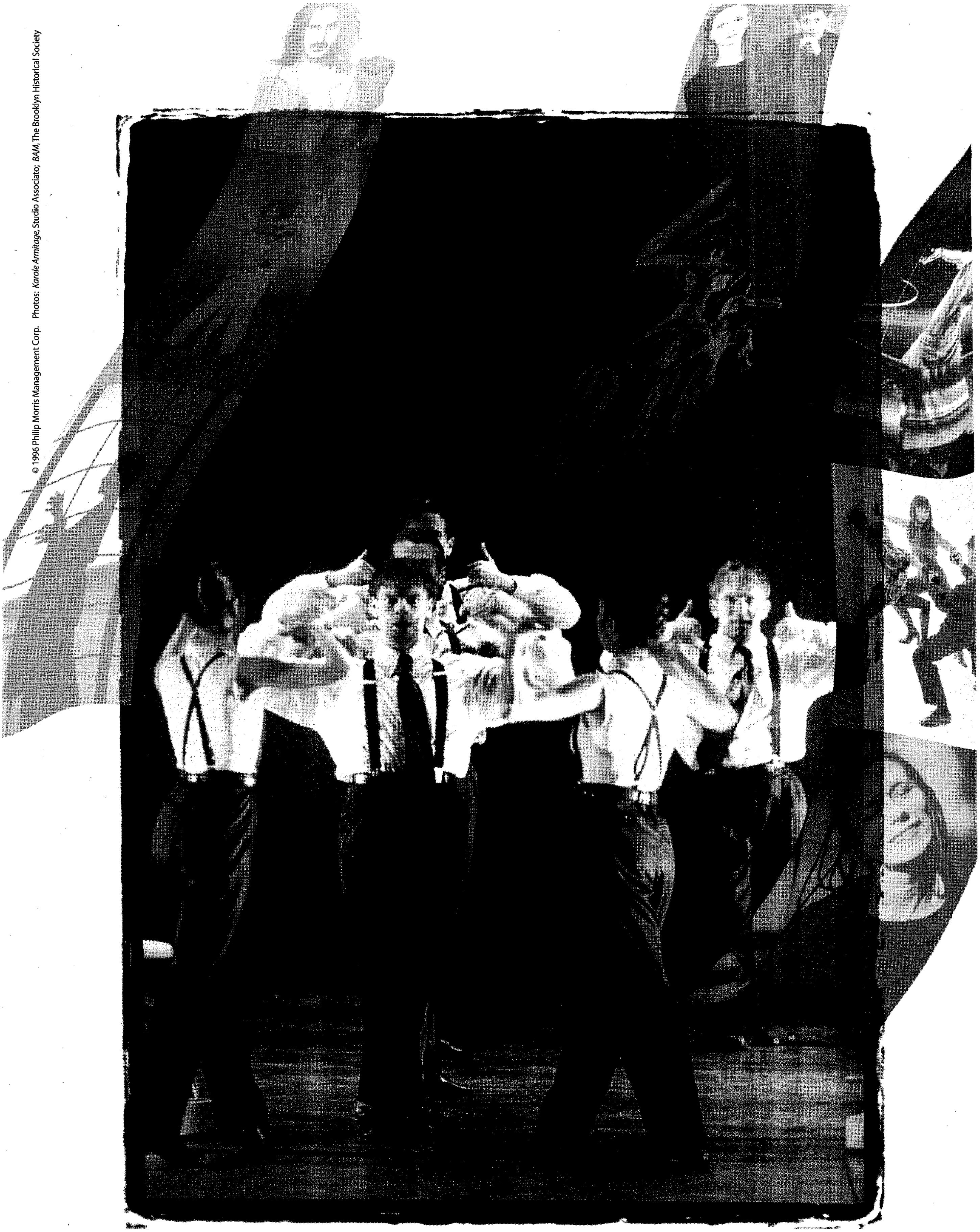

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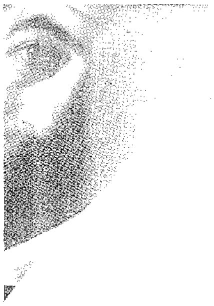

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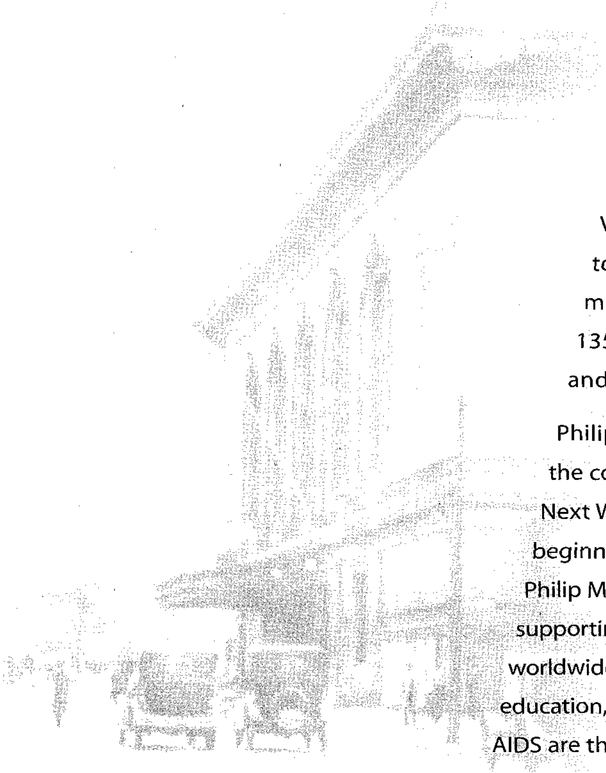

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Trisha Brown

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BAM Opera House (B)
October 2 & 3 at 8pm
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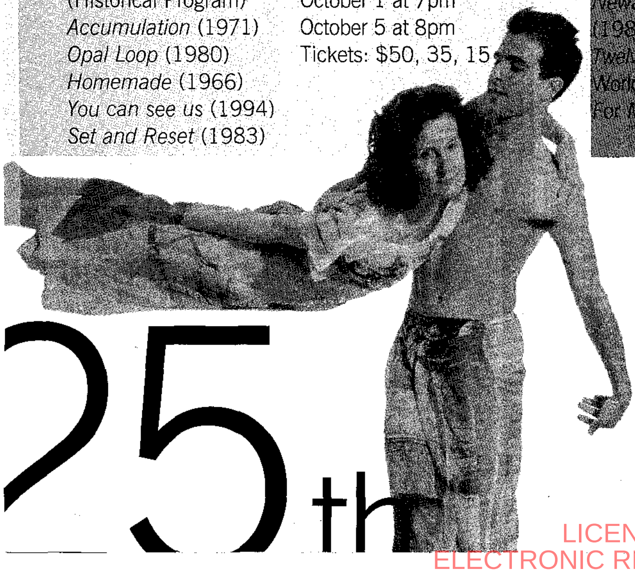
Baryshnikov

Program A
(Historical Program)
Accumulation (1971)
Opal Loop (1980)
Homemade (1966)
You can see us (1994)
Set and Reset (1983)

BAM Opera House (A)
October 1 at 7pm
October 5 at 8pm
Tickets: $50, 35, 15

Program C
Newark (Niweweorce)
(1987)
Twelve Ton Rose (1996,
World Premiere)
For M.G.: The Movie (1991)

BAM Opera House (C)
October 4 at 8pm
October 6 at 3pm
Tickets: $50, 35, 15



25th

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October 13 at 3pm
Tickets $50, 35, 20

Co-presented by The Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation in collaboration with Works and Process Inc.

Featuring an eclectic cast of characters who burst spontaneously into song and dance, *The Beatification of Area Boy* is an unsentimental, often humorous, celebration of the people of Lagos, Nigeria. Nobel Prize Laureate Wole Soyinka tells the story of Sanda, a young security guard who runs the neighborhood protection racket, so-called "area boys," at an upscale shopping center. With casual charm and a winning smile, Sanda supervises their activities and is even liked by his unsuspecting victims.

he Politics of Quiet

The Politics of Quiet

Music, choreography
and direction by Meredith Monk
Associate director: Pablo Vela

BAM Carey Playhouse
October 10 at 7pm
October 11 & 12 at 8pm
October 13 at 3pm
Tickets: $40, 20

Monk

"Monk works like a mosaicist, assembling small vivid fragments that resonate together in startling ways." – *The New York Times*

The Politics of Quiet blends music and movement to create what Meredith Monk describes as a "theatrical space for contemplation." This new music-theater piece is inspired by the artist's meditations on technology and her concern that "in our haste to rapidly disseminate information, we are in danger of losing touch with one another."

The Predators' Bal

The Predators' Ball:
Hucksters of the Soul

MaggioDanza di Firenze
Concept, direction and choreography:
Karole Armitage

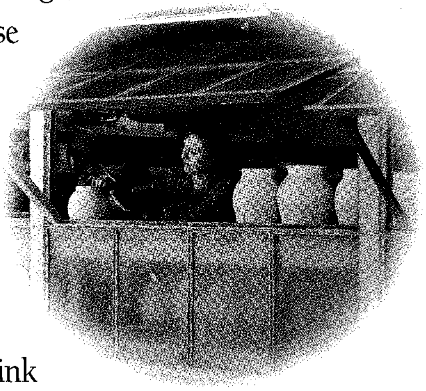
BAM Opera House
October 16 at 7pm*
October 17–19 at 8pm
Tickets: $50, 35, 15
* Gala benefit; for info call 718.636.417

Armitage

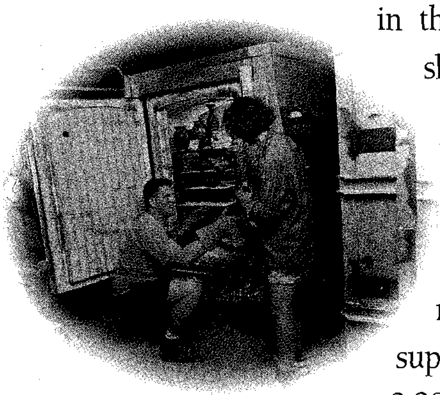
The Predators' Ball is a dance extravaganza satirizing the rise and fall of junk bond king Michael Milken. Set to a teeming, hip-hop/industrial soundscape and fueled by a series of sharply etched rap monologues, Karole Armitage's newest work epitomizes and parodies the go-go '80s, the "me decade." Known for her punk perspective, Armitage brings a fast-paced, pop culture sensibility to this wicked recounting of the Wall Street hucksters who made arbitrage a household word.

GAS RACES

from an enormous gas main at Con Edison's West Side regulating station and under the city streets, where the main divides itself over and over into thousands of smaller mains and pipes. And of these thousands of gas pipes, there's a certain one that finds its way into Greenwich Village, under Jones Street and up into the Greenwich House Pottery Studio. • The gas feeds the kiln and fires the clay that transforms the glazes into brilliant crimsons, ambers and indigos, as it does every Tuesday and Thursday at one o'clock. • Now as the students revel in the radiant colors and graceful shapes that a day before existed only in their minds' eyes, they don't think about where the energy comes from to feed the kiln that fires the clay. • But Bradley Sunnarborg does. • He's the teacher who relies on Con Edison to provide the continuous supply of gas that feeds the kiln and fires the clay at 2,380 degrees, transforming a room of pottery students into potters themselves. • The Greenwich House Pottery Studio relies on Con Edison because, after 87 years, 17,400 students and 1,750,000 pounds of clay, reliability simply becomes tradition.



Greenwich House Pottery Studio



Bradley Sunnarborg

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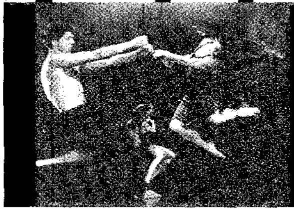
Furioso



Furioso
Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre
Choreography/Direction: Meryl Tankard
Music: Arvo Pärt, Elliot Sharp & Henryk Gorečki

BAM Opera House
October 23 at 7pm
October 24–26 at 8pm
Tickets: $50, 35, 15

Meryl Tankard Australian Dance Theatre

Dancers soar through the air, arcing and twisting in a memorable, exquisite performance of athletic drama and subtle sensuality. Meryl Tankard, formerly a principal dancer with Pina Bausch's famed Tanztheater Wuppertal, makes her American debut with *Furioso*. In this aerial dance-theater piece, the male dancers remain firmly earthbound while their female counterparts dance suspended in mid-air.

Global Music

The Sabri Brothers
Haji Kamal Sabri &
Haji Maqbool Ahmed Sabri

Cornershop
Tjinder Singh (founder, vocals, guitar, dholki)
Ben Ayres (guitar)
Anthony Saffery (sitar, keyboards)
Nick Simms (drums)
Pete Hall (percussion)

BAM Opera House
November 2 at 8pm
Tickets: $35, 25, 15

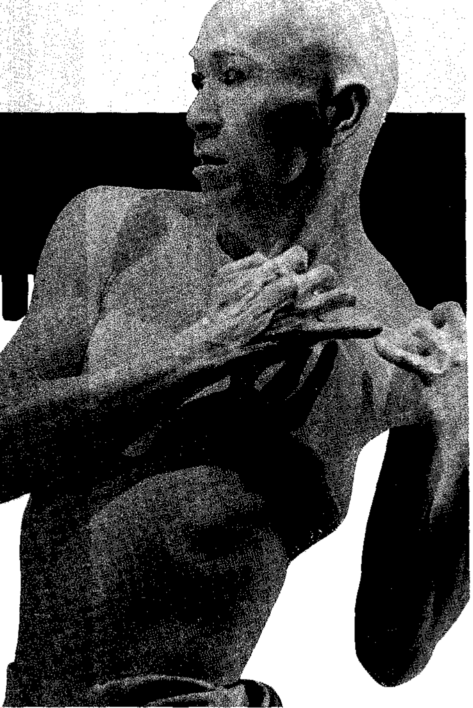
An ecstatic double-bill which pairs traditional Eastern Qawwals with post-modern Anglo-Punjabi grunge cats, this concert promises to "sheikh, rattle & roll." The Sabri Brothers are Pakistan's best-loved practitioners of classic devotional music or *sema* of the Sufis. "On the crossroads of noise, guitar and sitar serenity," Cornershop blends tabla, hiphop and Velvet Underground-esque drones to create a fresh, distinctive pancultural sound. One is Qawwali, the other is rock – you go figure.

Yuragi

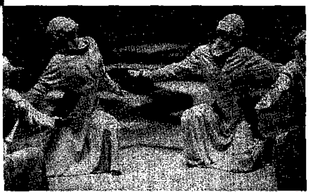
Yuragi:
In a space of perpetual motion
Sankai Juku
Direction, choreography and design: Ushio Amagatsu

BAM Opera House
November 12 at 7pm
November 14–16 at 8pm
Tickets: $50, 35, 20

Sankai Juku



Throwing off the encumbrances of both Eastern and Western traditional notions of dance, Japan's Sankai Juku dance company has created its own startling style, rooted deeply in the emotions, physicality and expressions of the individual dancers. A transfixing work that takes cues from the Japanese Butoh style, *Yuragi* is composed of refined, majestic motions, subtle gestures, and buoyant, stylized steps, reflecting man's inner spiritual life.



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The Seven Streams

Lepage

The Seven Streams of the River Ota

Directed by
Robert Lepage

Part I:
December 1, 7 & 14 at 3pm
December 3, 5, 10 & 12 at 8pm
Part II:
December 1, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13 & 14 at 8pm

BAM Majestic Theater
Single tickets: $50, 35, 20 (Part I or II)
Subscription price: $70, 49, 28 (Parts I & II)

# of the River Ot

Robert Lepage is a singular artist whose productions at BAM, *Polygraph* (1990), *Needles and Opium* (1992), and the Canadian Opera's productions of *Bluebeard's Castle* and *Erwartung* (1993), have established him as a major talent. *The Seven Streams of the River Ota* is his most expansive work to date, connecting the Holocaust, Hiroshima, the Cold War, and the AIDS epidemic.

With all its epic qualities and high-tech theater environment – integrating exquisite ensemble acting with bunraku puppetry, film, and sliding shoji screens that double as video walls – *The River Ota* is a human drama of deep and powerful emotion. This seven hour production follows Jana, a Czech Jew, from Prague in the 1920s through the Terezin concentration camp to Paris in the '50s, New York in the '70s, and eventually to Hiroshima, the city of ultimate destruction and rebirth.

The River Ota is presented in two parts.

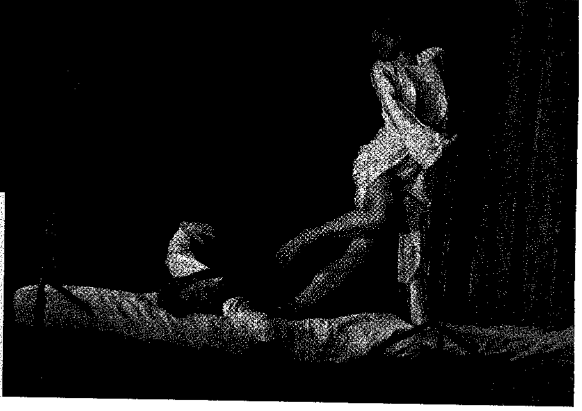
Les Enfants Terribles

Les Enfants Terribles:

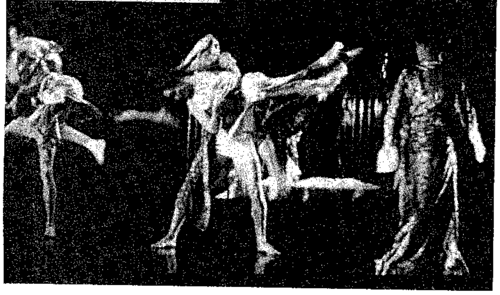
Children of the Game
A Dance Opera Spectacle
based on the story by Jean Cocteau

Marshall

Adaptation by Philip Glass
and Susan Marshall
Music and Libretto by Philip Glass
Directed and Choreographed
by Susan Marshall

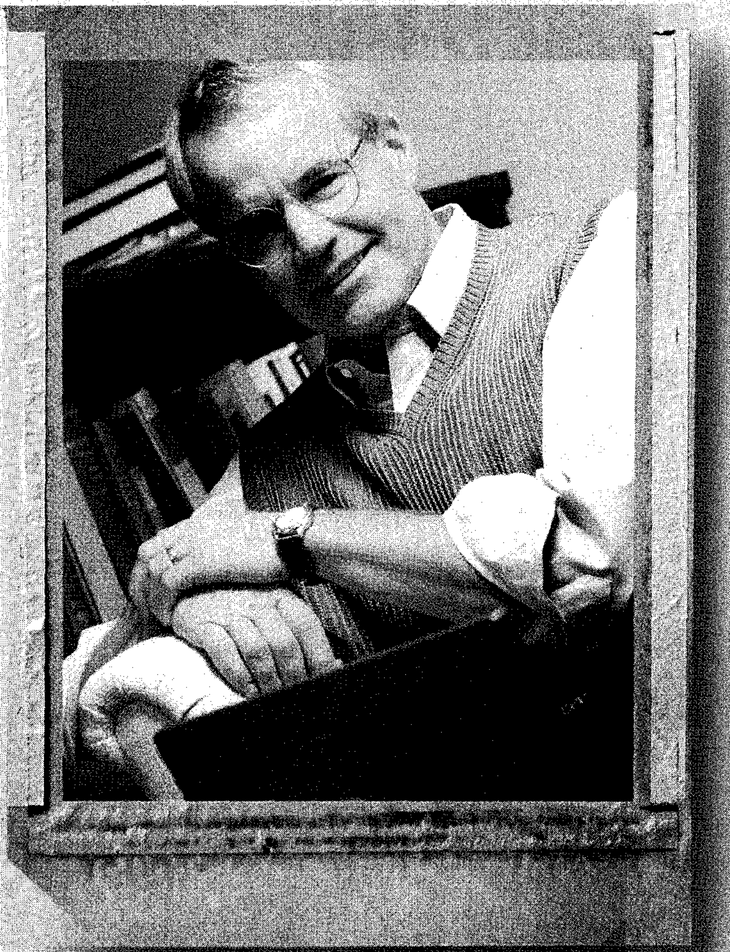


BAM Opera House
November 20 at 7pm
November 22 & 23 at 8pm
November 24 at 3pm
Tickets: $50, 35, 20



Dancers and singers share the stage in *Les Enfants Terribles*, the final installment of Philip Glass' trilogy based on the work of Jean Cocteau. Directed and choreographed by Susan Marshall, this dance-opera piece draws from the original novel written by Cocteau as well as the play and the film it bore. Articulating Cocteau's belief in the transcendent power of imagination and creativity, *Les Enfants* is the story of Paul and Lise, two characters so caught up in a world of their own imaginings that they can no longer see a reality beyond their "game." The music is performed by three pianists (one is Glass) and four singers, who, along with eight dancers, alternately and, at times, together portray the action.

Glass



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Kronos Quartet

Aural Histories (November 13)
Ken Benshoof: *St. Francis Climbs Mt. Diablo (on His Way to Heaven)**
Mo Wuping: *Village Ritual*
Osvaldo Golijov: *The Dreams and Prayers of Isaac the Blind*

Medieval to Modern (November 15)
Works by Henryk Gorečki*, Hildegard of Bingen**, Perotin**, Harry Partch** and Arvo Pärt

American Mavericks (November 16)
New works of Tim Berne* and Mark Feldman*
Terry Riley: *Cadenza on the Night Plain**
Harry Partch (arr. Ben Johnston): *US Highball***
*Written for Kronos **Arranged for Kronos

BAM Carey Playhouse
November 13 at 7pm
November 15 & 16 at 8pm
Tickets: $35, 15

Expanding the realm of contemporary classical music, and gleefully breaking through the restrictions of the chamber ensemble, the legendary Kronos Quartet returns to BAM with three distinct programs. *Aural Histories* is drawn from folk music of different cultures; *Medieval to Modern* features work from Hildegard of Bingen to Gorečki; *American Mavericks* surveys work from individualistic American composers.

Jazz–The Next Wave

Byr

Holland

Jazz–The Next Wave
Hosted by Don Byron
November 22
Marilyn Crispell / Don Byron Group
November 23
Don Byron / Victor Wooten / Dave Holland Group

BAM Carey Playhouse
November 22 & 23 at 8pm
Tickets: $30, 20

Clarinettist/scholar Don Byron is widely recognized as a truly original musical thinker, known for his impeccably-executed forays into wide-ranging musical styles. On Friday night, Byron visits the early swing era, performing the music of Brooklyn's own Raymond Scott, a 1930s composer whose tunes are familiar to millions who have heard his melodies in classic Warner Brothers cartoons; John Kirby, composer of the 1930s; and early compositions of Duke Ellington which show a younger, wilder side of the jazz legend. Pianist and composer Marilyn Crispell opens with a solo performance. Saturday night, Byron pays tribute to the jazz bass, joining in as two true innovators share a bill for the first time anywhere.

A to Z

Andriessen

Adams

Zappa

A to Z
Conducted by Robert Spano
Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra
The Persuasions
The Accidentals
Gertrude Thoma, voice

Louis Andriessen: *De Stijl**(NY premiere)
Frank Zappa: *Perfect Stranger* and other works**
John Adams: *The Chairman Dances* and *Short Ride in a Fast Machine*
*with The Accidentals & Gertrude Thoma
**with The Persuasions

BAM Opera House
December 6 & 7 at 8pm
(pre-concert presentation by Robert Spano and Louis Andriessen at 7pm)
Tickets: $35, 27.50, 20, 15

Persuasions

The marriage of classical music with American pop might seem an unlikely pairing, but in the hands of these composers it becomes a fertile, exciting union that pushes both pop and classical ahead. Under the baton of new music director Robert Spano, the Brooklyn Philharmonic performs pieces by two classically rooted composers that reverberate with the influences of Motown, big band and The Beatles. John Adams' ingenious *The Chairman Dances* and *Short Ride in a Fast Machine* and Louis Andriessen's bustling *De Stijl* interweave drums, guitars and violins to make an unpredictable, transcendent and invigorating blend. The late American rock composer Frank Zappa brings a Stravinsky-like lyricism and humor to his propulsive *Perfect Stranger*.

Brooklyn Philharmonic

Artists in Action

tland:
Romance of Many
nensions
ork-in-progress
ceived and directed by
e Highstein and Hanne Tierney

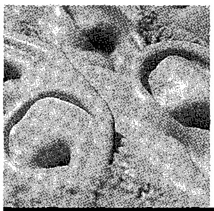
ıg Harbor Cultural Center
)0 Richmond Terrace
:en Island
/ember 7–9 at 8pm
/ember 9 & 10 at 3pm
<ets: $15

MINE
A work-in-progress
Conceived and directed
by Rona Pondick and Robert
Feintuch with Sara Rudner
and Jennifer Tipton

The Brooklyn Museum
200 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn
November 13–16 at 8pm
Tickets: $15

Black Fathers and Sons:
A US Perspective
A work-in-progress
Conceived and directed by
Albert Chong with
Johnny Coleman

BAM Majestic Theater
November 21–23 at 8pm
Tickets: $15



Year two of this incredibly successful program allows visual artists to create works for the stage, mixing theater, music, and dance. This year's lineup will include site-specific works-in-progress by three established artists: New York sculptors *Jene Highstein and Rona Pondick* and photographer Albert Chong.

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IRR: Flatbush Avenue

y car: From the Manhattan Bridge, continue nto Flatbush Avenue and turn left onto Fulton treet. For the BAM Majestic Theater, proceed ne block and turn right onto Rockwell Place /here there are two parking lots. For other BAM ıeaters, proceed two blocks and turn right onto shland Place.

ıy BAMbus: Bus leaves from the Whitney 1useum at Philip Morris (120 Park Avenue at 2nd Street) one hour before curtain time; it ervices the east and west sides of Manhattan fter performances. For round-trip reservations, all 718.636.4100.

he BAMbus is sponsored by Brooklyn Union.

ıoto Credits:
›ver: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders; Zingaro: Marc Enguerand, ıtoine Poupel; Trisha Brown: Top Left: Joanne Savio, Bottom ›ft: Jack Mitchell, Bottom Right: Mark Hanauer, Top Right: Lois reenfield; Area Boy: Simon Warner; Monk: F. Scott Schafer; 'edators: Tiziano Magni; Furioso: Regis Lansac; Global usic/Cornershop: Alison Wonderland; Artists in Action: Chair: bert Chong, Ears: Rona Pondick; Yuragi: Top Left, Bottom Left: inza Saison Theatre ©Masahiko Yakou, Right: Delahaye; Les ıfants: Top Left: Paula Court, Bottom Left, Right: Tom aravaglia; Kronos: Nitin Vadukul; Jazz: Cori Wells Braun; A to Andriessen: Marco Borggreve, Zappa: Steve Shapiro, Adams: eborah Feingold; Seven Streams: Left: Claudel Huot, Right: ımmanuel Valette; Harlem Nutcracker: Daniel Rest

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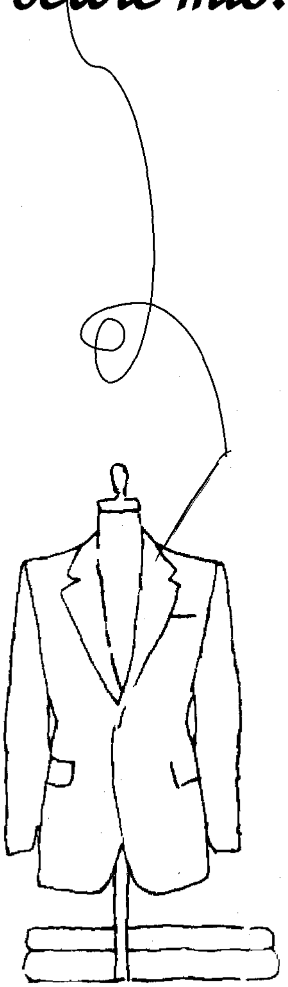

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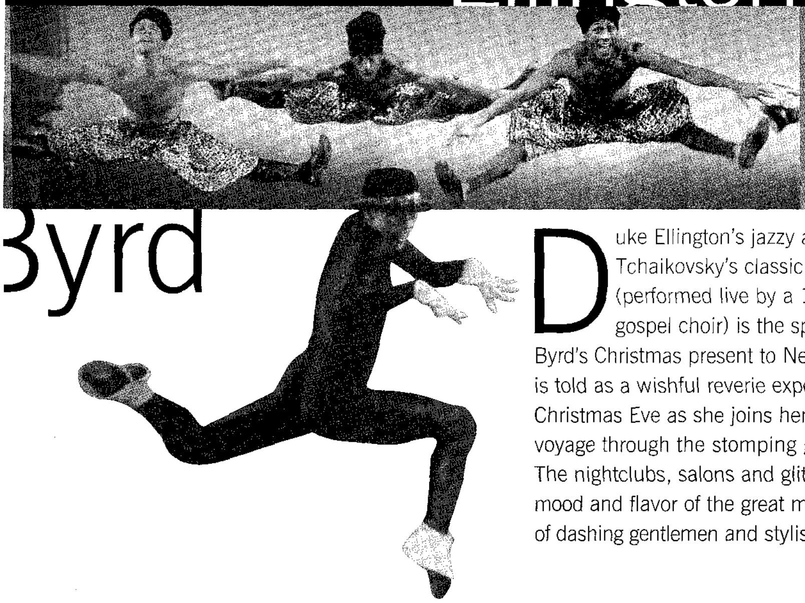
The Harlem Nutcracker

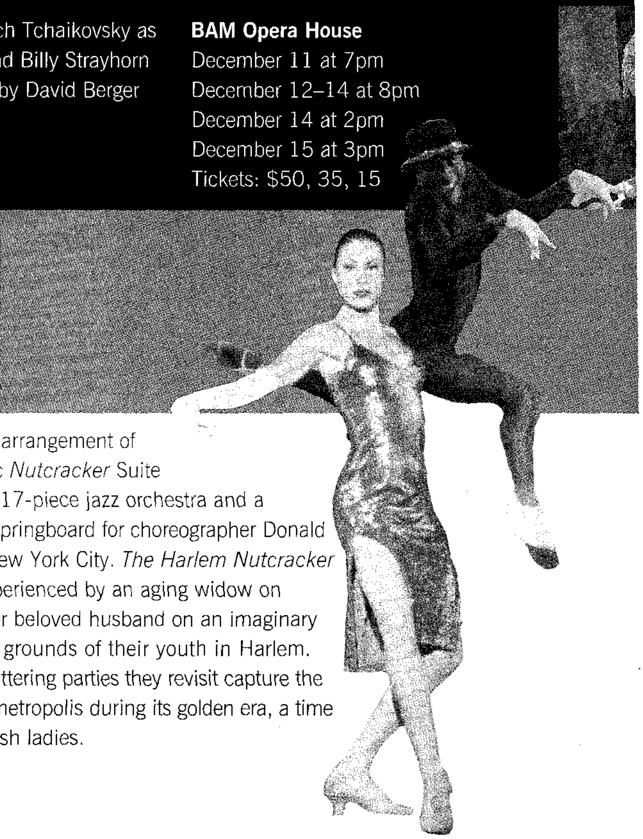
Donald Byrd/The Group
Choreographer/Director: Donald Byrd
Co-presented by BAM
and 651, An Arts Center

Music composed by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky as arranged by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn with additional arrangements by David Berger

BAM Opera House
December 11 at 7pm
December 12–14 at 8pm
December 14 at 2pm
December 15 at 3pm
Tickets: $50, 35, 15

Ellington





Byrd

Duke Ellington's jazzy arrangement of Tchaikovsky's classic *Nutcracker* Suite (performed live by a 17-piece jazz orchestra and a gospel choir) is the springboard for choreographer Donald Byrd's Christmas present to New York City. *The Harlem Nutcracker* is told as a wishful reverie experienced by an aging widow on Christmas Eve as she joins her beloved husband on an imaginary voyage through the stomping grounds of their youth in Harlem. The nightclubs, salons and glittering parties they revisit capture the mood and flavor of the great metropolis during its golden era, a time of dashing gentlemen and stylish ladies.

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Photo by Dan Rest

Ingmar Bergman's *Madame de Sade*

Photo by Dan Rest

Orfeo ed Euridice, Baroque Opera

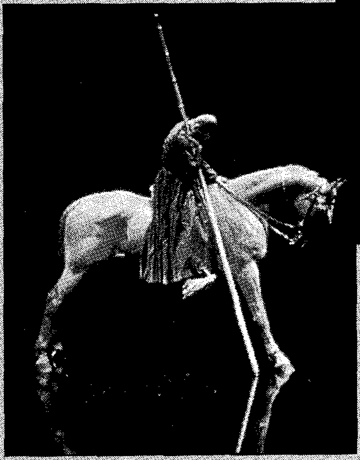
Though you might want to see Equestrian Theater one night and Baroque Opera the next,

BAM prefers to see the same thing every night.

Photo by Lenny Bernstein

Don Byron, *Jazz: the Next Wave*

Photo by Marc Enguerand



Zingaro, Equestrian Theater

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ART MARK STEVENS

Late, Great de Chirico?

A small but ambitious show at the Leubsdorf Art Gallery wants to turn the father of surrealism into a postmodern hero—and it succeeds, sort of.

IN THE THIRTIES, GIORGIO DE CHIRICO PAINTED SOME rather pink pictures of stallions. Their nostrils snort. Their manes blaze. Their tails stream. Ken and Barbie would want to ride these rococo stallions along the beach at sunset; Mama Mia might like them on the place mats of her Vegas spaghetti house; and, until recently, serious critics tried desperately hard to forget them. What happened to the great de Chirico after 1919 was regarded as one of the most embarrassing second acts in art history. You were more likely to hear Elvis sing at the Metropolitan Opera than to see late de Chirico honored at the Museum of Modern Art.

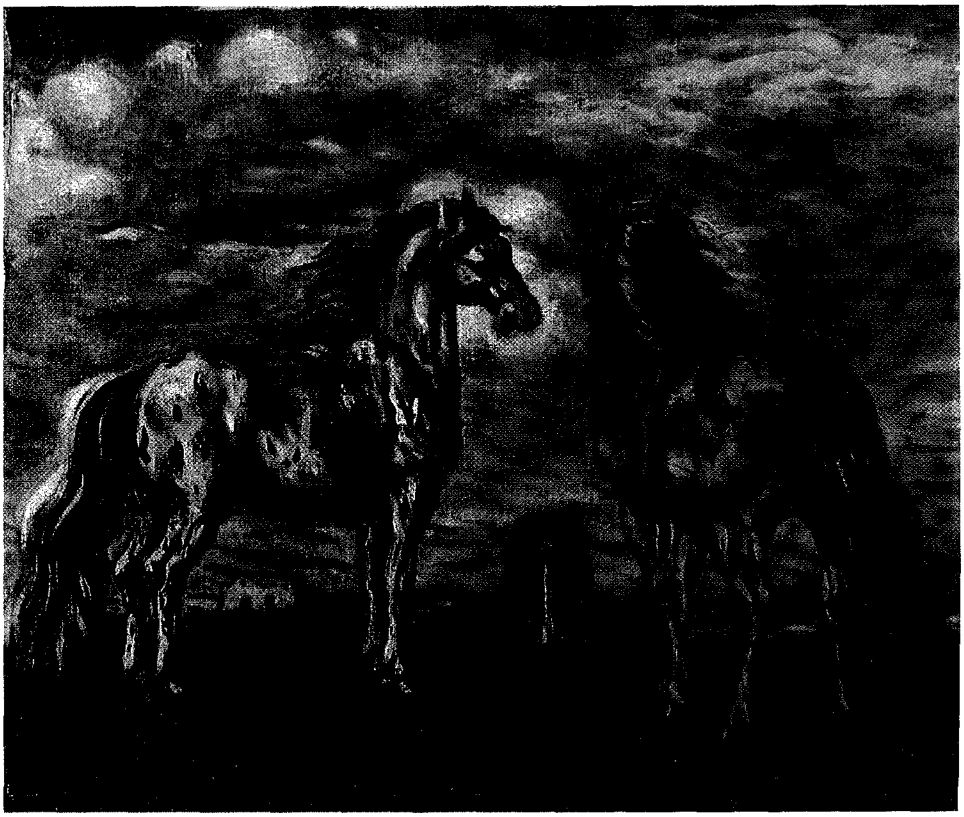
Today, however, de Chirico (1888–1978) is being hailed by many in the art world as twice a father—first of Surrealism and, now, in his later work, of postmodernism. **Giorgio de Chirico and America,** at the Bertha and Karl Leubsdorf Art Gallery at Hunter College (Lexington Avenue and 68th Street), embodies this pronounced change in critical judgment. Organized by Emily Braun and a team of her Hunter graduate students, the exhibit is too small to represent a full reconsideration of de Chirico's art, but it imaginatively conveys how taste has changed and provides a brightly postmodern—if not entirely persuasive—case for late de Chirico.

In his earlier "metaphysical" period, during roughly the second decade of this century, de Chirico painted some of the most enigmatic pictures in modern art. Their otherworldly light, skewed perspective lines, and incongruous juxtapositions of object, time, and place entranced the European Surrealists. It is hard to imagine Magritte, for example, without the precedent of de Chirico's mannequins and piazzas. In 1919, however, the tightly controlled and glassy surface of de Chirico's metaphysical art suddenly seems to crack and shatter.

His work then becomes a kind of theatrical wandering among the ruins of modern culture. Here he might fasten upon a piece of the classical past—a bust, perhaps—and there on a banal piece of modern furniture. He is subject to fitful enthusiasms for old masters, such as Titian and Rubens, and swept up in grandiloquent conceits—for all his popularity with postmodernists, he claims to be reviving the heroic age of painting. If he still sometimes recalls the metaphysical period, he also paints images of limp gladiators, parodying classical heroism and macho, and pictures of blonde bombshells hanging out at the beach.

After 1919, de Chirico composes less tautly than in his metaphysical period and often engages in ironic visual comments on modern culture. He visits New York for the first time in 1936 and relishes its campy mix of historical styles, its dreamy towers, and its ceaseless clash between the mythic and the banal. In his later years, he cranks out copies of his earlier pictures without apology and plays to mass taste with his horses on the beach. He even does fashion illustrations for *Vogue.* There is something fey and overripe about him that Fellini would have enjoyed. Julien Levy, his art dealer in New York in the thirties, remembered the artist this way: "Giorgio de Chirico was of a soft, beautiful ugliness like the violet mole on the face of an Italian fishwife."

In short, the very model of a postmodern hero. An earlier manifestation of the pastel Andy Warhol. Not surprisingly, modernists could not "see" his later work with much sympathy. The Surrealists snubbed him once he abandoned his metaphysical style. And if America did not immediately reject de Chirico's late work—unaware for the most part of his excommunication—the rejection was eventually no less severe. Alfred Barr Jr., the founding spirit of MOMA and the main taxonomist of modernism, refused to grant late de Chirico a spot on the charts. As late as 1982, William Rubin orga- *(continued on page 113)*



Overcome by pastels: ***Horses of the Hellespont,*** **by Giorgio de Chirico, ca. 1936.**

Photograph courtesy of Hunter College Art Library.

Photograph by Max Milligan/BBC Worldwide.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

House of Games

The best television so far this season is something of a sleeper: A four-and-a-half-hour murder mystery–love story on PBS.

Grown-ups in love: Alan Bates and Sinead Cusack in *Oliver's Travels*.

SO MULTIPLE ARE THE SATISFACTIONS OF **Oliver's Travels** ("Mystery!," October 3, 9 to 10:30 P.M.; October 10, 17, and 24, 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), I'd really rather see it again than tell you about it. But that would be selfish. It's a romantic comedy in which two adults fall in love and have heterosex. It's a murderous mystery, with a criminal conspiracy that reaches from the decayed aristocracy of feudal Scotland to the houses of Parliament. It's an intellectual circus, a caravan of British history, literary scholarship, comparative religions, and computer hacking. It's a travelogue, from Wales to Gloucestershire to Hadrian's Wall to the Kyle of Lochalsh—but also a pilgrimage and mystic quest, like the Lay of Igor, the Nibelungenlied, and the Sufi lapwing: an Edda or a Doon. It plays games with Hitchcock movies and English politics and American jazz. There hasn't been such a delicious surprise since A. S. Byatt's *Possession,* which was also, you'll remember, a true romance in spite of everything her postmodern lovers knew about metaphor, narratology, linguistics, hormones, deconstruction, and the iconography of the cervix.

Alan Bates (*Women in Love, King of Hearts*) stars as Oliver, dismissed after long service as a professor of religions from a Welsh university that's decided to go vocational and "scientific." Sinead Cusack (*Stealing Beauty*) is Diane, the cuddlesome Gloucestershire police detective with whom he teams to investigate the mysteries of eros, the depredations of a corrupt conglomerate, and the whereabouts of Aristotle—not the Greek who went on so about ethics and catharsis but the pseudonymous deviser of clever crossword puzzles for quality papers like *The Guardian.* Bill Paterson (*Truly, Madly, Deeply*) is their shadow and nemesis, an omnipresent agent of the conspiracy and a Conradian sort of secret sharer, equally conversant with church architecture and helicopter maneuvers but sadly missing the salient point of the dead poets and their tombstones. Giles Foster has as much fun directing the screenplay as Alan Plater must have had writing it.

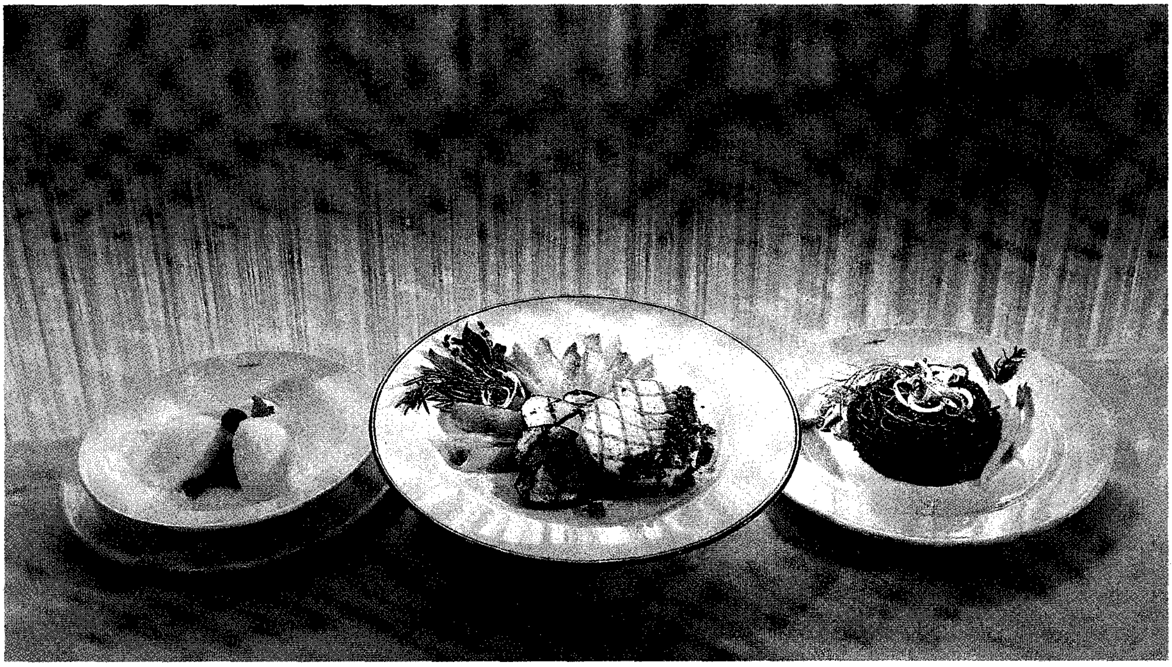
Long ago divorced and now "redundant," with nothing much in his brand-new luggage but old books, eccentric ideas, and infinite leisure, feckless Oliver sets off on a quest for the Aristotle who has given him so much pleasure. Almost immediately, he finds himself not only in a burnt-out Gloucestershire hut but in the middle of his own devilish puzzle, with clues across and down the British Isles. Reporting his missing person to the local constabulary, he meets Diane, more recently divorced, the mother of a grown son, the daughter of a philosophical stonemason, radiant and incredulous. Together, they begin to suspect that dead bodies have something to do with a real-estate swindle. They are followed, they are threatened, and they flee. But they also flirt. And because they're both of them adults, they know that they're flirting, which adds seasoning and savor.

By the time Diane and Oliver cross the strait of Pentland Firth—having met her father (Peter Vaughan), who probably helped chisel Stonehenge; having picked up and discarded her son (Morgan Jones), who has been "downsized" just like Oliver; having burgled the castle of Baron Farquhar (Miles Anderson), the blue-blood crime lord with his popsy and his rock band; having been shot at, and blown up, and otherwise bodily menaced—they are truly, madly, deeply enjoying each other, as if, like the Orkneys, they'd been at it for 4,000 years. Among prehistoric brochs and neolithic cairns, at the Standing Stones of Stenness and the Ring of Brodgar, yakked at by petrels and puffins, deciphering runic scribbles, they will disinter the ultimate truth about Aristotle and venture capitalism just in time for a pagan rite that would seem to suggest that older cultures *(continued on page 113)*

RESTAURANTS **CORBY KUMMER**

A Woman With a Pasta

Odette Fada takes over as San Domenico's chef and imports hand-cut tagliolini and squid-ink spaghetti to the rarefied Central Park South ristorante.



When in San Domenico: A whiter shade of coffee ice cream, tangy swordfish, and squid-ink pasta.

IN THE NEW FILM *BIG NIGHT,* STANLEY TUCCI AND TONY Shalhoub play Italian-born brothers who run a restaurant on the New Jersey shore of the late fifties; the chef brother, who fancies himself an artist, wants to serve food truer and classier than the red-sauce-drenched mongrel dishes his customers mistake for real Italian food. In the real New York City of the early sixties, an ambitious Naples-born maître d' fresh from working on Italian cruise liners shortened his name to Tony May and burned to do the same thing. Diners paid real money only when there was a *le* in the name and cream or butter in the sauce; the culinary superpower was France. Now Campania is simply the latest Italian region to take hold in New York restaurants. Its food is schematized to a winning formula at Restaurant Associates' new Naples 45, where the wood-burning ovens are named for volcanoes. Drew Nieporent's Zeppole is reinvigorating the old red-sauce warhorses, and showing why pizzaiola caught on in the first place.

May's compatriot Sirio Maccioni, who trained on the same cruise line and arrived in New York at about the same time, decided to beat the French at their own game. But May wanted to turn the tide: He wouldn't be happy until he could convince people that it was worth paying as much for handmade agnolotti as for quenelles de volaille Morland. At first, he worked covertly. As manager and then owner-operator of the Rainbow Room, he would gather fellow restaurateurs and food writers in private dining rooms to taste the work of chefs he'd brought over from Italy. Then he went public, opening the super-elegant Palio at the new Equitable Center and founding the Gruppo Ristoratori Italiani, which funds Italian curricula at the Culinary Institute of America and sends American cooks to apprentice in Italy.

At **San Domenico,** the Central Park South outpost of a Michelin-starred restaurant near Bologna, May still wants to show the world that Italian cooking can be every bit as refined as the Frenchiest haute cuisine. Full disclosure: Directly or indirectly, I've learned much of what I know about Italian food from May, on jaunts through little-traveled Italian regions with his merry band of Italian-American restaurateurs. But the dishes we find in the backwoods rarely interest May for San Domenico, to my great disappointment. Clearly, not everyone's tastes are as rustic as mine. When I was recently speaking on the phone with May's daughter, Marisa, the sunny and capable manager of the restaurant, she was just saying good-bye to Tim and Nina Zagat; Riccardo Muti is a regular, as are other pillars of the Italian cultural and business communities. When my fellow critics come to town to try out the new places, they somehow always manage to check in at Restaurant Daniel and San Domenico.

Recently, Odette Fada, formerly of Rex—the equally luxurious Los Angeles restaurant that was run by May's friend the late Mauro Vincenti—took over San

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Domenico's kitchen from Theo Schoenegger, who continues working on new May ventures. Schoenegger learned iron discipline from the brilliant late Andreas Hellrigl, Palio's chef; both men grew up speaking German and Italian in Northern Italy. Fada, 33, was also born in the North, but not the Germanic part—in Brescia, an industrial city near Milan. And while she isn't exactly introducing lusty food into the expensive environs, she is taking a heartier approach and concentrating on big, satisfying, sometimes earthy flavors. The room itself is more *gemütlich,* too, with the addition of colored pin spotlights over tables and outsize reproductions of candy-box Impressionist art where severe de Chirico lithographs had hung; in this season of inexplicably revived orange, the orange napery copied from the Italian San Domenico is mercifully gone.

Perhaps in keeping with May's goal of making people rethink Italian restaurants, the best dishes here are the main courses—not the antipasti and pastas most Americans call a meal. Take Fada's capretto, which sounds better than baby goat. If you can get over eating an unfamiliar meat, this is a glorious saucy roast, the meat spoon-tender and free of the fibers and gristle that mar most goat dishes. The reduced sauce is authoritatively flavored with, but not overpowered by, garlic and rosemary. Swordfish with black olives, capers, and lemon sounds standard but is wonderfully fresh and potent. Roasted veal loin is cooked to a proper medium, and you can actually taste the meat; the thick beige sauce of reduced cream and vodka flavored with smoked pancetta is from the *tradizionale* menu and is named for Nino Bergese, this century's Italian Escoffier, king of chefs and chef of kings.

The original chef of both the Italian and the New York San Domenicos, Valentino Marcattili, trained with Bergese, and that inspiration lives on also in the risotto, luxuriously bound with long-reduced beef glaze, Parmigiano Reggiano, and butter—a San Domenico signature marked by sheer richness and the perfection of its intensely flavored components. It's still in good hands. But it's time to retire the giant raviolo filled with truffle butter and oozing egg yolk. This showstopper, famously the most expensive piece of pasta in New York (it costs $22.50), tastes of little besides melted butter and the ricotta and chopped spinach that fill it; a last-minute browning of the grated cheese on top toughens the egg pasta. It should make a brief appearance only during white-truffle season, which is just now getting under way.

A new candidate for signature pasta is Fada's hand-cut tagliolini sautéed with fine, fine strips of zucchini and prosciutto in a sauce freshened with lots of mint, creamless but creamy-tasting. It comes enclosed in a tall timbale of paper-thin prosciutto; the first plunge of a fork reveals the pretty pink and green of the vegetables and ham. This might prove to be the pasta dish of the season. Fada admirably renders nicely resilient hand-cut spaghetti al nero di seppia, neither too soft nor too firm, with cuttlefish ink and pieces of squid on top. Unlike most versions of this now-familiar dish, which rarely taste of the sea, this has the dark, briny, almost meaty richness you find near native waters.

Fada's flaws can be summed up in a word: salt. That squid-ink pasta isn't overcome by it, but too many of the antipasti and pastas are, and with antipasti averaging $15 and pasta $20, you don't want salt discouraging you from finishing every last bite. This is a real shame: Fada gets so much flavor from the Manila clams, for instance, you'd think you were on the Adriatic. But the tangle of julienned leeks in the middle, moistened by the savory clam broth, is too salty to eat.

And San Domenico is very expensive. As it happens, the best first course is the greatest bargain, at $8.95: a soup of puréed borlotti beans that taste of the sage, rosemary, and prosciutto bone they simmered with, and whole spelt, the ancient wheat that nourished Roman armies and a grain that has become very fashionable in Italy. The wine list, rivaled in New York for depth and discernment probably only by the one at the Four Seasons, does have some surprisingly reasonable bottles, but many more are high-priced. For now, the best value is the $65 four-course tasting menu, which includes three wines and maybe Fada's best dishes—that mint-sauced pasta and roasted squab that lives up to the memory of Schoenegger's.

I wish I could report that in his refusal to perpetuate clichés, May doesn't sell tirami su. But he does. It's fine, but try instead the other desserts with cream and liqueur or coffee: crème brûlée whose trembling custard, imperceptibly laced with applejack, has a marvelous acidity that suggests goat's milk. Or an incredible optical illusion—the cream-white ice cream with knockout coffee flavor. Eric Girert, the pastry chef, infuses milk overnight with whole coffee beans (dark roast, from Illycaffè); after a quick boil, the beans are strained out and the milk, hardly colored, becomes the base. Postprandial caffeine watchers have found a new menace.

San Domenico, 240 Central Park South (265-5959). Lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Saturday, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m., Sunday till 10 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

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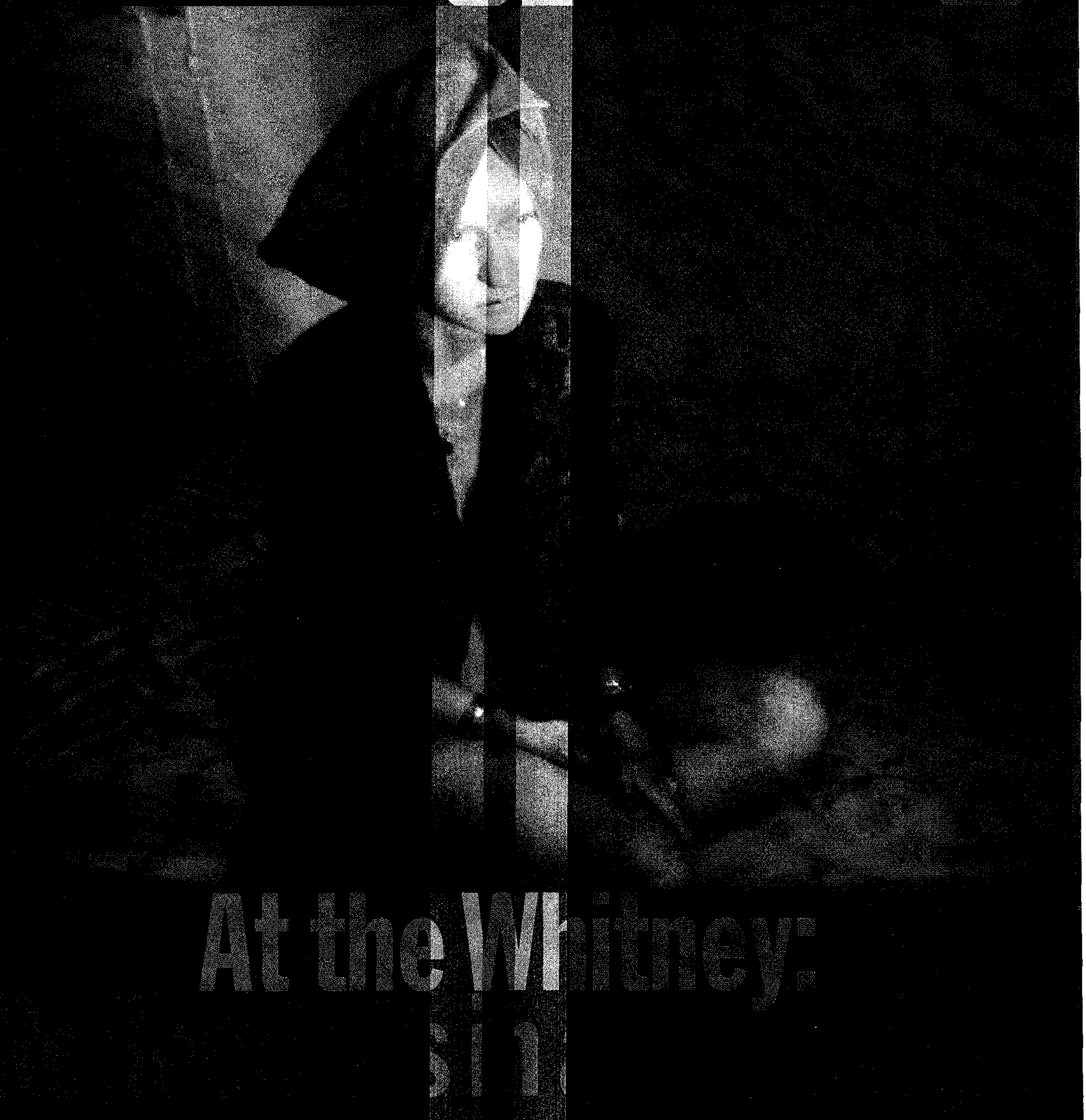
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



At the Whitney:

The Whitney's much-discussed retrospective of **Nan Goldin's** *photography reveals her to be far more than just a chronicler of the disaffected (page 80)*

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movies

Infinity...No Wave at the Whitney

Opening High Drama

Alfred Hitchcock's 'Vertigo'—with James Stewart as a detective battling a crippling fear of heights while conducting a murder investigation—has been painstakingly restored, at a cost of more than $1 million. The stunning psychological thriller, which stars Kim Novak as the object of his affection, is rereleased this Sunday for a three-week run at the Ziegfeld.

New Films

American Buffalo—In this adaptation of David Mamet's play, Dustin Hoffman and Dennis Franz play two men battling over a buffalo-head nickel. Directed by Michael Corrente. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**Basquiat**—The painter Julian Schnabel wrote and directed the movie, and in his conception, Jean-Michel Basquiat (Jeffrey Wright) is an innocent, a sacrificial victim of the rabid art world. It's the old story: Too much too soon, and the kid couldn't handle it. Schnabel downplays Basquiat's hard-drug habit (we don't even realize he's on heroin until late in the movie) and doesn't really explain why Basquiat couldn't pull himself back from the edge. Probably he doesn't know. This Basquiat is an inarticulate free spirit, full of pride and ambition but essentially defenseless. He's not responsible for anything, least of all himself, and art cannot save him. It's a grim myth, and not entirely believable, but Wright is very touching. (Denby; 8/19/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

Big Night—Actors Campbell Scott and Stanley Tucci co-directed this modest drama about two Italian immigrants who open a restaurant on the Jersey shore. With Isabella Rossellini. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Bulletproof—Damon Wayans is an undercover cop and Adam Sandler a low-level drug dealer who must band together against a particularly vicious drug lord in this action comedy. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Chelsea; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

Caught—Maria Conchita Alonso and Edward James Olmos star as a married couple whose lives are disrupted by the arrival of a mysterious young transient (Arie Verveen). Directed by Robert M. Young. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Curdled—William Baldwin and Angela Jones star in this black comedy about a young woman so obsessed with death that she revels in the emergence of a local serial killer. Directed by Reb Braddock. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 84th Street Six.*

Dadetown—A meta-documentary about the economic and psychological collapse of a small, tightly knit community in the wake of a corporate invasion. Directed by the late Russ Hexter. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

D3: The Mighty Ducks—Emilio Estevez takes his third go-round as an innocuous yet somehow inspiring junior-league hockey coach. Directed by Rob Lieberman. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *Area theaters.*

★**Emma**—*Emma* is perhaps the most steely and demanding of Jane Austen's books—some of it is almost unnervingly cold—and for long periods, Douglas McGrath stays merrily on the surface. Gwyneth Paltrow is lovely, but she's not the most imposing Emma one could imagine. The rich and landed Emma is a kind of local queen with almost unlimited power—not a bad person, exactly, but a snob who manipulates her hapless young protégée,

"Cue" cover photograph by Nan Goldin/courtesy of Matthew Marks Gallery.

“TAKES YOU TO THE BRINK

AND PILES TWIST UPON TWIST WITH A PLOT INVOLVING MURDER, TRIPLE-CROSSES, CLOSE CALLS, AND STEAMY SEX.”

- Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

JENNIFER TILLY GINA GERSHON JOE PANTOLIANO

BOUND

VIOLET AND CORKY ARE MAKING LAUNDRY DAY A VERY BIG DEAL

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SPELLING FILMS

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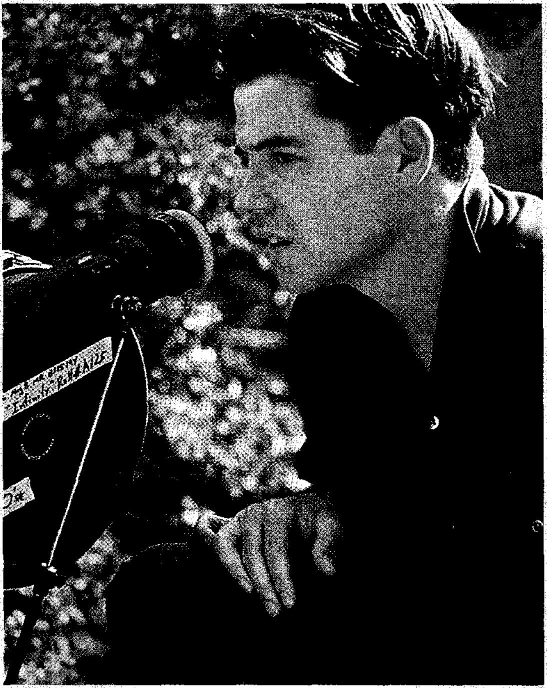

The perpetually boyish 34-year-old Matthew Broderick joins the rapidly swelling ranks of actors who direct (Johnny Depp, Jodie Foster, Gabriel Byrne, etc.) with *Infinity* (October 4). Broderick plays Richard P. Feynman, the slightly eccentric Nobel Prize–winning physicist who worked on the Manhattan Project while his young wife, Arline, was terminally ill with tuberculosis. "My mother lent me his autobiography to read for fun," says Broderick, who was immediately drawn into the story. "They weren't sentimental people," he says admiringly. "They dealt with a very difficult situation honestly. Arline was not a Camille-type TB victim." Dead-set on maintaining a non-saccharine tone, he trolled around for a like-minded writer until his mom, Patsy, vividly described the way she would execute the last scene. She was promptly hired. "There were fights," concedes Broderick, who declines to get into specifics, "but it was never personal—I didn't want to get into some humiliating mother-son argument with a 200-pound grip standing there." His mother, for her part, was in the throes of an obsession with the scientists who built the bomb. "Feynman was Jewish, and I'm Jewish," she explains, "and these scientists wanted to stop the war. They thought they were doing something wonderful—but of course, they were treating people like matter." The finished product has Broderick's fingerprints all over it—it's gently moving in a very stoic, old-fashioned way. "I've always enjoyed playing parts that were from another time—for *Brighton Beach Memoirs,* I had to wear knickers, and I loved it." His latest incarnation might even help him shake the looming shadow of another, more indelible portrayal. "People on the street still say, 'Oh, look, it's Ferris Bueller,' " says Broderick wearily. "Just the other day, a guy on the set called me Ferris—he forgot my real name." He laughs softly. "It's potentially disturbing." MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Photograph by Claudette Barius/First Look Pictures.

Harriet (Toni Collette), rather shamelessly. Paltrow is at her best not when she's pushing around Collette but when she's flirting with Jeremy Northam as Mr. Knightley, her brother-in-law and the only human being from whom Emma will bear hearing the truth. Paltrow and Northam, through the most trivial scenes, exchange little smiles of amusement; they have a private reality, far removed from the merely social world around them. Yet they live in that world, and the movie becomes very passionate when Emma violates one of its important social codes. This is one of the most celebrated scenes in English literature, and it could have gone wrong in many ways, but it doesn't. Writer-director Douglas McGrath quietly builds a number of things that finally pay off. (Denby; 8/19/96) (2 hrs.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Murray Hill Cinemas; 86th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Entertaining Angels—Moira Kelly stars as Dorothy Day, the human-rights activist who opted to live in poverty on the Lower East Side. With Martin Sheen. Directed by Michael Rhodes. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square.*

Extreme Measures—Hugh Grant stars as a young doctor who suspects his mentor may be involved in some ethically troubling experimentation. With Gene Hackman. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza.*

Feeling Minnesota—Keanu Reeves plays a charming slacker who returns home for his brother's wedding, then runs away with the bride (Cameron Diaz). Directed by Steven Baigelman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas.*

First Kid—Annoyingly affable comic Sinbad plays a Secret Service agent assigned to protect the president's bratty son. Directed by David Mickey Evans. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *Plaza Twin.*

First Wives Club—See David Denby, p. 46. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Flirt—In Hal Hartley's latest, the same scenario repeats with ever-so-slight variations: Three couples, in three cities, grapple with commitment, unrequited longing for another, and a life-altering gunshot. Quirkily endearing. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Fly Away Home**—Anna Paquin, the little girl in *The Piano,* stars as a 13-year-old who loses her mother in New Zealand and returns to her father (Jeff Daniels), a feckless inventor, who lives in the Ontario countryside. The girl removes herself emotionally and becomes mother to a gaggle of newborn goslings after the birds' parents have been killed. She raises them and protects them against a too-dutiful forest ranger who wants to clip their wings. Daniels's inventor conceives a way of saving the geese from having their wings clipped: He will teach his little girl how to fly one of his contraptions, and together they will lead the geese from Canada down to their winter home in North Carolina. The birds follow Paquin and Daniels around the fields, and the imagery grows lovingly eccentric—a bunch of silly-goose people playing in eternity. Director Carroll Ballard does terrific work with horses, wolves, and geese, but he doesn't have an easy way with the human race. His grown-ups tend to be solipsists and fantasists—larger children—or stick figures. Daniels, for instance, is such a goosy actor that the girl seems a stronger character than the father. As long as the movie stays aloft, however, it really soars, one magnificent aerial scene following another. (Denby; 9/23/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★**Giant**—The re-release of George Stevens's epic drama, based on the Edna Ferber novel. Starring James Dean, Elizabeth Taylor, and Rock Hudson. (3 hrs. 21 mins.; G) *Lincoln Square.*

Girls Town—With a documentary style somewhat akin to last summer's *Kids,* director Jim McKay chronicles the day-to-day trials of three lower-class high-school seniors on the fringes of mainstream society. At times affecting, though it lacks a real final, emotional punch. Starring Lili Taylor. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Screening Room; Plaza Twin.*

The Glimmer Man—Bloated action star Steven Seagal plays a former government operative and Buddhist who must team with a wisecracking New York detective (Keenan Ivory Wayans) to solve a string of murders. (Seagal also wrote and performed several songs on the soundtrack.) Directed by John Gray. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Glory Daze—Five frat boys comically struggle with their impending graduation from U.C. Santa Cruz. Written and directed by Rich Wilkes. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Grace of My Heart—In this musical drama inspired by the Brill Building scene of the sixties, Illeana Douglas plays a Carole King–ish singer-songwriter involved in an ill-fated marriage to a Brian Wilson type (played by Matt Dillon). Directed by Alison Anders. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; New York Twin.*

Hustler White—Bruce La Bruce co-wrote, co-directed, and stars in this story of a foreign journalist who becomes obsessed with a street hustler (Tony Ward). (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Independence Day—A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, director Roland Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale) seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible, until the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Infinity—The true story of Richard Feynman, the Nobel Prize–winning physicist who worked on the Manhattan project while caring for his terminally ill wife. Starring Matthew Broderick and Patricia Arquette. Directed by Broderick. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG). *Art Greenwich; Lincoln Square; New York Twin.*

Last Man Standing—A remake of Kurosawa's classic *Yojimbo,* with Bruce Willis as a gun-for-hire during Prohibition. Written and directed by Walter Hill. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criteri-*

on Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.

The Leopard Son—Naturalist Hugo van Lawick directed this coming-of-age documentary about a Tanzanian leopard cub. (1 hr. 24 mins.; G) *Village East; 62nd and Broadway.*

The Line King—A documentary about 93-year-old illustrator Abe Hirschfeld. Directed by Susan W. Dryfoos. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**Lone Star**—John Sayles's latest begins with a skeleton discovered among the Texas cactus and a reluctant sheriff (Chris Cooper) trying to figure out whether his dead father, a hero, was also a murderer. What starts as a criminal investigation turns into a mini-epic. Two generations of white, black, and Mexican characters become mixed up in one another's lives, and while Sayles's ambition and ingenuity is surely admirable, one can't help but wonder how many packs of three-by-five cards he used to keep track of the plotlines. Yet *Lone Star* is haunted by a sense of America as a peculiar destiny—uprootedness as a common fate. The movie never talks down to us, and we repay its trust by staying absorbed in it. (Denby; 7/22/96) (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Maximum Risk—Another no-brainer in which the scarily prolific Jean-Claude Van Damme engages in much fighting for some nebulous reason. Directed by Ringo Lam. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

Paradise Lost—This acclaimed documentary, by Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsy (*Brother's Keeper*) examines the circumstances surrounding the 1993 murder of three little boys and the subsequent arrest, trial, and conviction of three local teenagers—all of whom maintain their innocence. (2 hrs. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Predictions of Fire—A Slovenian movement called NSK employs traditional art, industrial rock, and theater to fight the power. Written and directed by Michael Benson. In English, Russian, and Slovenian, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Purple Noon**—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his identity. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

★**Rendezvous in Paris**—Eric Rohmer's very slight, very lovely film consists of three vignettes about reversals in love. His subject, as always, is attraction, and what might be called self-presentation, the dance of aggression and retreat. Of the three stories, the first, about an anxious young woman and the revenge she takes on her philandering boyfriend, is the best, but they are all filled with views of Paris parks, streets, and cafés. The movie is very pleasing for Americans stuck at home, longing for Europe and some literate romantic talk. (Denby; 8/26/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Rich Man's Wife—Halle Berry plays a young widow who becomes the prime suspect in her husband's untimely demise. Written and directed by Amy Holden Jones. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a loving but lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. Night after night, the two women, who have ordinary factory and streetsweeper jobs by day, sit in Cynthia's house, tearing at each other. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other

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people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. The discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. Leigh can be bitter and funny at the same time; in this movie, he takes the supreme risk of mixing pathos and comedy, and he gets away with it. *Secrets & Lies* is about the separation of mothers and daughters; it's about the shame, fear, and vanity that drive people apart, even as they long for closeness and connection. Leigh doesn't rub our noses in rawness, forcing us to confront "truth"; he lets the actors discover their own truths—or rather, he encourages them to perform with just that tiny degree of stylization that allows us to enjoy the dolorous emotions, the embarrassments and humiliations, as essential human comedy. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

She's the One—In his follow-up to last year's acclaimed *The Brothers McMullen*, writer-director Ed Burn once again explores that peculiar brand of Irish-Catholic familial dysfunction along with several different commitment issues. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street East; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Small Wonders—A documentary about Roberta Guaspari-Tzavaras, a single mother from East Harlem who established a nonprofit organization to fund violin programs in three local public schools. directed by Allan Miller. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Area theaters.*

The Spitfire Grill—When the crotchety owner of the Spitfire Grill (Ellyn Burstyn) falls ill, she turns over the day-to-day operation of her restaurant to a guarded young woman (Allison Elliot) who harbors a dark secret. Written and directed by Lee David Zlotoff. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Supercop—Jackie Chan stars as a humorously determined police officer. Worth it for Chan's daring stunt work alone. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

Surviving Picasso—See Denby, p. 46. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Paris Theater.*

Synthetic Pleasures—Iara Lee's fascinating documentary takes a somewhat skeptical look at our increasingly ersatz environments. (NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

That Thing You Do!—Tom Hanks makes his directorial debut with this sweet yet toothless story about a pre-free-love sixties pop band that rockets to fame on the strength of one single. With Tom Everett Scott and Johnathon Schaech. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

A Time to Kill—Instant matinee-idol Matthew McConaughey glistens, gleams, and spreads warmth—at the moment, however, he is a very limited actor. The plot itself (which is based on a seven-year-old John Grisham novel) is a cliché-ridden courtroom drama set in a corrupt, racist small town with its noble, victimized blacks and vicious white rednecks. As in every cheap melodrama, you can tell immediately if someone is a good person by how nice he is—even Kevin Spacey, playing an ambitious lawyer, gives a blunt, obvious performance. Director Joel Shumacher and screenwriter Akiva Goldsman use the Klan to distract us from their main story: A black mill worker (Samuel L. Jackson) has killed the two young rednecks who raped his 10-year-old daughter; he's then put on trial, with only McConaughey's inexperienced attorney—a Grisham standby—to represent him. The mill worker pleads insanity, but anybody can see that, right or wrong, he's the sanest man in the county. Jackson's mill worker sits in jail, yet he's so much smarter than McConaughey—meant to be the hero—that *A Time to Kill* compounds its embarrassment. We have to wait for McConaughey to figure out that a black man can't get a fair trial in this country. (Denby; 8/12/96) (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Retrospective
French Connection

King Vidor's 1920 southern melodrama 'The Family Honor' (above) is one of 35 hardly seen American, French, and German treasures to be screened during "Salute to the Cinémathèque Française, Musée du Cinéma." The festival honoring the 60-year-old French archive—one of the first devoted solely to the preservation of film—runs October 3–29 at MOMA. *(See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for info.)*

★**Trainspotting**—Written by John Hodge, who adapted the cult novel by Irvine Welsh, and directed by Danny Boyle, the movie celebrates the days and nights of raffish pleasure of four deadbeat Edinburgh thugs. The hero, Renton (Ewan McGregor), may be a working-class squatter and a hooligan, but he's literate, he entertains us, and we want him to succeed. *Trainspotting* is far from a documentary, but it is precisely this evasion of realism that makes it so much fun. The boys shoot heroin and fall down in pleasure; they commit every imaginable crime against bourgeois property; they outrage all the proud, hapless clichés of Scottish nationalism. The style of the movie is fast, voluble, allusive; the bits of dialogue and ghastly jokes and ludicrous physical disasters are held together by Renton's narration and the wildly inventive but disciplined editing. These boys don't become addicts because they are failures or victims or because they are unhappy; they become addicts because they want to experience more and more intense pleasures. *Trainspotting* joins the tradition of self-mythologizing male narrative in which young men will do anything for pleasure. For all the scandalous goings-on, Renton's story is perhaps the most upbeat narrative of the season. (Denby; 8/12/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.*

★**The Trigger Effect**—In the suburbs, the power has blacked out, the streets are chaotic, and a settled householder, Kyle MacLachlan, is in a pickle: His little baby girl has an ear infection. When MacLachlan can't get the medicine for her, he steals it from a drugstore, and he runs wildly down the streets like a teenager. In these early scenes, first-time director David Koepp evokes the Hitchcock who injected menace into the silences of routine domestic scenes. At first, Koepp appears to understand that American touchiness has become a joke; we're a nation of the aggrieved in which everyone imagines himself a victim of everyone else. But then a young friend of MacLachlan's and Shue's turns up, a sexy carpenter, and *The Trigger Effect* begins to seem a fairly conventional triangle drama. Still, Koepp shows some ideas, some courage, and the beginnings of a style. (Denby; 9/16/96) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

★**Tin Cup**—Kevin Costner is Roy McAvoy, a driving-range golf pro who is wasting his life. Two people interrupt his slovenly paradise. Dr. Molly Griswold (Rene Russo), a shrink, stops in for some lessons, and Roy falls in love with the fast-talking beauty. But Molly, who is a bit of a flake, enjoys hanging out with her current boyfriend, David Simms (Don Johnson), who turns out to be Roy's old nemesis. The movie takes a while to come up to speed, but it finally settles into a messy and loose-limbed romantic comedy. Writer-director Ron Shelton turns golf into a tall tale, which may be the only way to redeem it as a movie subject, and *Tin Cup* escapes all the clichés of triumph. (Denby; 8/26/96) (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Two Days in the Valley—A murder in the San Fernando Valley sets off a chain reaction. With Danny Aiello, James Spader, and Eric Stoltz. Written and directed by John Herzfeld. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

★**Vertigo**—A newly restored print of Alfred Hitchcock's 1958 psychological thriller starring Jimmy Stewart as a detective with a fear of heights and Kim Novak as the object of his affection. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Ziegfeld.*

Walking and Talking—Two lifelong friends (Anne

Heche and Catherine Keener) begin to drift apart when one gets engaged. Written and directed by Nicole Holofcener. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema 3.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Village East; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Basquiat; Big Night; Girls Town; Lone Star; Trainspotting.* Opening 9/25: *Caught.* Opening 9/28: *Secrets and Lies; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Trigger Effect; Two Days in the Valley.* Opening 10/4: *Infinity.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Synthetic Pleasures.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Dadetown; Flirt.* Opening 10/2: *Predictions of Fire.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Lighthouse Cinema—116 Suffolk St. (979-7571) Opening 9/6: *Highway of Heartache.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Glory Daze; Hustler White; Paradise Lost; Rendezvous in Paris.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Girls Town.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *American Buffalo; Extreme Measures; Feeling Minnesota; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; She's the One; The Leopard Son; Walking and Talking; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Time To Kill; Curdled; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Grace of My Heart; Last Man Standing.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Beautiful Girls; The Postman.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Big Night; Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Trainspotting.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Emma; Independence Day; She's the One; The Spitfire Grill.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *She's the One.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *First Wives Club; Two Days in the Valley.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Time To Kill; Bulletproof; First Wives Club; Grace of My Heart; Two Days in the Valley.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Emma; Extreme Measures; Feeling Minnesota; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Small Faces.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *The Postman.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Two Days in the Valley.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Two Days in the Valley; Tin Cup.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Purple Noon; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Walking and Talking.*

GALAXY of STARS
PLAY-TONE RECORDS

Opening
Pop Life

In *That Thing You Do!*, Tom Hanks's directorial debut, Ethan Embry, Steve Zahn, Johnathon Schaech, and Tom Everett Scott (left to right) are the Wonders, a sixties pop band that rockets to fame with a bubblegummy single. (In true Hanksian fashion, they eschew attendant rock rewards, like casual sex, free drugs, and sycophantic underlings.) Opens October 4.

Photograph by Phillip Caruso/20th Century Fox.

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *American Buffalo; The Line King; Trainspotting.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Time To Kill; Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; The Fan.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Last Man Standing.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Secrets & Lies.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Rich Man's Wife.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *A Very Brady Sequel; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Supercop; The Rock.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Beautiful Girls.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *House Arrest; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Bulletproof; Independence Day.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Surviving Picasso.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *First Wives Club; Grace of My Heart; The Crow: City of Angels; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Lone Star; Rich Man's Wife.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Chain Reaction; Eraser; House Arrest; Mission: Impossible; Stealing Beauty; The Nutty Professor.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) Opening 10/6: *Vertigo.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Basquiat.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Independence Day; She's the One.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Emma; Rich Man's Wife.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Emma.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *A Time To Kill; Big Night; Bulletproof; Independence Day; Maximum Risk.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Extreme Measures; Fly Away Home; The Spitfire Grill.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *She's the One; Grace of My Heart.* Opening 10/4: *Infinity.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *A Time To Kill; Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Two Days in the Valley.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *First Wives Club.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Bogus.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Leopard Son.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bulletproof; Curdled; Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; Lone Star; Rendezvous in Paris; Secrets & Lies.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Time To Kill; Caught; Emma; Entertaining Angels; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Giant; She's the One; The Spitfire Grill; Tin Cup; Trainspotting; Two Days in the Valley.* Opening 10/4: *Infinity.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *First Wives Club; Maximum Risk.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Basquiat.*

Symphony Space—2537 Broadway (864-5400) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Time To Kill; Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; First Kid; First Wives Club; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Crow: City of Angels; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Two Days in the Valley.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Time To Kill; Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; First Kid; Fly Away Home; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; Two Days in the Valley.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Extreme Measures; First Wives Club.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Time To Kill; Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Crow: City of Angels; The Island of Dr. Moreau; Two Days in the Valley.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Big Night; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Independence Day; Rich Man's Wife.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Last Man Standing; Two Days in the Valley.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Big Night; Emma; Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Two Days in the Valley.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Bulletproof; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Time To Kill; Extreme Measures; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Two Days in the Valley.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Independence Day; Last Man Standing.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Bulletproof; First Kid; Girls Town; Trainspotting.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; Two Days in the Valley.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; First Kid; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Two Days in the Valley.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *A Time To Kill; Big Night; Bulletproof; First Kid; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Surviving Picasso; Two Days in the Valley.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *First Kid; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; The Spitfire Grill.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Big Night; Extreme Measures; Surviving Picasso.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; Maximum Risk.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *First Kid; First Wives Club; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Rich Man's Wife; She's the One; Two Days in the Valley.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Emma; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Fly Away Home; Two Days in the Valley.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Big Night; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Independence Day; She's the One; Two Days in the Valley.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bulletproof; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *A Time To Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Carpool; She's the One; Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *A Time To Kill; Bulletproof; Independence Day; She's the One; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; Two Days in the Valley.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *She's the One; Tin Cup.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Extreme Measures; Maximum Risk.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *First Kid; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; She's the One; Trainspotting.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Extreme Measures; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; The Spitfire Grill.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *First Wives Club.*

Retrospective
Blank Generation

Charlie Ahearn's 1982 underground hit *Wild Style*—in which rabble-rousing kids like Patti Astor and Crazy Cup (above) groove to that new hip-hop sound—will run at the Whitney during "No Wave Cinema, 1978–1987," a celebration of all that was aggressively East Village and post-punk. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Very Brady Sequel; Emma; Extreme Measures; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Maximum Risk; The Spitfire Grill; Tin Cup.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Extreme Measures; First Kid; First Wives Club; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Trainspotting.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Time To Kill; Bulletproof; Extreme Measures; First Kid; First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; Independence Day; Last Man Standing; Maximum Risk; Rich Man's Wife; Two Days in the Valley.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Art of Screenwriting." 10/5: Dialogue with Stanley Tucci and Joseph Tropiano, with a screening of *Big Night* (1996). 10/6: Dialogue with Nicole Holofcener and a screening of *Walking and Talking* (1996). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—10/3: *The Eleventh Year* (1928). 10/4: *Christmas Holiday* (1944) and *The Man I Love* (1946). 10/5: *The Killers* (1946), *The Killers* (1964), and *Paradise Spy* (1977). 10/6: *The Reckless Moment* (1949) and *The Set Up* (1949). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

A Different Light—10/6: *The Nanny* (1965). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—10/2: *Nosferatu* (1921). 10/3: *Trance and Dance in Ball* (1952), *Four Families* (1959), *Bathing Babies in Three Cultures* (1936–38), *Margaret Mead and Samoa* (1988), and *Margaret Mead: Portrait of a Friend* (1978). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Mizoguchi."10/1: *Gion Festival Music* (1953). 10/2 and 10/3: *Utamaro and His Five Women* (1946). 10/4 and 10/5: *Sansho the Baliff* (1954). 10/6: *A Tale From Chikamatsu* (1954). "The Silent City: New York in the Movies, 1898–1929." 10/7: *Upstage* (1926) and *Paint and Powder* (1925). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"New York Film Festival." 9/30 and 10/1: *A Self-Made Hero* (1996). 9/30 and 10/2: *Le Garcu* (1995). 10/1: *Goodbye South, Goodbye* (1996). 10/2 and 10/4: *Fire* (1996). 10/3 and 10/5: *How I Got Into an Argument (My Sex Life)* 91996) and *Illtown* (1996). 10/4 and 10/6: *Breaking the Waves* (1996). 10/5: *Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse* (1996). 10/5 and 10/6: *Temptress Moon* (1996) and *Les Voleurs (Thieves)* (1996). 10/6 and 10/7: *La Promesse* (1996). "Special Presentation." 10/5: *Vertigo* (1958). "Ritwik Ghatak's Unknown Masterworks." 9/30: *The Citizen* (1953). 9/30 and 10/1: *Pathetic Fallacy* (1958). 9/30-10/2: *The Runaway* (1959). 10/2 and 10/3: *Hidden Star* (1960). 10/4 and 10/6: *E-Flat* (1961). 10/4, 10/6 and 10/7: *Subarnarekha* (1965). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8 and $12.

Film in Void—10/2: *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly.* 16 Mercer St. (941-6492); free.

Knitting Factory—10/5: *Suburban Sluts in Hell.* 74 Leonard St. (219-3006); $10.

Museum of Modern Art—"Salute to the Cinémathéque Française." 10/3: *The Matinee Idol* (1928). 10/3 and 10/4: *Prelude to the Cinema* (1995) and *Yoshiwara* (1937). 10/3 and 10/6: *Kitty* (1946). 10/4: *Not Yet* (1993). 10/5: "Five Rare Short Films," *Metamorphosis* (1923), and *Devil in Town* (1924). 10/6: *Song of Surrender* (1949). "New Day Films: 25 Years." 10/6: *Chris and Bernie* (1975), *Joyce at 34* (1972), and *Made in Brooklyn* (1993), and *Union Maids* (1976). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

National Museum of the American Indian—9/30–10/6: *Seasons of a Navajo* (1984). Call for program info. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Symphony Space—10/1: *Un Chant D'Amour* (1950), *Scorpio Rising* (1963), and *My Own Private Idaho* (1991). 10/8: *Potemkin* (1925) and *Memories of Underdevelopment* (1968). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"No Wave Cinema: 1978–87." 10/3–10/6: *Ecstatic Stigmatic* (1978), *G-Man* (1978), and *All Color News* (1978), which is composed of *Burns Under the Bridge, NYPD Arson and Explosions Squad vs. FALN, Subways, Golden Gloves Boxing,* and *Rats in Chinatown.* 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

art

Nan Goldin...Ann Agee...Robert Capa

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Bram Bogart—New paintings on burlap and painted terra-cotta vases by the Dutch/Belgian Matterist painter; through 10/19. Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377).

Ralston Crawford—Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs spanning the early thirties to the mid-seventies; through 11/9. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Giorgio de Chirico—An exhibition that reevaluates De Chirico's relationship with American collectors, curators, and critics in the period between the two world wars, and includes oil paintings, works on paper, fashion illustrations, and portraits of the artist by American photographers; through 10/26. Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (772-4068).

Melvin Edwards—Recent metal relief sculptures; through 10/26. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Andrew Ehrenworth—Portraits of dogs in drippy, expressionistic brushwork that play on the conventions of portraiture; through 10/19. Graham & Sons, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Barbara Hepworth—A group of cast-bronze, marble, and wood sculptures from the British artist's estate; 10/8–11/16. Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Lester Johnson—A retrospective of works on paper by this figurative artist who taught painting at Yale University for nearly 30 years, including his dark, solitary figures of the sixties; scenes of men in bowler hats from the seventies; and his colorful street scenes of the eighties; through 10/30. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Markus Lüpertz—The artist's "German Motif" paintings from the seventies; through 10/26. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

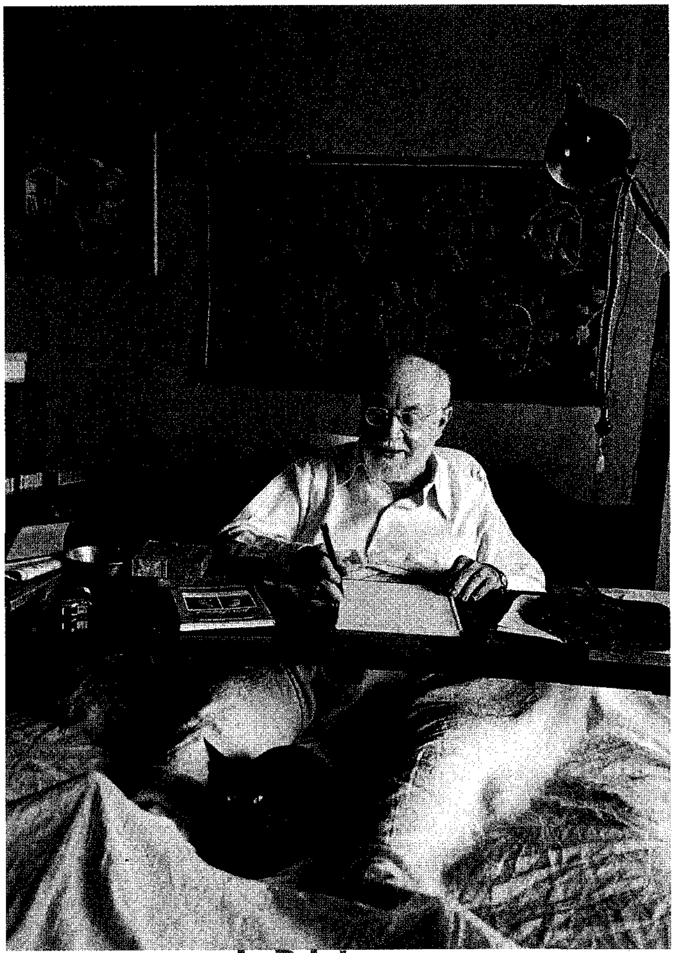
Luigi Rosso Papotto/John Vander—Sculpture/Paintings of Tuscan landscapes. Through 10/19. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Aaron Shikler—Recent paintings and drawings of landscapes and figures; through 11/9. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Andy Warhol—Paintings from the artist's 1984 "Rorschach" series; through 10/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313) and 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Photograph by Robert Capa.

In Print
Capa's World

He's remembered as the photographer whose brilliant career was cut tragically short in 1954 when he stepped on a land mine in Vietnam while on assignment for 'Life' magazine. But as the recently published 'Robert Capa: Photographs' (Aperture; $50) reminds us, the man who more or less invented war photography was also a sensitive portraitist, of Henri Matisse (above), Pablo Picasso, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, and others.

57th Street Area

John Alexander—Elegiac paintings of flowers that suggest the artist's response to man's encroachment on nature; through 10/19. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Ann Agee—An installation that uses homemade wallpaper and figurines; through 11/2. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Lorenzo Cardi—Recent paintings and charcoal drawings of vestigial seascapes and figures that suggest the effects of the passage of time; through 10/12. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Leonardo Drew—Recent large-scale wall reliefs whose rusted and weathered surfaces are built up over grid structures of repeating units of cast-off materials; through 10/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Werner Drewes/Attilio Salemme—Paintings and drawings from the twenties to the sixties by this German artist who studied at the Bauhaus and immigrated to the United States in 1930/Geometric and amorphic paintings produced between 1943 and 1955. Through 10/19. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Thomas George—Recent abstract paintings that evoke landscapes; through 10/26. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Gerome Kamrowski—The artist's Abstract Expressionist paintings and watercolors from the forties and a selection of his mysterious shadow boxes; through 10/19. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Yayoi Kusama—Recent paintings and an installation by this Japanese artist whose works from the fifties and sixties were shown by Paula Cooper Gallery last spring; through 10/19. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Emil Nolde/Christian Rohlfs—Paintings, watercolors, and prints by the two German Expressionist masters; through 11/9. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Robert Rauschenberg—New vegetable-dye transfers on paper; through 10/19. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Peter Saul/Andrew Lenaghan—New paintings by the Texas-based artist on such subjects as current affairs (O.J. Simpson and Newt Gingrich), art history (Mona Lisa, Salvador Dali, and Marcel Duchamp), and art criticism (a double portrait of Hilton Kramer and Peter Schjeldahl)/Small-scale paintings of industrial areas; through 10/31. Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Frank Stella—A survey of the artist's prints covering the years 1970 to 1990; through 10/26. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

Idelle Weber—Drawings of shells and other natural objects; 10/2–26. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Tom Wesselmann—New abstract cut-out metal paintings, through 10/26, at Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110) and a series of lithographs and metal pieces depicting nudes from 1990, through 10/26, at Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Retrospective Goldin Opportunity

Most retrospectives are risky business. In the case of "Nan Goldin: I'll Be Your Mirror," opening at the Whitney Museum of American Art this week (October 3 through January 5), the risk is not that Goldin's gritty, confrontational photographs of the urban underground will prove too shocking for the uninitiated—the world Goldin laid claim to in the seventies has since been co-opted by filmmakers, advertisers, and fashion designers. Rather, it is a question of whether Goldin, hardly a household name, can draw big-league crowds. For those who've not "gotten" Goldin's photographs when coming across them in galleries, the show promises to contextualize her work, both by giving it enormous amounts of wall space so that it can be perceived narratively and by making the first chronological presentation of entire bodies of her work (her black-and-white drag-queen shots from the early seventies; a slide show of images from the slide show–book *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency;* photographs from the series "Tokyo Love"; and recent landscapes) from the past 24 years. Goldin hopes the show will make people realize "that I didn't spring full-blown out of art school, that I was working for years," and will reveal her as more than just a chronicler of punk. A perfect case in point, she says, is her admiration for the works of Brice Marden and Richard Tuttle, whose minimal aesthetic would seem unrelated to her own. "People tend to define you by the last thing you've done," says Goldin. "Artists have much broader taste than people think they do."

EDITH NEWHALL

SoHo and TriBeCa

Richard Artschwager/Donald Judd—New works/Sculpture; through 11/2. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Jean-Michel Basquiat—A selection of paintings, drawings, and objects by the late artist; through 11/23. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Laurie Campbell—Abstract paintings whose fields of somber color allude to the battlefield; through 10/26. Engelhorn, 470 Broome St. (966-6882).

Michael Chandler—New gestural abstract paintings whose curving brushstrokes suggest hurricanes, whirlpools, and other natural phenomena; through 10/26. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

April Gornik—Recent paintings and drawings that explore the contemporary experience of landscape through images of tracts of water, rocks, shafts of light, and clouds that cut across areas of land or sea; 10/5–11/9. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Michael Gregory—New paintings of fruit and other still-life objects arranged on tables; through 10/16. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Wade Hoefer/Alison Mortisugu—Multi-panel paintings that depict a different aspect of a landscape in each panel/Detailed miniature landscapes painted on cut logs, tree branches, and walking sticks; 10/3–26. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Julia Jacquette—Paintings executed in sign painter's enamel that incorporate images of desserts, women's hands, flowers, wedding dresses, and other idealized images of the home and its comforts; through 11/2. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Laurie Kaplowitz—Abstract paintings based on landscape; through 10/26. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Kavita Nayar—Paintings, works on paper, and burnt-paper constructions sewn together with jute, by a New Delhi artist; through 10/24. Bose Pacia, 580 Broadway (966-3224).

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—A series of interrelated works that explore mortality and the nature of the flux; through 10/19. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Clemencia Labin—A site-specific installation of paintings on gravestone-shaped panels; through 10/27. Stellweg, 87 Houston St. (431-5556).

Sol Lewitt—A series of embossed multiples on handmade paper that depict seven stars in a progression from three- to nine-pointed stars; through 12/7. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Roy Lichtenstein—New paintings of landscapes whose compositions and verticality draw on Chinese landscape painting; through 10/26. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Martin Kersels—Photographs, a motorized audio sculpture, and a video sculpture that explore aspects of bodily control and destruction by this artist who was a soloist and collaborator with the Shrimps, the Los Angeles performance group; through 10/19. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Pieter Laurens Mol—New works that encompass a variety of media and refer to Dutch culture and history; through 11/9. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Robert Reid—Watercolors of abstracted urban and rural landscapes; 10/4–11/5. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Andreas Karl Schulze—Abstract color-pencil drawings on museum board; through 10/26. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Sonja Sekula—A retrospective of paintings by this Swiss artist (1918–1963) who worked in New York during the forties and fifties, and who showed her Abstract Expressionist paintings at Peggy Guggenheim's gallery Art of This Century and at Betty Parsons Gallery; through 10/26. Swiss Institute New York, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Joel Shapiro—Recent sculpture and drawings; through 11/9. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Jim Shaw—Recent paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs based on artworks the artist has seen in his dreams; through 10/19. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Gianni Stefanon—Small-scale paintings in egg tempera on wood panel that depict figures and animals in whimsical imaginary scenes; through 10/26. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (460-5497).

Wolfgang Tillmans—An installation of photographs that examines the relationship between "commercial" and "fine art" photography; through 10/26. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Richard Tuttle—New paintings on carved and cut-out waferboard and a selection of works from the sixties and seventies; through 10/26. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Luc Tuymans—New paintings by this Belgian artist that transform familiar American scenes and objects into unsettling visions of the dark side of America; through 10/19. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Jan Vercruysse—Recent sculpture and prints by the Belgian artist; through 10/30. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Andy Warhol—Paintings from the artist's 1984 "Rorschach" series; through 10/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828) and 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Hannah Wilke—The late artist's performalist self-portraits and video/film performances made between 1976–1985; through 10/19. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

John Winship/Joe Naujokas—Figurative paintings based on old family photographs/Paintings that play on the Renaissance concept of the picture frame as a window onto an alternate world by presenting contradictory illusions; 10/3–31. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Other

Dani Tull—A conceptual project that investigates the nature of the sale of a model home in a planned community through photographic documentation; through 10/13. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Mac Wells—A survey of abstract paintings; through 11/16. Hunter College MFA Building, 450 W. 41st St. (772-4991).

Photograph courtesy of the artist and Matthew Marks Gallery.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). American paintings dealing with political issues and images by Evergood, Gropper, Gwathmey, others; through 11/9.

Stair Sainty Matthiesen—22 E. 80th St. (288-1088). Early-nineteenth-century French paintings after neoclassicism, including works by Delacroix, Scheffer, and Deveria; through 11/2.

Stone—113 E. 90 (988-6870). Paintings by Scottish artist Derrick Guild, furniture by Barcelona architect Antonio Gaudi and Catalan designer Joan Busquets; through 11/26.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté Editions—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). A group show of works that were inspired by or incorporate excrement, by Robert Arneson, Mike Kelley, Piero Manzoni, Bruce Nauman, Not Vital, and others; through 11/16.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works by Judd, Kelly and Stella; through 11/9.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Recent pastels by Sean Kelly, sculpture by Donald Judd, and paintings by Nicola De Maria, Joan Mitchell, and Frederic Matys Thursz; through 11/1.

M B Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). Works by Andrade, Bayliss, Gusow, Hassell, others; through 10/19.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). "Guardians of the Sacred Word," featuring Tibetan manuscript covers for Indian Buddhist texts created from the 12th to the 15th century; through 10/19.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Abstraction Across America, 1934–1946," with works by Albers, Diller, Greene, Morris, Scarlett, Shaw, Von Wiegand, others; through 11/9.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ah!—494 Broadway (334-4947). A collaborative installation by Karl Jensen, Herakliusz Lubomirski and Alfonso Paredes; through 11/1.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Sculpture-based installations by six emerging British artists; through 10/26.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "A Strategy Hinted At," with neo-Conceptual works by eight artists; through 10/26.

DevenGolden—16 Mercer St. (334-3124). Inaugural exhibition features works by Figarella, Levine, Mitchell, and Obuck; though 10/26.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Shape of Sound," an interactive presentation from visual artists and ambient sound musicians; through 10/19.

Harwood—304 Mulberry St. (343-1503). Filmboxes by Joel Schlemowitz, paintings by Steven Kraitchman and John Mendlesohn; through 10/26.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Haitian steel drum sculptures and paintings; through 11/2.

Lehmann Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). "Moving Structures," with works by Artschwager, Dunham, Delvoye, and Oursler in this new space designed by Rem Koolhaas; through 11/9.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Landscapes by the self-taught artists Minnie Evans, Louis Monza, and Alfredus Williams; through 10/26.

Space 504—670 Broadway (473-0505). Paintings by reconstructivist artists Fanny Sanin, Helen Soreff, Li-Trincere, Rebecca Alston and Barbara Bentinck; through 10/27.

Spot—71 Vandam St. (727-3378). Doris Bittar, Mariam Ishaque, and Fatimah Tuggar explore the colonial past of annexed countries such as Jamaica and India; through 10/19.

Other

Intar —420 W. 42nd St. (695-6134). Works by U.S.-based Dominican artists Hochi Asiatico, Raquel Paiewonsky, Julia Santos Solomon, and Dario Suro; through 10/26.

Lehman College—Bedford Park Blvd. West and Goulden Ave., Bronx (718-960-8731), Tues.–Sat. 10–4. Works on the theme of domestic life by Brower, Cortes, Driscoll, Hoke, Pribich, Tremel, others; through 10/29.

St. Marks Position—20 St. Marks Place (475-1644). Installations by Apfelbaum, Carstens, Dikeou, Knafo; through 10/26.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "What I Did on My Summer Vacation," an exhibition of photographs taken with disposable cameras by critics, curators, artists, and gallery owners that will be raffled off to benefit White Columns on October 18; through 10/20.

Photography

Baldacci—521 W. 23rd St. (633-1317). Photographs from the contemporary photography journal *Blind Spot;* 10/1–26.

Christopher Bucklow—Figure-shaped works that incorporate approximately 25,000 images of the sun achieved by the use of a large, multiple aperture pinhole camera; through 10/26. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Robert Capa—A exhibition of his Spanish Civil War photographs celebrating the publication of the book *Robert Capa: Photographs* (Aperture; $50); through 10/18. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Four decades (1935–1975) of scenic photos and portraits taken in the U.S.; through 11/2. Equitable, 787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818).

Philip-Lorca diCorcia/Harry Callahan—Color photographs that record the everyday working lives of people in urban environments/His photographs of telephone wires taken between 1950–1976 that depict simple black lines on an empty white background. Through 10/19. PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Michael Eastman—Photographs taken in Prague, Granada, Bologna, and other European cities between 1992 and 1996; through 10/19. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Joan Fontcuberta—Photographs using motifs and images from Miro, Dali, and Picasso to imitate their paintings; through 10/26. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St., 752-1223.

Gibson—568 Broadway (925-1192). Photographs by James Carpenter, William Childress, Leandro Katz, Bill Lundberg, and Janet Rifkin; through 11/2.

Nan Goldin—Photographs of children taken from 1976–1996; to run concurrently with her Whitney retrospective; 10/3–10/21. Matthew Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Reunions: The Lost Children of Rwanda"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "Chim: The Photographs of David Seymour." The first full-scale retrospective of works by this photojournalist who was a founder of Magnum Photos; through 11/3. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Portraits, New York Views, and Science Photographs From the Permanent Collection"; through 11/3. . . . "Brian Weil: In Memoriam." Images from Weil's series on the Hasidic Jews of Williamsburg, Brooklyn; the Miami Police Department; professional boxers and wrestlers, and the worldwide AIDS epidemic; through 11/3.

Larry Keenan—Photographs of mid-sixties Haight-Ashbury, including portraits of Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsberg, and others; through 11/5. Great Modern Pictures, 48 E. 82nd St. (242-2581).

Martin Koeniges—Portraits of Willem de Kooning taken in East Hampton; through 10/19. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Mary Ellen Mark—A retrospective held as part of the School of Visual Arts's masters series; 10/1–11/1. Visual Arts Museum, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2144).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Photographs of the naked human body by Arbus, Bellocq, Brandt, Callahan, Mapplethorpe, Weston, others; urban abstraction from the seventies by Baltz, Bishop, Metzker, Mudford; through 10/26.

Richard Misrach—Selections from the artist's ongoing "Desert Cantos" project, at Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200), through 10/5, and at Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223), through 11/2.

Pierre Molinier—Fetishistic photographs, collages, and photomontages by the influential French gender performance artist who began photographing himself in the fifties, and in the sixties created an obsessive photographic documentation of his private "male lesbian" fantasies. At Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444), through 10/22, and at Wooster Gardens & Brent Sikkema, 558 Broadway (941-6210), through 11/9.

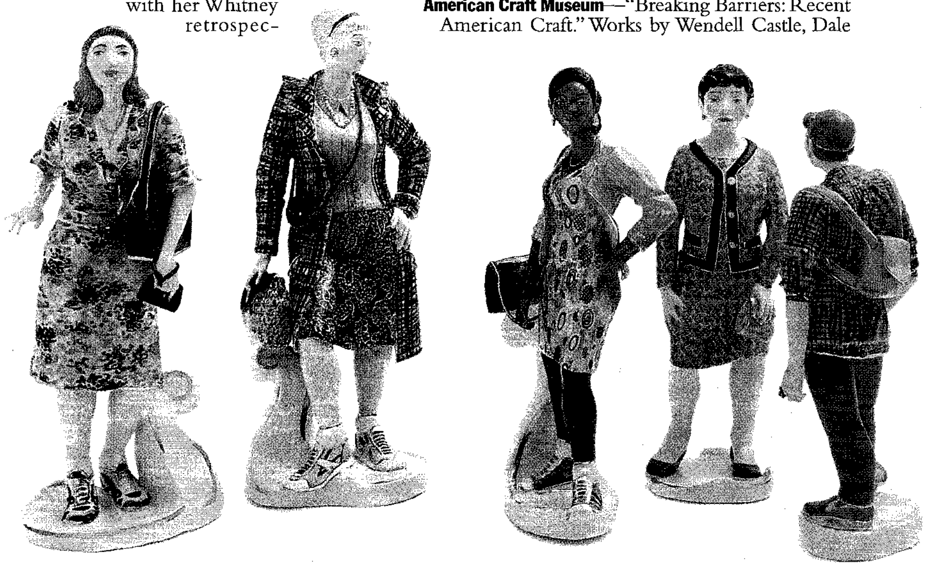
Miguel Rio Branco—"Out of Nowhere," photographs from Brazil's Santa Rosa Boxing Academy; through 11/5. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Iwao Yamawaki—Vintage photographs by this Bauhaus photographer; 10/2-11/6. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Media Mind—Les Levine: A Recent Survey." A survey of the artist's projects since 1989; through 11/2. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale



On View **In her latest installation, *Quotidian,* Ann Agee celebrates the ordinary (and art's ability to transform it) with her own handmade wallpaper—painted facsimiles of cheap fabric *and labels of household products*—and these delicate, Staffordshire-esque porcelain figurines of contemporary women. At Yoshii Gallery, 20 West 57th Street; through November 2.**

Photograph courtesy of Yoshii Gallery.

Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—“Okavongo: Africa’s Last Eden.” Large-format color photographs taken in the Okavango Delta of Botswana, Africa, by wildlife photographer Frans Lanting; through 1/5/97. . . . “Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885).” Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist/naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. . . . “Witness: Endangered Species of North America.” Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—“Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions.” A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Queens Museum of Art and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; 10/4–1/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—“Bronx Spaces”; through 10/13. . . . “Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martinez Celaya and Alberto Rey”; through 10/13. . . . “Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference”; through 10/13. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—“Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey.” Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America, or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19. . . . “Alison Saar: The Woods Within.” An installation of fifteen totemic sculptures; through 10/13. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—“Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture.” Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tue. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3. $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—“Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*.” An installation of a street-like environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . “Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983”; through 6/29. . . . “Fred Sandback: Sculpture”; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Drawing Center—“Selections Fall 96,” with drawings by Ignasi Aballi, Ginny Bishton, Caryl Davis, and Laurie Reid; through 10/19. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–6, Wed. 10–8, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—“The Liberated Print: The Portfolio in Puerto Rican Graphics”; through 1/12. . . . “Adál: Out of Focus Nuyoricans.” A series of twenty computer-generated portraits created by the Puerto Rican artist Adál in 1995–96, and an accompanying poem by the poet/playwright Reverendo Pedro Pietri; through 10/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—“Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions.” A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Queens Museum of Art; 10/5–12/23. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—“Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup.” The first retrospective of the Swiss artist’s work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—“Mediascape.” Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 10/27. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—“Louis Kahn Drawings: Travel Sketches and Synagogue Projects.” A survey of the architect’s drawings and models for synagogues; through 12/15. . . . “From Court Jews to to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power.” The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19. . . . “The Illegal Camera: Photography in the Netherlands During the German Occupation, 1940–1945”; through 12/1. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—“Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot.” A selection of prints by this French photographer who made studies of the Forest of Fontainebleau in the late 1850s and early 1860s in close association with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and other painters of the Barbizon school; 10/8–1/12. “Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt”; 10/8–2/2. . . . “Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas”; 10/3–3/30. . . . “Artists for Victory.” A commemoration of the historic juried exhibition of contemporary art, “Artists for Victory,” held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1942–43”; through 1/12. . . . “Two by Two.” An exhibition comparing men’s and women’s clothing from 1700 to the present; through 11/17. . . . “The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored.” An exhibition that complements the museum’s recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l’oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . “Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art”; through 10/6. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—“A Place for Us: Vernacular Architecture in American Folk Art”; through 1/5. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—“Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper.” The first American exhibition of the drawings of the writer, critic, film actor, stage director, and poet includes approximately 70 works dating from 1937 to 1948 and a small selection of photographs, first editions, and letters; 10/3–1/7. . . . “Projects: Pieter Laurens Mol”; through 11/12. . . . “Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*”; through 10/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—“Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries.” Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum’s collection; through 1/12/97. . . . “Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York”; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—“Asher Brown Durand: An Exhibition in Honor of the 200th Anniversary of His Birth”; through 10/6. . . . “Collection Update 1995: Recent Acquisitions”; through 10/6. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—“alt.youth.media.” An exhibition of zines, Web sites, CD-ROMS, and audio, video, and print projects by young media artists speaking out on youth culture; through 11/5. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists and seniors; free for visitors under 21.

New York Public Library—“The Romance of the Stone: Lithography, 1796–1825”; through 1/11. . . . “Drawings by Charles Addams”; through 1/25. . . . “Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996”; through 10/19. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—“Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up.” A retrospective of works by the designer; 10/2–1/5. . . . “Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933”; through 11/24. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—“A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher”; through 1/5. . . . “Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library”; through 1/5. . . . “Seeking the ‘Splendid Misery’: Presidential Races from Washington to Truman”; through 1/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—“Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions.” An survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Thailand, the Philippines, South Korea, and Indonesia organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; 10/4–1/5. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—“In the Spirit of Resistance: African-American Modernists and the Mexican Muralist School.” An exhibition focusing on the influence of the Mexican muralists and printmakers of the Taller de Gráfica Popular on African-American artists from the thirties through the fifties; 10/3–12/1. . . . “The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden”; through 10/27. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—“Nan Goldin: ‘I’ll Be Your Mirror.’ ” The first retrospective of works by this photographer known for her gritty images of the sexual and cultural urban underground of the past two decades; 10/3–1/5. . . . “NYNY: City of Ambition.” Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27. . . . “An American Story.” Works from the museum’s permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . “Collection in Context: Breuer’s Whitney—An Anniversary Exhibition”; through 12/8. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie’s—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 10/3 at at 10 and 2: “Photographs.” On view from 9/28. 10/4 at 10: “Old Master Paintings.” On view from 9/28. 10/4 and 10/5 at 10 and 2: “Fine and Rare Wines.” On view from 9/28. 10/8 at 6 and 10/9 at 10: “Byron Reed Collection of Important American Coins and Manuscripts.” On view from 10/5.

Christie’s East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 10/2 at 10: “Old Master Paintings, Drawings, and Frames.” On view from 9/28. 10/8 at 10 and 2: “Books From the Estate of Harry A. Levinson.” On view from 9/5.

Sotheby’s—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/2 at 10:15 and 2: “Photographs.” On view from 9/27. 10/3 at 10:15 and 2: “Old Master Paintings.” On view from 9/28.

theater

Lillian Hellman...Sage Cage Rampage

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Sex and Longing—A new comedy by Christopher Durang, starring Sigourney Weaver as a woman who attempts to assuage the melancholy sense of displacement that is the abiding, inescapable burden of sad humanity by trying to have sex every fifteen minutes. Did that sentence end up the way you were expecting? $25–$45; a limited number of $15 student rush tickets will go on sale two hours before each peformance. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/10 opening. *Cort, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 15 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public earlier this year? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chimère—A few blocks from the original site of P. T. Barnum's American Museum, to which a very different tradition of animal act traces its roots, Zingaro, the French "equestrian theater" troupe, has arrived. The group, which uses horses as the focus of a meeting between circus techniques and dramatic performance, is making its American debut under the auspices of BAM with its latest production, a dreamlike evocation of Indian equestrian culture. $60. 10/2, 10/4–5, 10/7–9, 10/11–13; $75 10/15, 10/16, 10/18–20, 10/22, 10/23, 10/25–27. At *Battery Park City;* call *307-4100* for tickets, *718-636-4100* for information.

The Cocoanuts —In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, having successfully dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and given the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years, has recently moved it uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited differ-

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Talent Mamet Man

When he was working as an apprentice actor with Chicago's fabled Second City improvisational-comedy troupe in the early seventies, recalls David Rasche, there was frequently visible from the stage a waiter in the club's dining area who invariably introduced himself to people with the same phrase: *Hi, my name's David Mamet. I write plays.* That particular quondam food-service provider, you may note, rarely has to identify himself in so many words these days. The same is increasingly true of Rasche, who—after an association with Mamet ranging from the original (1974) production of *Sexual Perversity in Chicago,* the playwright's first produced script, to last season's acclaimed *No One Will Be Immune* at the Ensemble Studio Theatre—is right up there with Joe Mantegna as a contender for the title of Definitive Interpreter of his staccato, pointillist rhythms. He's currently engaged in advancing that reputation with the title role in *Edmond,* Mamet's dark 1982 fable about a meek urban Everyman—named, suggestively, after the conservative eighteenth-century political theorist Edmond Burke—who wanders into the urban nightmare *nekyia* of Times Square to find, as it were, more things than were dreamt of in his philosophy. (The production opens Tuesday at the Atlantic Theater Company, Mamet's New York home base.) Mamet's own reputation, of course, is usually based on the realism of his gritty-proletarian urban speech (translation: People say *fucking* a lot), but Rasche prefers to emphasize what he calls its more "existential" dimension—the attempt to "help us understand what it means to be a human being." It's not the first time, it would appear, that questions of appropriate interpretation have risen in connection with the writer. "We used to hang out," says Rasche, "after shows in Chicago—we'd shoot pool a lot—and David would say to me, 'Rasche, if I was as good as you, I'd be *better* than you.' " Pause. "I *still* don't know what that was supposed to mean."

RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

ence from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 through 10/7; Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 thereafter. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393). 2 hrs.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Sheena Easton as Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hughie—Eugene O'Neill began his life in a seedy hotel at Broadway and 43rd; a few blocks up the street, Al Pacino is currently inhabiting the seedy hotel in which that life drew (metaphorically) to an end. This moody chamber piece about a self-deluding small-time hustler—the playwright's next-to-final Broadway production, staged posthumously in 1964—now runs, following considerable critical acclaim and a second extension, through 11/2. $55; a limited number of seats are avilable to the general public beginning at 10 on the day of performance for $20. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Circle in the Square, 50th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (239-6200). 1 hr. 10 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

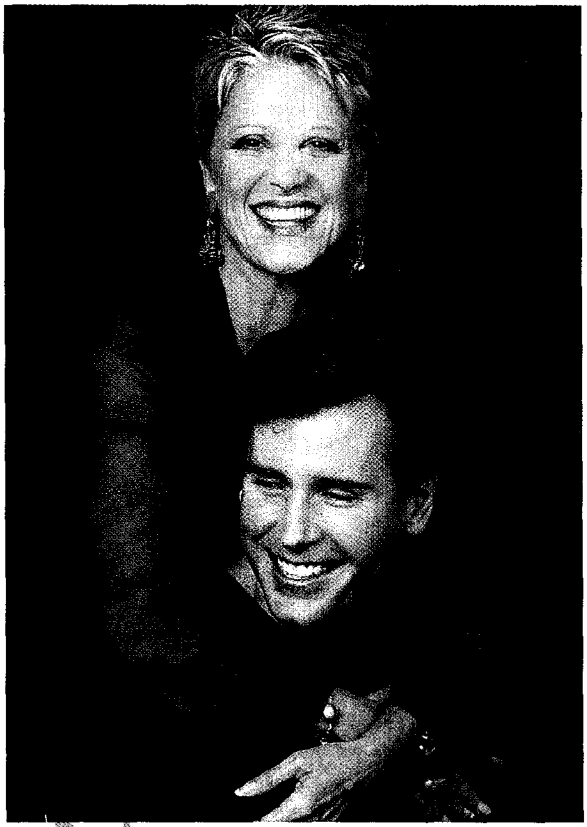
Skylight—New York last saw that fine playwright David Hare in December, when Lincoln Center's short-lived production of *Racing Demon*, a drama about the current crisis of faith in the Church of England, seems to have proved somewhat too parochially British for American audiences. They shouldn't have that problem with this less polemical, more inward drama focusing on the reunion, after three years, of a wealthy restaurateur and a schoolteacher, discussing a love affair that may or may not have run its course. Don't miss the American stage debut of Michael Gambon, known to TV audiences here from Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective* and the more recent PBS show *Maigret*—and to Sir Ralph Richardson simply as "the Great Gambon." $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Summer and Smoke—You can't describe the unvarying spiritual assailants of any Tennessee Williams heroine more succinctly than with the old Anglican phrase "the world, the flesh, and the devil." In this play from his productive middle period, Mary McDonnell plays repressed spinster Alma Winemiller, while Harry Hamlin—his days on *L.A. Law* were no doubt a great help here—performs all three of the above roles more or less simultaneously. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 10/20. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband

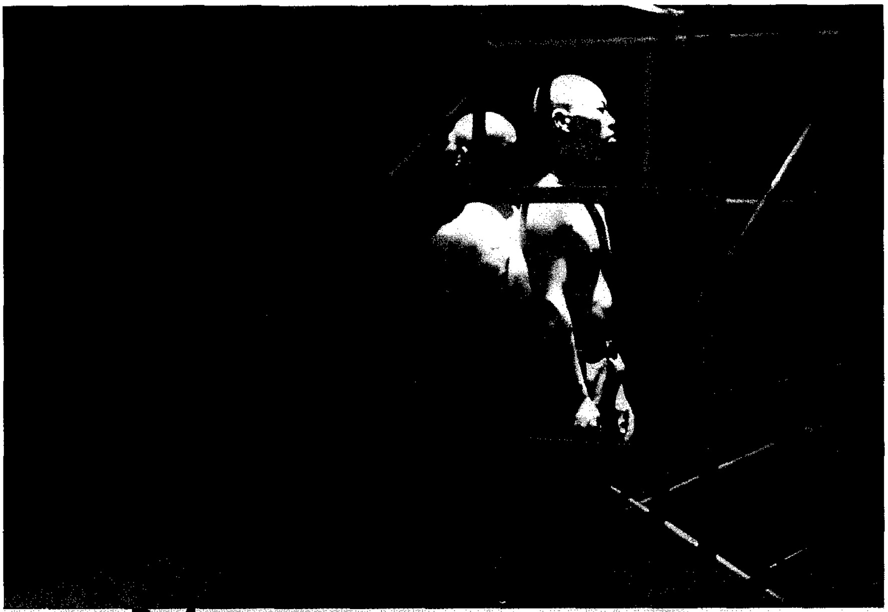


Previews

Here Be Dragons

With last season's 'Master Class,' Terrence McNally kicked off what appears to be a continuing theatrical vogue for female monstres sacrés. *The newest entry in that particular sweepstakes is 'Cakewalk,' a personal reminiscence by playwright Peter Feibleman of former inamorata Lillian Hellman, featuring Linda Lavin (TV's Alice, above with Michael Knight) as the old scrapper herself. Beginning previews October 11 at the Variety Arts, 110 Third Avenue (239-6200).*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



Performance

Behind the Bar

From Nabokov's *Lolita* to Kafka's *The Hunger Artist*, numerous literary masterpieces have sprung from the seminal image of a pair of eyes peering through the bars of a cage. The Japanese experimental theater company OM2 brings that trope to literal life with its interactive performance *The Cage #2—Nocturnal Architecture*, in which audience members are placed in large mobile cages manipulated by the cast. At the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street (255-5793).

Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Cakewalk—$40-$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun., at 3. Beginning previews 10/5 for a 10/20 opening. *Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

Edmond—A revival of David Mamet's dark 1982 fable about a contemporary urban Everyman. $32. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opening 10/1; through 10/27. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Fit to Be Tied—Farceur Nicky Silver, who's been more than a little successful channeling Noël Coward—we just mean artistically, of course; don't let him suggest otherwise—follows up last season's *The Food Chain* with a new vehicle for the dizzying Silver wit. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. In previews for a 10/15 opening; through 11/3. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say *propitious* time. $25 through 10/7, $35 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. Opening 10/7. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Lady Strass—Cuban-born playwright Eduardo Manet's play about a Belize madwoman who, holding a pair of unwary adventurers at gunpoint, casts them as various figures in her personal *recherche du temps perdu.* $25; students/seniors, $15/TDF. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/2; through 10/20. *Ubu Repertory Theater, 15 W. 28th St. (679-7562).*

Late Night Catechism—$25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (239-4200).*

Missing/Kissing—A double bill of new short comedies by John Patrick Shanley. $33 Tues.–Thurs., $35 Fri.– Sun. Beginning previews 10/2 for a 10/17 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Political Animal—H. L. Mencken never minded paying income tax; dollar for dollar, he liked to say, democracy was the best entertainment value going. Writer/performer Douglas McGrath—who's just finished adapting and directing the Gwyneth Paltrow film *Emma*—takes that proposition to heart with this one-man election-year comedy about a more than usually feckless aspirant to the nation's highest office. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/7; through 11/17. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

The Cage #2—Nocturnal Architecture—$15. 10/5, 10/6, 10/9–13 at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).*

Two Bourgeois Blacks—Clifford Mason's comedy about the ups and downs attendant upon the May-December marriage of a middle-class black couple. With Mr. Mason and Perri Gaffney. $15–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 10/2. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (598-0400).*

The Vagina Monologues—$15–$18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Beginning performances 10/3 for a 10/16 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Now Playing

900 Oneonta—Morphine addiction, child abuse, alcoholism, and psychosis are just a few of the subjects touched upon in this story, which carries on the Southern Gothic tradition at its most lurid, about a dying paterfamilias who wishes to put his family through hell before going there himself. (Jon Cryer stars, Burl Ives apparently not having been available.) $12. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Circle Repertory Theater, 632 Broadway (505-6010).*

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700)*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the past 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $40-45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

City Water Tunnel #3—The city of Rome was renowned throughout antiquity for the greatness of its civic aqueducts, but did its dramatists ever make them the subject of a play? Leave that to New Yorkers, and to this multidisciplinary theater piece about New York City's third water tunnel, begun in 1970—the largest nondefense public-works project in the Western Hemisphere. $12/TDF. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 1. Through 10/6. *HERE Peformance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (989-6830).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Disappearing Act—A musical celebration of the urban gay lifestyle. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Full Gallop—Following its successful run at Manhattan Theatre Club last fall, Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show about *Vogue*'s Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented both contemporary fashion and—to hear her disciples tell it—the col-

Photograph by Yasushi Yaginuma.

or red, is back on Off Broadway for a return engagement. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Opening

Occupation: Nun

***Late Nite Catechism*, a new comedy in the *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You* genre, features Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a *magisterium* of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. Opening Thursday at St. Luke's Church, 308 West 46th Street (279-4200).**

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Matty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, written and performed by Eddie Frierson. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway at 76th Street (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Radio Gals—A comic musical about an Arkansas music teacher who, in defense of freedom of the airwaves, the First Amendment, and other American stuff, defies the big broadcasting boys by operating a radio station out of her living room. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's avant-garde classic, presented by the Valiant Theatre Company in its first major New York revival since opening on Broadway in 1961. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat, Sun. at 3. Through 10/20. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

The Sleeping Hippo—The story of a *Jules and Jim*–style romantic triangle in—well, where every other masterpiece of Western culture is being imagined these days, too—the East Village. $25/TDF. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (715-1808).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

View of the Dome—An election-year drama about an idealistic young attorney's introduction to the no-sissies-allowed world of Washington power politics. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Off-Off Broadway

3 in Synchronicity—$12/TDF. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/13. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (925-8645).*

Beyond Therapy—The New York Actors Alliance's third–annual production of Christopher Durang's comedy about a pair of New Yorkers whose earnest efforts at romance run into the brick wall of their respective, and less-than-encouraging, psychoanalysts. $12, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 10/26. Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. at Charles (330-7607).

Cedar Creek—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 10/4; through 10/20. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (802-8383).*

Cloud Nine—$12. Fri.–Mon. at 8. Through 10/7. *Third Eye Repertory, 22 W. 34th St. (501-2420).*

Death in a Landslide—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; beginning performances 10/3. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (726-8142).*

Delusions of Grandeur—$12–$15. 10/2–10/5, 10/10–10/12 at 8; 10/5, 10/12 at 2. *Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. (252-0814).*

The Diviners—$10. 9/25–29, 10/2–6 at 8. Through 10/6. *Stella Adler Conservatory, 419 Lafayette St.*

Eddie Izzard—In the fifties, Graham Greene noted that one of his countrymen's most irritating habits was—as he put it—mistaking jollity for humor. Eddie Izzard, one of England's hottest "alternative" comedians currently making his New York debut, just might be able to convince you otherwise. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 10/20. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Godspell—Steven Schwartz's musical-comedy retelling of the Gospel of St. Matthew. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 10/20. *Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

The Packwood Papers—A documentary-style theatrical performance based on the papers, and the sexual peccadillos described therein, of the deposed senator from Oregon. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

Pig—$20; Thurs., pay what you can. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/12. *29th Street Repertory, 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Richard III—Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 10/20. *Theatre at West–Park Church, 165 W. 86th St. (496-4543).*

Risky Revolutionary—$25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 10/6. *Castillo Theatre, 500 Greenwich St., 2nd Floor (941-1234).*

Senseless—$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/27. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (627-7292).*

Splendid—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/20. *Common Basis Theater, 750 Eighth Ave. (340-1112).*

Sun Flower—$15. Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 9, Sun. at 3. *Homegrown Theatre, 2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Tabula Rasa—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3; extra performances 10/6 at 7 and 10/12 at 3. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre , 354 W. 45th St. (592-1885).*

To Moscow—$15. Thurs.–Sat.at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/27. *One Dream, 232 W. Broadway (219-2085).*

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—Thirty *extremely* brief plays performed in 60 minutes. Admission prices are randomly determined by adding $4 to the roll of a single six-sided die. Fri. and Sat. at midnight. *Nada, 167 Ludlow St. (330-8087).*

The Vicar's Wife—A one-man show, written and performed by Dave Mowers, about a gay New York man who wanders into an Episcopal church and finds the spirit moving where it listeth—in this case, toward a serious infatuation with a particularly hunky clergyman. $15. 10/3–5, 10/10–12 at 8; 10/6 at 6. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (604-4222).*

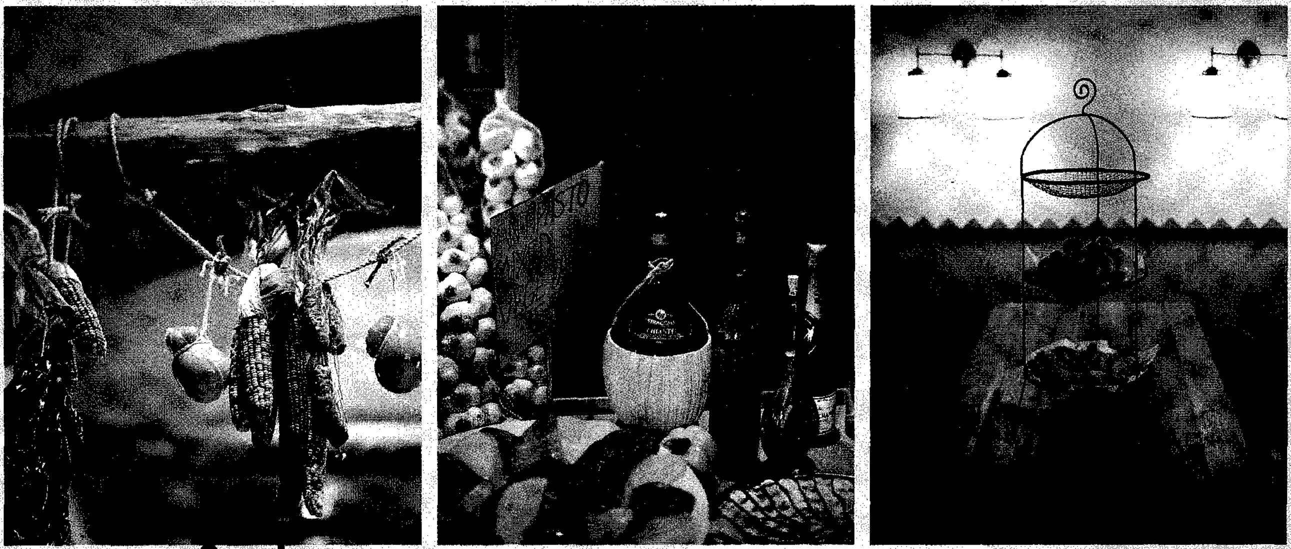
Whiplash—$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 10. Through 10/27. *One Great Jones, Great Jones St. at Broadway (460-8649).*

Work=Pain=Success—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/26. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place (539-3099).*

Photograph by Eric Antoniov.

restaurants

Southwestern Snacks...Paella Variations



Opening
Hot and Crostino

Il Crostino, a rustic new wine-and-food bar, is a more casual outpost of da Vittorio around the corner. Customize your antipasto platter or panini sandwich, or sample the large entrée salads, roasted meat and potatoes, and two dozen wines by the glass. (260 Park Avenue South, near 21st Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

***Following each listing there is also a code indicating* acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.**

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Béla—A former kitchen-supplies store has been converted into this new eclectic American bistro with dark wood paneling, lofty ceilings, and a bustling bar. Smokers have a lounge all to themselves, and the menu, with such disparate selections as keema pizza and chicken tortillas with pumpkin-seed pesto, has a decidedly global bent. *316 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (475-0550). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Shopping

Scary Monstera

Overcome your fear of the monstera delizioso, a seemingly possessed tropical fruit that sheds its scaly skin as it ripens. Concealed behind the pine-cone-on-steroids exterior is creamy flesh redolent of pineapple and mango. At Balducci's through October.

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tre Pomodori—Host Tom makes everyone feel at home in this casual trattoria, which is well situated for movie crowds. Sample house specials like grilled veal chop with Barolo wine and shiitake mushrooms, and ravioli with butter and sage. *210 E. 34th St. (545-7266). (I–M) ($).*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht-club-like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Aquamarine—A trailblazer on the Hudson waterfront, this new restaurant plays up its exceptional location with a sculpture garden, a river walk, sunset views, and patio dining. The American menu features curry-dusted Chilean bass with mashed potatoes, and black-pepper-glazed pork chop with a potato crisp. *Hudson River and 26th St. (243-9500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lola—A lively front-room bar leads to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. The kitchen focuses on seafood with a variety of global influences. Try the Szechuan peppercorn-seared halibut, citrus-glazed tuna, and the house's renowned fried chicken. There's live music Wednesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Sundays. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Artos—The centerpiece of this fanciful Mediterranean restaurant, designed by Adam Tihany, is the massive hearth oven, used to bake a variety of fresh crusty breads. Sample Greek classics like baked lamb with orzo, moussaka, spanakopita, and grilled octopus and calamari. *307 E. 53rd St. (838-0007). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Fifties-theme diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Valentino—Enjoy your meal of veal scallopine with grappa raisins, or the whole roasted fish of the day, at this formal Northern Italian midtowner, and then lounge about at the cigar and grappa bar. Dine outside while you still can. *330 E. 56th St. (355-0001). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. Try his caramelized thyme-onion tart, roasted monkfish with cumin-eggplant caviar, and lavender-scented crème brûlée. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

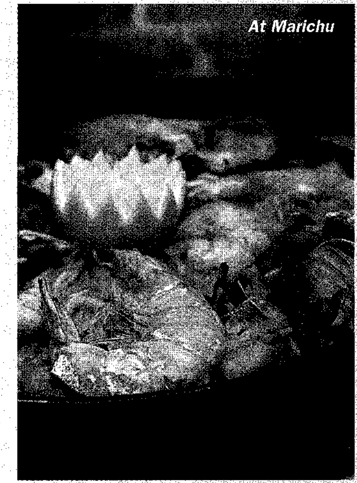
Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner. Jackets required. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a

Restaurants Against the Grain

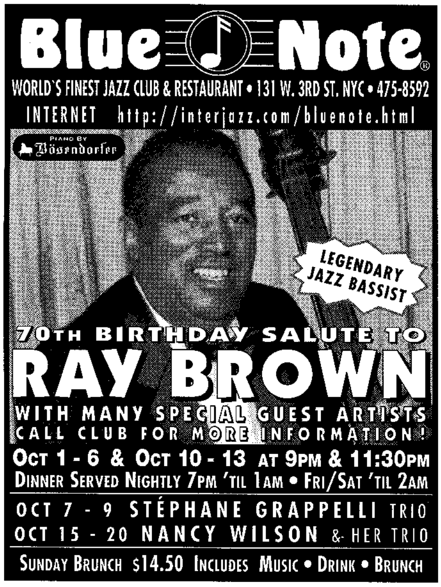
With the continuing Mediterraneanization of the American diet, Spain's renowned regional dish, paella, has gone mainstream. The one-pot saffron-rice-shellfish-and-chorizo concoction has long been served in Iberian standbys like Malaga and El Quijote. Lately, alternative versions of the hearty, rib-sticking standard have been materializing in the kitchens of not necessarily Spanish chefs around town. But whatever's been lost in exotic allure has been gained in creative interpretation. Perhaps most unexpected is the wide-spread—and widely sanctioned—use of Uncle Ben's.

ROBIN RAISFELD


At Marichu

RESTAURANT	PAELLA PRODUCTION
DELPHINI, 519 Columbus Avenue, at 85th Street	Black squid-ink, with calamari, baby octopus, mussels, sweet peas, and Spanish rice. *Wednesday only.*
MARICHU, 342 East 46th Street	Exclusively seafood, based on a rich fish broth of monkfish bones, shrimp shells, and open clams, with saffron, monkfish, squid, and jumbo Louisiana prawns.
BOLO, 23 East 22nd Street	Pasta paella, with uncooked vermicelli or orzo, squid, snails, shrimp, and peppers. *Special only.*
BAR ANISE, 1022 Third Avenue, near 61st Street	Curried lobster paella, with basmati rice, coconut-milk curry, chorizo, squid, chickpeas, mussels, and clams.
PICHOLINE, 35 West 64th Street	Classic Valencian, with lobster, shrimp, mussels, Manila clams, squid, chorizo, arborio rice, and an almond aïoli. *Friday only.*
MATTHEW'S, 1030 Third Avenue, at 61st Street	Spicy shrimp, with fava beans and Manila clams, sweet peppers, saffron, and short-grain rice.
SPARTINA, 355 Greenwich Street	Paella mariscos, with green beans, white beans, baby artichokes, roasted monkfish, shrimp, clams, mussels, leeks, red pepper, and onion.
CENDRILLON, 45 Mercer Street	Black-rice paella, with crab, shrimp, Manila clams, scallops, green Thai coconut curry, long beans, Chinese eggplant, and upo (a bottle-shaped gourd).
BLUE RIBBON, 97 Sullivan Street	"Paella Royale," with long-grain white rice, chicken, homemade sausage, clams, mussels, calamari, crawfish or scallops in the shell, lobster, Louisiana head-on shrimp, and salmon.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.



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Object of Desire

Tortillas, Flat

At his new, downmarket Mesa City, Bobby Flay, the maestro of downtown's Mesa Grill and Bolo, reveals populist leanings on a menu of quesadillas—baked in a pizza oven with such nontraditional fillings as red-chili lamb and smoked salmon. (1059 Third Avenue, near 62nd Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meltemi—This East Side Greek restaurant, cheerfully decorated in nautical colors with an Aegean mural, specializes in the kind of fresh charcoal-grilled whole fish that needs little more seasoning than olive oil, lemon juice, and herbs. *905 First Ave., at 51st St. (355-4040). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The menu, half steakhouse-American and half Chinese, features such diverse selections as surf-and-turf and litchi-tea-smoked duck with sesame cakes. Live jazz nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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- Gael Greene, NYM
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Brunch, Lunch, Dinner
Cigar Bar • Al Fresco Dining
330 East 56th St 355-0001

THE SALVATION ARMY
SHARING IS CARING

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner, or tea, and the contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

in concert

Billings's 250th...Ballet Ullate...Trisha Brown

Performance
Taking a Bow

Violinist Maxim Vengerov, all of 22, arrives with Stradivarius under chin at Carnegie Hall on October 6, performing with the Berlin Philharmonic in a rare New York appearance. Maestro Claudio Abbado will lead Vengerov, cellist Clemens Hagen, and the orchestra in Brahms's Concerto in A Minor and Symphony No. 4 in E Minor.

Classical Music

Tuesday, October 1

Eugenia Zukerman, Flutist—Performs the first in a series of concerts on the theme "Angels and Other Inspirations: Baroque Composers and Their Muses." *Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (930-0571), at 6; $8.50.*

New York Philharmonic—With pianist Helen Huang, performs works by Mendelssohn and Schumann; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$65.*

Wednesday, October 2

Absolute Ensemble—Performs works by Bloch, Stravinsky, and Tamberg. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $15.*

New York Festival of Song—"Dove Sta Amore," with soprano Cyndia Sieden and baritone Rodney Gilfry. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

Thursday, October 3

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Gala opening for Carnegie Hall's 106th season, an all-Brahms program with pianist Peter Serkin; Claudio Abbado, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; $30–$150.*

Bargemusic—Works by Debussy, Franck, and Ravel. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—With violinist Glenn Dicterow, performs works by Hanson, Barber, and Dvořák; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Washington Square Contemporary Music Society—The Pro Arte String Quartet performs works by Shapey, Bond, and Bartók. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; $10.*

Friday, October 4

MSM Gala Benefit Concert—The Manhattan Chamber Sinfonia performs with violinist/violist Pinchas Zukerman, soprano Lauren Flanigan, and pianist John Lewis. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 7; $25–$55.*

Scharoun Ensemble—An integral part of the Berlin Philharmonic, this ensemble performs works by Mozart, Henze, and Schubert. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 8; $18.*

Juilliard Symphony—Performs works by Rossini, Schnittke, and Brahms; Joel Smirnoff, conductor. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/3.

Saturday, October 5

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—An all-Brahms program with violinist Itzhak Perlman; Claudio Abbado, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30–$150.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/3.

Sunday, October 6

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Hartmann and Mahler, with soprano Deborah Voigt and mezzo-soprano Nancy Maultsby; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $18–$45.*

Bargemusic—See 10/3, at 4.

Music Before 1800—Paris-based Capriccio Stravagante performs Monteverdi's *Il combattimento de Tancredi e Clorinde. Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. (666-9266), at 4; $18.*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—An all-Brahms program; Claudio Abbado, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; $30–$150.*

Monday, October 7

William Appling Singers & Orchestra—Celebrating the 250th birthday of William Billings, America's first great composer. *Christ & St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (969-0783), at 8; $10.*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—An all-Brahms program with pianist Maurizio Pollini; Claudio Abbado, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; $30–$150.*

Juilliard String Quartet—Perform the world premiere of Diamond's *Concerto for String Quartet*; Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15.*

Ground Rules:
This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*, 9/30 at 6:30, 10/3 at 8; Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, 10/1 at 8, 10/4 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata*, 10/2 at 8, 10/5 at 8; Giordano's *Fedora*, 10/5 at 1:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

New York City Opera—Gilbert & Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*, 10/1 at 8, 10/5 at 8; Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*, 10/3 at 8; Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, 10/4 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 10/5 at 1:30; Verdi's *Falstaff*, 10/6 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

Amato Opera—Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. 10/5 at 7:30, 10/6 at 2:30. *Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Trisha Brown Company—The company celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary at BAM's Next Wave Festival with the world premiere of *Twelve Ton Rose*. 10/1 at 7, 10/2 to 10/5 at 8, 10/6 at 3. *BAM, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $15–$50.*

The Next Step—Second annual gala benefit for Career Transition for Dancers, hosted by Chita Rivera, and featuring performances by members of the NYCB, Philadanco, and others. 10/7 at 6. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (581-7043); $100–$500.*

Peter Pucci Plus Dancers—World premieres of two dances: *Fire*, based on Greek myths, and *Down in Front*, inspired by the audience. 10/1 to 10/5 at 8, 10/6 at 7:30, 10/5 and 10/6 at 2. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $26.*

Ballet Ullate—Spanish dancing, mixing contemporary choreography with classical ballet, led by Victor Ullate. 10/1 at 7:30, 10/2 to 10/4 at 8, 10/5 at 2 and 8, 10/6 at 2 and 7. *City Center, W. 55th St. bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (581-1212); $25–$45.*

Photograph by Thomas Müller.

nightlife

Joe Williams...Upright Citizens Brigade

Talent

Barn Burner

Junior Brown (Wetlands, October 6) is by turns a suave country crooner and a savage guitarist. When he wails on his double-necked "Guit-steel," the Texas showman is a mixture of Dick Dale, Ernest Tubb, and Jimi Hendrix, often ending sets with a raging, eight-minute surf medley that must be heard to be believed.

Concerts

An All-Star Tribute to Oscar Peterson—The flashy and erudite Canadian jazz pianist collects kudos and trades fours with Shirley Horn, Herb Ellis, Roy Hargrove, Milt Jackson, Stanley Turrentine, and a host of other well-wishers on 10/1 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $60.*

"First Annual Gay/Lesbian American Music Awards"—Nominees include Melissa Etheridge, k. d. lang, and that noted crooner Harvey Fierstein, none of whom are scheduled to perform. Instead, there will be performances by Betty, Ferron, Catie Curtis, Jeff Krassner, Men Out Loud, Romanovsky & Phillips, and the Lavender Light Black and People of All Colors Lesbian and Gay Gospel Choir. *Webster Hall, 125 East 11th St. (592-4455). $25–$75.*

"German Music Night"—Performances by Jura Margulis, Koh Gabriel Kamada, Wolfgang and Florian Dauner, and others officially kick off the oddly titled Freiburg International Tent Music Festival, a citywide, weeklong multidisciplinary showcase of German talent. 10/2 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, Lexington Avenue at 68th St. (772-4448).*

"Jazz Beats Breast Cancer"—Sponsored by Jazz Cares, this benefit for Harlem Hospital and the National Alliance of Breast Cancer Organizations features performances from the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Kenny Barron, JoAnne Brackeen, Roy Hargrove, Jon Faddis, James Carter, and others. 10/8 at 7:30 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (721-6500). $36–$75.*

Dave Matthews Band; Soul Coughing—Two groove-minded rock bands, the first geared to neo-hippy boogie and instrumental workouts, the second to post-Beat prosody and transporting noise collage. Despite their nearly contrary cultural allegiances, Matthews's frat-rockish outfit and New York's downtown art-funkists probably both visited a studio for the first time only to get more gigs. Live, they should show some serious muscle. 10/3–10/4 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171). $28.50.*

"Music of Armenia"—10/4 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $18.*

Houston Person and Etta Jones—The smoothed-out tenor-saxophonist and the bluesy jazz singer. 10/4 at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M. *Jazz Cafe at Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Boulevard, Flushing (718-463-7700). $20.*

"Radical Jewish Culture"—Curated by downtown composer, avant saxophonist, and klezmer ace John Zorn, this two-day festival combines music, dance, and film in an exploration of the edgier side of Jewish heritage. 10/1: John Schott's "In These Great Times," with John Schott, John Horton Murray, Trevor Dunn, and Kenny Wolleson. Shows at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $17.50.*

"Sitar Music of North India"—With Kartik Seshardi and Swapan Chaudhuri. Sponsored by the World Music Institute. 10/5 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $18.*

The Specials—The prime movers in England's ska-driven "two-tone" movement some eighteen years ago, the Specials have recently reemerged with an underinspired, cover-filled comeback record. Still, if anyone can pull out genuine ranking, cranking, and skanking good vibes live, they can. With Schleprock. 10/8 at 8 P.M. *Webster Hall. $18.*

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 10/1: Eric Andersen; Annie Gallup. 10/2: The Nields. 10/3: Acoustic Alchemy. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 10/1: Kittywinder. 10/3: Jad Fair. 10/4: Ass Ponys. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 10/4: Sleepyhead. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 10/5: Onetime Hendrix collaborator Buddy Miles. Every Sunday, it's the Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Door NYC." Mondays are given to the jungle D.J. salon "Konkrete Jungle." 10/1: The luridly theatrical live hip-hop band New Kingdom; Red Aunts. 10/8: Dee Dee Ramone's I.C.L.C.; Sisters Grimm. 10/9: San Francisco's trashy, sexy girl glam-rockers Stone Fox. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful low-lifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 10/2: Sun Ra Intergalactic Lounge with Ram Umbus. 10/5: Bluebeats; Metro Stylee; Ska Jazz Ensemble. 10/7: D.J. Spooky. 10/9: Sun Ra Intergalactic Lounge with Amiri Baraka. Every Tuesday, it's the electro-funk rotating-D.J. showcase party, Analog. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Thursdays, it's the freewheeling, gender-ob-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

fuscating confab Beavher. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 10/2: Martin Sexton. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. 10/2: The Tragically Hip. 10/3: Tracy Bonham. 10/4: The Greyboy AllStars. 10/5: The Connells. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 10/1–10/5: The acerbic, outrageous, and very funny performance artist Eric Bogosian presents his latest rant, "Wake Up and Smell the Coffee." 10/6: Japan's dark, grinding, somberly impressionistic noise-rock combo Zeni Geva. 10/7: Neo-Sonic Ensemble. 10/8: Marty Ehrlich and Tim Berne; Bobby Previte's Weather Clear Track Fast. 10/9: San Francisco's indie-rock champs J Church. Monday nights, the hard-grooving organ trio Medeski, Martin, and Wood holds forth. *74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. 10/3: Ronnie Earl. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 10/3: Scrawl. 10/5: Helium; Syrup. 10/8: Erstwhile *Beatlemania* member, Nashville country-music curator, and new-wave popster Marshall Crenshaw plays songs from his delightful new record, *Miracle of Science*, testimony to the enduring qualities of great hooksmanship, regardless of the idiom or decade. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 10/2: Connecticut's indie-rock survivors Miracle Legion present their new *Portrait of a Damaged*, which, they say, was written in a Rhode Island winter rental. Family. 10/4: Scrawl. 10/5: John Lurie and the Lounge Lizards. 10/7: Marshall Crenshaw; Amy Rigby. 10/9: Dave Alvin; Dan Zanes. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

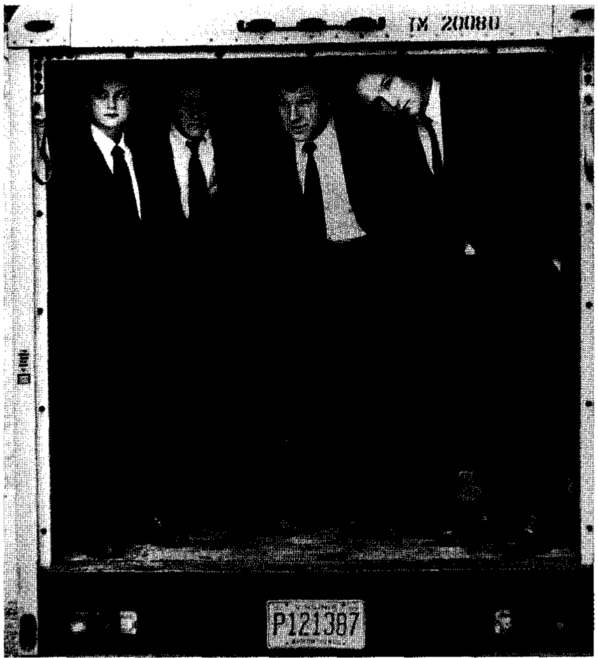
Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 10/3: Joi Cardwell. 10/4: Reuben Wilson. 10/5: Star Samba. 10/7: Ray Barretto. 10/9: Flora Purim and Airto Moreira. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 10/2: Willy DeVille and the Mink DeVille Big Band. 10/3: Majek Fashek and the Prisoners of Conscience. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 10/3: Straight from Beijing, the highly acclaimed Chinese all-girl band Cobra plays one of the last of its stateside gigs before returning home. 10/4: Ska outfits Let's Go Bowling and Bim Skala Bim play with the grungey jump-blues outfit Cherry Poppin' Daddies. 10/6: Junior Brown. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Performance
Cabal of the Surreal



Before the word *Kaczynski* was household, Matt Besser donned a sketch-perfect Unabomber outfit and went to the post office to mail a package. The videotaped result—quite rewarding by itself—provided just one in a series of nonstop, giddily surreal moments that the sketch-comedy team The Upright Citizens Brigade exploded (lovingly) in its audience's faces. Trained in the tradition of Chicago's renowned Second City, Besser, Amy Poehler, Ian Roberts, and Matt Walsh are virtuosos in the extended form of sketch-comedy—inexplicably named the "Harold"—wherein several seemingly unrelated gags end up intertwining. Their new "Punch Your Friend in the Face" (Tuesdays; West Bank Cafe) includes such bits as a tragically anachronistic Lady of the Lake—who, lost from King Arthur's Camelot, arises from a college-campus fountain and develops a crush on a frat boy—and a videotaped "Cyborg Dating Service," in which a not-quite-right man says he's "looking for an ideal companion, someone I can lift above my head and run with for 100 yards." The show becomes truly spellbinding when such plot strands merge into a dizzying alternate reality—one that occasionally threatens to overtake real life. Besser remembers one gag that drafted audience members to form a mob of torch-wielding protesters that would spill out onto the street. "Two squad cars pulled up," he says. "And this guy in our group just committed to the bit, calling them 'pigs,' swearing at them. He got taken away in handcuffs, screaming, 'Fight the power!' It was beautiful." **CHRIS NORRIS**

Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 10/1–10/6 and 10/5–10/6: Super Bass with Christian McBride and John Clayton Jr. 10/7–10/9: Stephane Grappelli Trio. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years old, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt Fat Tuesday's. 10/1–10/6: Ahmad Jamal Trio. 10/8–10/13: Abbey Lincoln. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 10/9–10/12: Pianist Joanne Brackeen and bassist Cecil McBee. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Match—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang grabs some *gravitas* on Monday nights, when vocalist Laurel Watson holds forth. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. 10/4–10/5: Peter Zak Quartet. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 10/1–10/6: Greg Osby No'Tet. 10/8–10/13: Cecil Brooks III with Muse/Landmark All-Stars, featuring Don Braden, Russell Gunn, Darryl Grant, and Lonnie Plaxico. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—On his new *Cocktails With Joey,* L.A. upright-bassist Joey Altruda essays the all-too-familiar shtick of bachelor-pad cocktail jazz with an almost frightening level of reverence. The arrangements give not the slightest nod to any sensibility post–Les Baxter and Ennio Morricone, and though he may not be Henry Mancini, Altruda commands his swinging big band with consummate skill, more than approximating the glam Latinate vibes of the *Breakfast at Tiffany's* era and even featuring "Pink Panther Theme" studio saxophonist Plas Johnson on a cut. If lounge you must, Altruda's is the place to do it. He plays 10/1–10/6. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 10/1–10/6: Javon Jackson Quartet. 10/8–10/13: Ray Drummond Quintet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 10/2–10/5: Jack Walrath Quintet. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Through 10/5: Pianist Mulgrew Miller and bassist Richie Goods. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch A Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 10/6: Lenny Varnedoe; Quentin Higgs; Joe Mulligan; Matt Burke; John Rizzo; Brian McFadden. 10/7–10/13: Rick Scotti; Gregory Carey; Brian McFadden; Rich Ramirez; Joe Mulligan; Jim Norton. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 10/4–10/5: Mitch Fatel; D.C. Benny; Frank Vignola; Dave Anthony. Shows Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 9:30 and midnight. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 10/3–10/5: Billy Jaye; Linda Smith; Susie Essman; Keith Robinson; William Stephenson. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Westbank Cafe—The Upright Citizens Brigade present their new show, *Punch Your Friend in the Face.* The Chicago-bred group is bringing a new, young surrealist energy to the highly esteemed Second City comedy tradition, beginning its run here 10/1; shows Tues. at 8. *407 W. 42nd St. (695-6909).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 10/12: Paula West. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Talent

High-End Blues

The great big-band dramatist Joe Williams—once Count Basie's "Number One Son"—throws an unusually intimate affair, singing with a jazz quartet in Rainbow & Stars's sixty-fifth-floor cabaret room October 1–26.

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 10/12: pianist Peter Mintun. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 10/12: the great Barbara Cook, singing the songs of Oscar Hammerstein II. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—One of the more unusual pairings in the cabaret world, the mother-and-daughter team of Betty Johnson and Lydia Gray is reprising its successful engagement here last fall with a new show of pop and Broadway standards running through 10/26. There's also dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings from 10 to 12:30, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $15; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 1. No cover, no minimum. *156 Seventh Ave., bet. 19th and 20th Sts. (255-1955).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Eighty-Eight's—Various performers nightly. $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocks the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Le Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cover; no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $25 cover, plus a two-drink minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—The polished, smooth-as-silk stylist Joe Williams, whose longtime reputation as one of the favorite singers of such luminaries of the jazz firmament as Coleman Hawkins, Lionel Hampton, and Count Basie precedes him, is currently making his debut performance at this increasingly prominent venue. Through 10/26. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sullivan's—Broadway's newest retro-fifties snuggery is being kicked off with sounds appropriate to the pose. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Mark Thompson plays piano; on Wednesdays, he's joined by the other two members of the Mark Thompson Trio. Thurs.: The Danny Mixon Trio. Fri.: "Stuff," featuring Gordon Edwards and friends. And Fridays are given over to a revolving assortment of R&B talent. The whole scene is under the supervision of *Late Show* musical director (and restaurant co-owner) Paul Shaffer; conveniently enough, he only has to run down a flight of stairs or two in the Ed Sullivan Theater to be on it. No cover; there's a two-drink minimum on Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway at 53rd St., in the Ed Sullivan Theater (541-1697).*

Windows on the World—At the recently opened (and somewhat immodestly named, frankly—but, hey, this is New *York*) Greatest Bar On Earth, pianists Xavier Davis and Greg McKenzie can be found on hand seven days a week; a small combo is added to the mix Thursday through Saturday. This week, Bryan Miller and the Pinballs play zydeco tunes Thurs. and Fri.; Rhythm Nation fills in on Sat. No music charge Sun.–Wed.; Thurs.–Sat., $10 per person after 9. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Photograph by Frank Micelotta.

the mix

Scaasi . . . Davis . . . The Devil

John Leonard's Television Notes

Einstein Revealed ("Nova," 10/1; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), narrated by F. Murray Abraham, with Andrew Sachs impersonating the godfather of relativity, is a provocative mix of heavy science and salacious gossip; of the physics of time, space, light, and matter in clever computer animation and the lowdown dirt—from letters and diaries—on his draft-dodging, his out-of-wedlock daughter, his affair with his wife's cousin Elsa, and (gasp) his socialism. All this, plus Nazis and a Nobel Prize.

The People Next Door (10/1; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) wastes Faye Dunaway as the possessive grandmother of single-mother Nicollette Sheridan's three needy daughters, two of whom are kidnapped by her next-door neighbors, crazy Michael O'Keefe and lugubrious Tracey Ellis. My attention may have wandered, but it seemed to me that the police wouldn't help Nicollette until she stopped smoking and built a treehouse.

Profiler (Saturdays; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) stars the nervously talented Ally Walker as a forensic psychologist who can, with "gruesome intimacy," read the minds of high-profile serial killers; Robert Davi as her Violent Crimes Task Force mentor, who talks her out of retirement after one of those killers wastes her husband; Julian McMahon as the tough cop who'll probably fall in love with her; and Erica Gimpel as her conceptual-artist roommate and babysitter, not to mention special effects so arty and lurid you'd think aliens were about to park their saucer in satanic Atlanta. But supervising producer Cynthia Saunders and co–executive producer Nancy Miller can write up a metaphorical firestorm, and if you are waiting for Chris Carter's *Millennium* to satisfy your need for apocalyptic mind-readers, you may be missing the better series program.

Her Desperate Choice (10/6; 8 to 10 P.M.; Lifetime) allows Faith Ford, from *Murphy Brown*, to be unfunny and even, in the last half-hour, unblond. To save her daughter from the courts, foster care, and a sexually abusive father, Faith goes underground all over the country, always a truckstop ahead of a private eye, till she meets veterinarian Kyle Secor, from *Homicide*, whose kindly attentions slow down her flight response, after which platoons of F.B.I. arrive with so many guns, you'd think she were Waco. It's nice to see two major networks bond on cable.

The Assassination File (10/6; 9 to 11 P.M.; Encore) asks us to believe that pouty Sherilyn Fenn somehow graduated from *Twin Peaks* to the F.B.I., from which she was cashiered after failing to protect the life of Paul Winfield, the first African-American nominee of a major party for the U.S. presidency, whereupon she changed her name, became an art teacher, and fell in love with college professor Tom Verica, only to become a fugitive from a conspiracy at the highest levels of the military-industrial-entertainment complex when—well, you know—secret governments, white supremacists, car bombs, computer enhancements . . . It's not bad.

Abduction of Innocence (10/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) is rough teenybopper Katie Wright, who is kidnapped and held for ransom by an ex-boyfriend (Lochlyn Munro) and his subverbal buddy (Dean Paras), who then claim she made it all up on her own, like Tawana Brawley, which her rich father (Dirk Benedict) actually believes, although her supportive mother (Lucie Arnaz) doesn't. So we spend a lot of predictable time in court.

Mr. Justice Brennan (10/7; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) celebrates the associate justice who may have been the last great liberal on the Supreme Court, with accounts of his decision-making on affirmative action, civil rights and abortion rights, freedom of the press and flag-burning, plus surprisingly unbuttoned interviews with many of his colleagues, including a mumbly Ruth Bader Ginsburg and, of course, that Count Dracula of sound bites Antonin Scalia. Ike, by

Cue

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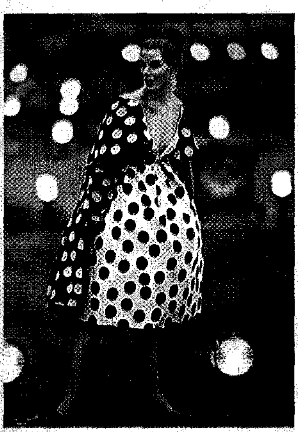

Tribute

Swell Dresser

Exuberance is the common denominator of the clothes designed by Arnold Scaasi, which are about to enjoy a double celebration: a lavish exhibition, "Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up!" at the New York Historical Society (October 2–January 5, 1997), and the publication of *Scaasi: A Cut Above,* in which a text by the fashion columnist Bernadine Morris accompanies scads of color photos showing the rich and famous or merely drop-dead gorgeous wearing these ebullient party duds. Scaasi is no purist of cut or tailoring; he's a celebrator. "I am anti-minimalism," he declares proudly. "I love color, I love sequins, I love feathers, I adore flowers," he goes on, stating the obvious. These elements are fabulously worked in his garments, along with playful, striking appliqués and embroidery, lining and layering. Pointing out a particularly feisty extravaganza, he explains, "You couldn't possibly be serious in this dress. You *had* to have a good time." No wonder he recalls the sixties so fondly—the lavishness, the gaiety, the frivolity. "It was fun getting dressed then. I want today's young people to see that." Born 65 years ago in Canada, Arnold Martin Isaacs (he spelled the surname backwards for his label) studied in Montreal and Paris, served as apprentice to the renegade genius couturier Charles James, moved into ready-to-wear, and ended up catering to celebrities ranging from First Ladies through socialites to performers of mythic reputation (Elizabeth Taylor, Barbra Streisand). These clients, whose job is self-display, are perfectly matched with Scaasi creations. Both exclaim "Look at me!" and amply reward the looker. TOBI TOBIAS

Photographs courtesy of the New York Historical Society.

the way, thought Brennan was his second-biggest mistake, the first being Earl Warren.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—10/1: Beethoven's *The Ruins of Athens*, Opus 113: Overture, and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 in d, Opus 30. 10/2: Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*, Opus 8: No. 4, Violin Concerto in f, *Winter*, and Brahms's Symphony No. 3 in F, Opus 90. 10/3: Puccini's *Le Villi*: Prelude, and Schubert's Symphony No. 9 in C, D 944, *Great*. 10/4: Berlioz's Waverly Overture, Opus 2, and Franck's Symphony in d. 10/7: Bruch's *Die Lorely* Overture and Dvorák's Cello Concerto in b, Opus 104. 10/8: Haydn's Symphony No. 22 in E flat, *Philosopher*, and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Opus 19. 10/9: Borodin's Symphony No. 3 in a and Saint-Saens's Piano Concerto No. 5 in F, Opus 103. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

On the Line—10/2: Richard Dooling. 10/3: Andrew Ferguson. 10/7: Howard Phillips. With Brian Lehrer. Weekdays at 10 A.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

City Folk—10/2: Tracy Chapman's songwriting career. 10/8: A young generation of talent featuring Sarah MacLachlan, David Gray, Dar Williams, the Nields, Alison Krauss, the Wallflowers, Jeff Buckley, and Katell Keineg. Weekdays 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Mile Failte: Irish Gaelic Language and Culture—10/5 at 8 A.M.: Eoghan O Gramhna (Father O' Growney), who wrote a series of "Simple Lessons in Irish" that became little Bibles for the early enthusiasts learning Irish, was born on October 10, 1863. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

New York & Company—9/30: Diana Sara Kerry on *Whatever Happened to Baby Peggy;* Penelope Lively on her novel *Heat Wave*. 10/1: David Beers on his memoir *Blue Sky Dream;* Paul Theroux on *My Other Life*. 10/2: Catherine Denueve and Daniel Auteuil on their roles in the movie *Les Voleurs;* Dom DeLuise on *King Bob's New Clothes;* Robert Harris and Jim Katz on the restored version of *Vertigo*. 10/3: Journalist John Hess on current events. Leonard Lopate hosts. Weekdays at noon. WNYC, 820 AM.

Italian Sinfonia—10/6 at 6: Documentary filmmaker Will Parrinello visits to discuss his PBS documentary, *Little Italy*. Through a series of interviews with Italian Americans throughout the country, Parrinello sets out to discover the identity and history of Italians in the U.S. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—10/5 at 1: Sullivan's *The Yeoman of the Guard*. With Alwyn Mellor, Neil Archer, Richard Stuart, Felicity Palmer, and the Welsh Opera Chorus. Sir Charles Mackerras conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—10/6 at 8: Thomas's *Hamlet*. With Joan Sutherland, Sherrill Milnes, James Morris, and the Chorus of the Welsh National Opera. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recordings

Miles to Go

The gorgeously produced, six-CD box 'Miles Davis & Gil Evans: The Complete Columbia Studio Recordings' is only the first installment in Columbia's monumental series on the trumpet giant. Seven more are due before the year 2001.

The Written Word

Paul Theroux—10/1 at 7:30: Reading from *My Other Life*. Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar—10/1 at 6: Reads from *Profiles in Black Courage: A Legacy of African American Achievement*. Grand Lobby of the Brooklyn Public Library at Grand Army Plaza; free.

Readings at Rizzoli—10/1: Phil Borges will give a slide presentation on his new book *Tibetan Portraits: The Power of Compassion*. 10/2: Thulani Davis will read from her new novel *Maker of Saints*. 10/3: Junot Diaz will read from *Drown*. All readings at 6:30. Rizzoli Bookstore SoHo, 454 Broadway, bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (674-1616); free.

Dr. Joycelyn Elders—10/7 at 7:30: Reading from *Joycelyn Elders, M.D.: From Sharecropper's Daughter to Surgeon General of the United States of America*. Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Joan Didion and Brian Moore—10/7 at 8: Unterberg Poetry Center/92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Christopher Seymour—10/6 at 7: Reads from *Yakuza Diary*. KGB, 85 E. 4th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (460-0982); free.

Lectures and Panels

Jonathan Kozol—10/1 at 8:15: 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Andrea Dworkin—10/2 at 6: Talks about "Date Rape, Sexual Harassment, and Equality: Why Care?" Schimmel Lobby, Level C, One Pace Plaza (entrance on Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts.). For more information, call 346-1642; free.

It's a Mystery—10/3 at 8:15: With S. J. Rozan, Stuart Kaminsky, Marissa Piesman, David Rosenbaum, Roger Simon, and Rabbi Joseph Telushkin. 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Lesley Stahl—10/3 at 8: Moderated by Charlie Rose. 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Barbara Walters—10/6 at 8: 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Dave Barry—10/6 at 7: Pulitzer Prize–winner and syndicated columnist Dave Barry will share his perspective on topics ranging from camp counseling to cyberspace. Proceeds benefit the New York City Mission's Society's Camps Minisink and Green Acres in Dover Plains, N.Y. Baruch College Auditorium, 17 Lexington Ave., at 23rd St. (674-3500); $25, $30 at the door.

Eleanor Roosevelt's Legacy—10/6 at 1: With Blanche Wiesen Cook. The New York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Lynn Margulis—10/7 at 8:15: 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Leonard Hayflick—10/7 at 6: Speaks on "Longevity and Aging in the 21st Century." The New School, 66 W. 12th St., Rm. 510 (229-5488); $8.

Andrew Young—10/8 at 8:15: Moderated by Alan Brinkley. 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Tours

Immigrant New York—10/2 at 1: A multiethnic walking tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa, to see the contributions made by immigrants of yesterday and today. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Downtown Skyscraper Evolution—10/3 at 1: Walk through the dense canyons of Manhattan's tip and nine decades in the evolution of the skyscraper. Discover the enormous technological, social, and economic forces that led to these skyscrapers' design and construction. Municipal Art Society tour leader: John Kriskicz, architectural historian. Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall Street. Call 935-3960 for further information. $10, $8 MAS members.

Greenwich Village—10/4 at 1: A walking tour of New York's legendary home to artists, writers, and radicals, with a special emphasis on the history and architecture of the area. Stops will include the Jefferson Market Courthouse, Washington Square Park's "Hanging Elm," and St. Luke-in-the-Fields Chapel. Meet at the Washington Square Arch, located in Washington Square Park. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Millionaire's Mile: The Upper East Side—10/4 at 12:30: Explore one of New York's most handsome and exclusive landmark districts, with its private clubs, palatial houses, and prestigious cultural institutions. Municipal Art Society tour leader: Matt Postal, architectural historian. Meet at General Sherman Statue, 59th St. and Fifth Avenue. Call 935-3960 for further information. $10, $8 MAS members.

Radical New York—10/5 at 2:30: The tour visits many "points of freedom and destiny" in Greenwich Village, the East Village, and NoHo: the Triangle fire; the only New York building by Louis Sullivan; the bloomerite hangout of the 1850s; the Astor Place riots; where Walt Whit-

Photograph by Vern Smith.

man wrote poetry; the Civil War draft riots; the Grand Central Hotel and its tragic end; and many more. The tour starts at the Peace Building, 339 Lafayette St. (at Lafayette and Bleecker Sts.). For more information, call 718-264-3021. A voluntary contribution is requested.

Romantic Greenwich Village—10/5 and 10/6 at 12:30: A historic walking tour of the Village that highlights its winding streets, enchanted intimacy, unique architecture, and those spots on and off the beaten path that make it a romance lover's paradise. For meeting site and reservations please call 465-3331; $12

Inside TriBeCa—10/6 at 1: A walking tour of the rarely seen interiors of some of historic TriBeCa's unique loft spaces and roof gardens. Fourteen lofts are included, but you can choose your own route and see as many as you want. The tour is organized by the Friends of Duane Park, a local nonprofit civic group dedicated to improve and maintain the City's oldest park. Discounts for dinner at selected local restaurants will be available to loft tour participants on the day of the tour. Starting point: Duane Park, corner of Duane and Hudson Sts. (227-5843); $25. No children please.

The Flatiron District—10/7 at 12:30: This tour covers a district of great historical and architectural interest, and includes first-class examples of Beaux-Arts and Art Deco design. Also covered is the statuary in Madison Square Park, New York City's greatest outdoor museum. Municipal Art Society tour leader: Francis Morrone, architectural historian. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the beginning of Fifth Avenue. Call 935-3960 for further information. $10, $8 MAS members.

Events

20th Century Design Show—10/3 to 10/6: The show will feature 40 dealers displaying the best in modern design, including decorative arts from Art Nouveau, the Arts and Crafts period, Bauhaus, Art Deco, fifties, Futurism, Jugendstil, Machine Age, Modernism, Pop art, and Op art. The dealers' specialties include furniture, textiles, decorative objects and accessories, books, jewelry, lighting, fine art, prints, and industrial design. The show will open with a preview to benefit the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund on 10/3 from 6 to 9 P.M. Beverly Sills and Wilbur Ross are the honorary co-chairs for the event, which will honor Mrs. Avery Fisher. Tickets for the preview range from $50 to $250 and can be purchased by calling 721-7577. 10/4 and 10/5 from noon to 6, and 10/6 from noon to 5 (946-9411); $10 Friday, $5 Saturday and Sunday.

Twenty-fourth Annual Performing Arts Bazaar—10/6 from 10:30 A.M. to 4 P.M.: An opportunity for theater and film buffs, dance fans, music lovers, autograph collectors, and curious shoppers to choose from thousands of books, records, posters, photographs, and many additional items. All to benefit the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts. The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Plaza (both the Lincoln Plaza entrance and the one at Amsterdam Avenue and 65th Street will be open; 870-1670); $5.

Online

Penn Jillette—The larger and louder half of the Penn & Teller duo, writer of New York *Times* op-ed pieces, star of Broadway, television, and the screen, Jillette talks about his experiences as a social anthropologist on Planet Internet and the upcoming Cool Site of the Year Awards. On both CompuServe and Pathfinder (*http://pathfinder.com/people/interactive/chat.html*): 9/30 at 9 P.M.

Antique Dolls for Sale?—Donna Caonis, editor of *Antique Doll World*, discusses how to identify antique dolls, the investment potential, limited-edition dolls, and the importance of condition. On CompuServe in the Antique Forum: 9/30 at 9 P.M.

From Iowa to Deep Space—Terry Farrell, whose showbiz career started after she won Miss Photogenic in the Miss Teenage Iowa Pageant at age 16, portrays the leopard-spotted Jadzia Dax (a 300-year-old sluglike being with the exterior of a beautiful young Iowan) on *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. She also appears in *Reasons of the Heart*, airing October 2 on the USA Network. On Prodigy: 9/30 at 9 P.M.

In Print *The Devil: A Visual Guide to the Demonic, Evil, Scurrilous, and Bad* **(Chronicle, $18.95) is Genevieve and Tom Morgan's sumptuously produced catalogue of damnation and its myths, out in plenty of time to help prepare you for Devil's Day, October 30.**

Photography Tips—Barrie Rokeach, author of *Timescapes* and *Kodak's Guide to Aerial Photography*, provides tips and techniques for aerial photography. On CompuServe in the Photography Forum: 9/30 at 9:30 P.M.

Jeff Foxworthy—Tune in for a behind-the-scenes event at the Jeff Foxworthy Show on Entertainment Tonight Online. The online audience will be encouraged to pose questions to Jeff Foxworthy, the cast, and key crew members. Live digital images will be uploaded during the taping. Log on to [*http://et.msn.com*] or go to the *Entertainment Tonight* area on the Microsoft Network: 10/1 at 8 P.M.

Judith Light—The actress, who played Angela in *Who's the Boss?* for years, stars in the upcoming CBS movie *Snakes & Ladders* with Christopher Reeve (in his first acting role since his accident last year). On Prodigy: 10/1 at 9 P.M.

Kevin Eubanks—Acclaimed jazz guitarist Kevin Eubanks shows his versatility on his latest recording, *Live at Bradley's*, due out October 15. The album includes a mix of standards by Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, and Kurt Weill, along with modern compositions and originals. On Prodigy: 10/2 at 10 P.M.

Faye Kellerman—The best-selling author of *Prayers for the Dead, The Ritual Bath, Sanctuary,* and other mysteries will discuss her converted Jewish detective, Peter Decker, and his Orthodox Jewish wife, Rina Lazarus. On America Online, in the Book Report area: 10/2 at 10 P.M.

Nada Surf—SonicNet Music presents an evening of chat with Elektra recording artists Nada Surf. The band has been touring the country relentlessly in support of its new album *High/Low*. Look for its controversial video "Popular" on MTV's *120 Minutes*. Chat with the band members in the SonicNet Music area on Prodigy: 10/3 at 7:30 P.M.

Fisher Stevens—He's the star of CBS's *Early Edition* series, who is known for his work in the films *Reversal of Fortune, The Flamingo Kid,* and *Short Circuit I* and *II*. He has also appeared on Broadway as the star of Neil Simon's *Brighton Beach Memoirs* and in Harvey Fierstein's Tony-award-winning play *Torch Song Trilogy*. On Prodigy: 10/4 at 9 P.M.

Find Your Destiny—Robert Camp is an author, teacher, and master astrologer. Through his work, Camp hopes to raise the conscious awareness of people around the world using the tools of astrology and the science of the cards—an ancient and secret method of determining people's personal destinies. See what he has to say about that new job or love interest. On Prodigy in the Astrology & New Age area: 10/5 at 10 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Children's Events

Onstage—Kids are invited to be thespian dwarves in an irreverent updated musical take on the classic called *The Snow White Show.* 10/5 at 1:30 and 4. The Children's Storybook Theatre at **Tribeca Performing Arts Center** at BMCC. 199 Chambers St. (346-8510). $12 for adults, $7 for children. Al E. Gator, **The Puppet Company**'s gregarious host, puts on a surprise birthday party for his co-host Tim Ed. Animated rubber balls and a shadow puppet celebrate, each in his or her own style. Opens 10/5. Weekends through April 20, 1997, at 1 and 3. 31 Union Square W. at 16th St. (741-1646); $7.50. Reservations required. *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*—with the bears annoyed by intrusive tourists—is at **Puppetworks** most weekends from 10/5 through the end of the year at 12:30 and 2:30. Call to confirm dates and reserve. 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., in Brooklyn (718-965-3391); $5 children, $7 adults.

Operatic—**The Metropolitan Opera Guild**'s *Recipe for Dreams,* a one-hour blend of arias, songs, sets, and costumes, is designed to give children ages 6 through 12 a sense of the mystery and beauty of opera. The program is the first of a three-part series that includes *Different Fields* (Dec. 14 at 1, Dec. 15 at 2 and 6:30) and *Gianni Schicchi* (March 1, 2, 9, and 15 at 2); season-ticket holders are also invited to a cast party and receive a home-activity book. *Recipe for Dreams* is on 10/5, 10/6, 10/12, and 10/13 at noon and 2. Clark Studio Theatre, Rose Building at Lincoln Center, seventh floor, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza, at 165 W. 65th St. (769-7008). Season memberships to the "Growing Up With Opera" series are $50; individual tickets to these performances are $15.

Shelter—During the Jewish Succot celebration, children of all backgrounds are invited to join in a shofar-making workshop (10/3 from 2 to 5). Twigs and other natural materials are used in *sukkah*-building of both life- and shoebox-size structures, symbols of the makeshift shelters the Jewish people used during decades spent wandering through the desert. 10/2 from 3 to 6, 10/3 from 2 to 5, and 10/4 from 2 to 5. **The Brooklyn Children's Museum,** 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400). Suggested donation is $3.

Parental Guidance—Independent School Day is an opportunity to one-stop-shop among 80 day schools (from 4 to 6 at Loyola School on E. 83rd St. bet. Park and Madison Aves.) and 90 boarding schools (from 4:30 to 6:30 at Wallace Hall on Park Ave. at 84th St.) and meet with representatives—including some parents—and kids. Panel discussions follow. For further details on the free events, call the **Parents League of New York,** which sponsors the event, at 737-7385. "Educators and Parents Working Together for the Learning Disabled Student," a workshop sponsored by the Churchill Center Parent Program, is given 10/2 at 8 at the **Dalton School,** 108 E. 89th St. Reservations required (772-7226); $20.●

Data
Small Fries

Licking the frosting from the wooden spoon used to simply go along with being a child, any child, the way apple-pie production was part and parcel of motherhood. Nowadays, though, a kid who thinks it's cool to toss pizza dough can, and frequently does, land parents whose culinary horizons stop this side of French toast. Fortunately, the foodies listed below are eager to pass on their skills and passions to the younger generation—along with some really scrumptious edibles.

BARBARA ENSOR

WHO RUNS IT	KIDS GET TO . . .	WHEN IT HAPPENS	WHAT IT COSTS
Vandewoude and Bermowitz **Tartine** **(718-336-4009)**	Stir chocolate mousse, pop poulet en croute de moutarde in the oven	Mondays at 4:30; four-session course	$30 per session
Jay Patraker **Union Square Greenmarket** **(477-3220)**	Tour farmers' market stands, collecting lore and tasty samples	Call to schedule	Free
Matthew DeMichele **Spa Cuisine** **(724-5631)**	Mix low-fat pumpkin cheesecake and other healthy seasonal fare	Second Saturday of the month at 10 A.M.	$45
Elizabeth Fassberg and others **Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts** **(410-4601)**	Dip caramel apples for Halloween, build gingerbread houses for Christmas	Occasional	$30 and up
Scott Barnett **Orleans** **(794-1509)**	Fire up Cajun popcorn, jambalaya, and other New Orleans specialties	Third Saturday of the month at 10 A.M.	$35
Lynn Kutner **Culinary Arts at The New School** **(255-4141)**	Knead bread dough; select toppings for hand-shaped pizzas	Occasional	$42

Illustration by David Bamundo.

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Assortments

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2 Opening Nights - Thur., Oct., 10th, The Ballroom at Lincoln Square Synagogue, 200 Amsterdam Ave., W. 69th St., starts 6:45pm. On Sat., Oct., 19th, at The Warwick Hotel, 54th St., 6th Ave., 9:00pm. Doors open 15 minutes before both shows. Please arrive early!

Tickets include show, refreshments, coat check, gratuities, mixer, music, & surprises. Price: $35 w/invite, $40 w/o. 2 tkts, $31.50 each. There's nothing else to buy. Add'l discounts; groups of 3+. Adv. tkt. sales highly recommended. For invites/sales call: 212.717.0579 M-F 10am-7:30pm. AMEX accepted.

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trictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $36.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for YM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders ccepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line *open for 4 weeks after issue date*** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To place n ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly ersonals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted t the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Ivy League Or Seven Sisters Woman—Sought. Single white male, 30s, 5'10", slim, attractive, very intelligent, cultured, well-educated (MBA, chemical engineering), raised in England, traveled the world. Both *artistic and scientific, curious,* A-Z interests, agnostic, gentle, caring, loyal, patient, tidy, sense of humor. Seeks 18-28, well-traveled, artistic and scientific, Ivy League agnostic, looking for a close, warm, possibly serious relationship. Honesty important. 2729 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark Scotsman, Very Handsome—Ex-model, magazine photographer, 41, looks 31, can act 21 and 12 in a pinch, lives to play all types of music (on different instruments), ski out west, play tennis, read, be intimate and live the good life which is *already here. Wants to meet* (this is the part where you come in) tall, very pretty potential wife (I forgot to get married), for a *relationship that* cherishes being easygoing yet mentally active; where humor is not an annoyance and dullness and apathy have been banished from the realm. If, in addition, you play or want to play an instrument yourself, call or write me that much faster. Photo/note/phone. 2778 ✉ ☎

Call Me Choosy...—But I know what I want. I'm a well-educated, classy, cultured and successful exec with great looks. Love books, travel and the arts. I seek the same in a man: an extremely successful, *balanced, kind, good-looking* Jewish Manhattanite, between 38-45. 2743 ✉ ☎

36, Jewish Female—*Beautiful,* extremely successful, smart, seeks a tall, good-looking, extremely successful, intelligent professional with good position. Photo and above requirements are musts. 2710 ✉

Handsome Executive—36-year-old, successful investment banker seeks a very attractive, athletic, 28-35-year-old woman. Your chosen field (JD, MD, etc.) does not matter - but you are successful and financially independent yet down-to-earth. You also are thoughtful, confident, stable, unselfish, trusting, trustworthy, Christian, a "true catch" and ready to lead a monogamous life with this 6', 180, strong (emotionally, financially and physically), *reliable, summer and winter sports* enthusiast (tennis, scuba, golf, bicycling, skiing, etc.). Our priorities are straightforward (happiness, great relationship, multi-interests and two careers) and we are ready for the magic to begin while we enjoy NYC, movies, concerts, weekends away and at home, dogs, the beach and sharpening our athletic skills. Only the genuine and happy woman who desires to be a friend, lover and devoted partner needs to send a note, phone and photo. I can't wait to hear from you! 2747 ✉

What's Wrong With This Picture?—We're both good-looking, passionate, witty, lead interesting lives. What we don't have is each other. Warm, caring woman seeks 50-plus mensch to complete the picture. 2734 ✉

Heavy Head, Deep Smile—Ivy man, 28, loose in the real world, fit and cute. Seeks unique NYC lady, 24-30, to share life of publishing, philosophy and laughing till tears come to your eyes. Financially secure. Send *note.* 2725 ✉

Beautiful And Classy—5'8", slender brunette, 32, warm, caring and giving, successful professional who enjoys sports, the arts, travel and laughter, seeks similar *in attractive, intelligent, professional,* single Jewish male, 30-40, who wants to share the joys of a lifetime together. *Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone.* 2781 ✉☎

She's The One!—Tall, slim, very pretty, with thick chestnut hair and a great smile. She's a terrific friend, which is why we're putting in this ad for her. Her lifestyle is deluxe - the best of NY and the Hamptons. She's a widow who will be an ideal match for a man over 50 who is emotionally and *financially* secure, kind, considerate and fun. Working and working out, tennis, theater, movies and bridge are some of the things she likes. Note/phone please. 2746 ✉

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Please Reply—If you are an eligible Jewish male doctor who wants to get married. 2695 ✉ ☎

Searching To Finish The Puzzle—Handsome, successful Jewish male, 29, 5'10", seeking a professional female, 25-35. *If you're looking for a sincere,* down-to-earth and humorous guy, please send note and photo. 2771 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Inside And Out—Single Jewish female, nonreligious, 43, professional, *athletic, feminine,* classy, down-to-earth - skier, music lover, outdoors, indoors and old movies. Seeks nonsmoking, good guy soul mate. 2756 ✉☎

Passionate Surgeon—Athletic, handsome, classy man, 5'10", funny, 42, seeks bright, caring woman under 37, tallish, for fun, family. Phone/photo for reply. 2757✉

Children/Marriage-Oriented—37, 170, 5'10", athletic, blond/blue, soft-spoken Irish/German gentleman, Midwestern values. Kids okay. Photo please. 2792 ✉ ☎

One Great Woman—Seeks one great man, 50s. Quality counts. NYC. 2770 ✉☎

Seeking Nice, Warm, Open Woman—*With good sense of humor, to fill void in* heart, arms and comfortable Manhattan home of similar man. You are intelligent, slender and pretty, and ideally also petite, elegant, outgoing, spirited and under about 50. In return, you get a tall, slim, reasonable, considerate, Wasp-born, successful Wall Street professional who is 66, and misses the sharing, giving and emotional enhancement that go with commitment to the right woman. I love travel, opera and other music, movies, books, tennis and bonding with you if I should be so lucky *as to find you.* Photo helpful. 2711 ✉

Green-Eyed, Auburn-Haired Lady—Attractive, bright, huggable ad exec, young 46 - loves theater, baseball, animals, sunny beaches, NYC. Seeks stable, sensitive professional male with humor and integrity, to share future. 2765 ✉

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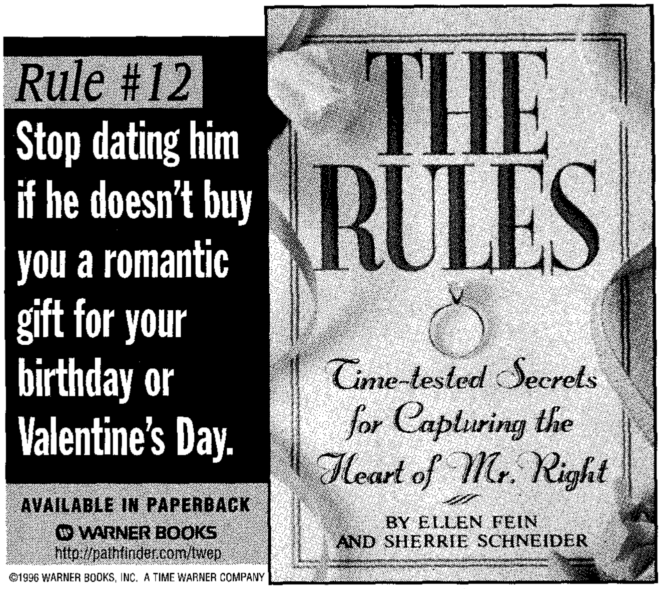
Strictly Personals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Coffee, Tea Or Me—This bright, beautiful music, gourmet food lover, seeks dynamic, romantic, handsome Jewish businessman, 38-46, for forever. Photo. 2685 ✉

Beautiful, Brilliant Blond—30-something, extraordinary and elegant woman of beauty, substance, style and humor, very tall, slender and fit, athletic, prep/Ivy-educated, an accomplished and very successful professional woman, at the top of her field. Seeking an honestly handsome, sophisticated, educated, athletic, healthy, extremely wealthy and usually wise (but never boring) professional man, over 6' and under 48, to rock her world. Note and photo a must, please. 2766 ✉

Upper East Sider With Downtown Spirit—Beautiful, blue-eyed, strawberry blond, professional, who is vivacious, slim and athletic, seeks handsome, accomplished, physically active partner, 38-45, for serious, fun-loving relationship. 2715 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Mensch—25, 5'9", handsome, mature, fun, Wall Street attorney, seeks attractive, sophisticated, wickedly funny, intelligent, warm Jewish female, 23-27, for romance, more. Photo. 2753 ✉

Life's Adventures Await You—With this upbeat, pretty, slim Jewish professional, strawberry blond, whose interests include film, theater, working out, travel, reading, tennis and golf. You are a successful man, 50s, who is ready to be my love, best friend and more! 2737 ✉ ☎

Enjoys Life, Laughter—And new opportunities - likes to be challenged. Fun-loving, affectionate, genuine, people person, great friend. Outdoorsy, articulate, attractive, single white female, 35. Very casual, easygoing. Avid skier, Giants ticket-holder. Likes volleyball, tennis, music. Seeks fit/energetic, athletic, professional, single/divorced white male, 29-39. 2733 ✉ ☎

Spanish-Speaking Only—For friendship and companionship. I am a widow in early 60s. Note, photo and telephone. POB 1552, Grand Central Station, NYC 10163

Beautiful Blond—Elegant, energetic, slim professional, 35, seeks well-established, handsome and athletic gentleman, 35 plus, for lasting romance. Photo a must. 2714 ✉

"Cielito Lindo"—23, Italian-American professional, dark hair, blue eyes, attractive, slender, happy - enjoys dancing, traveling, movies, music. In search of prince: Hispanic-American, tall (5'10" plus), professional, bilingual, who enjoys his culture and will appreciate mine. We could be perfect together. Note/photo. 2694 ✉

Request For Discovery—Smart/funny, Jewish, 6', 37, blue/brown, seeks an uncommon woman who's very bright, somewhat gregarious and genuinely romantic, with a great sense of humor. Photo/exhibits. 2693 ✉

Gay White Male—31, 5'9", physically fit, no smoke/disease/drugs. Distinguished, handsome, creative professional. Enjoy movies, dinners, friends, humor. Seek intelligent, active, counterpart, 28-40. 2727 ✉

Tall, Intelligent, Handsome, Sincere—Wall Street professional, divorced, 6'1", slender, very fit, 50s, Christian background - loves skiing, sailing, fly-fishing, hiking, ballet, theater, art exhibitions, traveling - romantic, loving, commitment-minded, nonsmoker. Seeks a very attractive, slender, warm, loving woman, 33-47 - athletic, adventurous, intellectual, classy, interested in a committed relationship. A note with photo and phone appreciated. 2689 ✉

Friend And Lover—Sensitive, affectionate guy, 46, interests from opera to trekking, wants to share, learn, explore together. Let's plot an adventure...and maybe a family? 2706 ✉

Life Is Better Than A Dream—With this lovely, ballerina-like, soft-spoken, Washington Square Jewish woman... Stylish, 5'5", wears short skirts, is a Francophile. Makes time for three to four vacations a year. Loves the Met and the Frick. This successful interior designer with no children seeks an energetic, well-organized, 48-58-year-old man with a delightful sense of humor, who enjoys navigating and is looking for that special person to join his loving family. Thoughtful note/photo, please. 2701 ✉ ☎

Blond, Green-Eyed Female—Good sense of humor, attractive, tall, slim, 31, Jewish, seeks tall (5'10"), professional, nice-looking, down-to-earth man, 30-39. Photo. 2741 ✉ ☎

Internationally Successful—Handsome, 40s. Loves art, nature, cooking. Seeks nonsmoking female, 30-45, caring, intelligent. Photo/note. POB 252, NYC 10274

Pretty, Witty In NYC—If you're tall and handsome, worth a king's ransom, 35-44, serious but not a bore, in the (212) area code, answer this ad - enough told. Photo a must. 2735 ✉

Attractive, Romantic—Intelligent CT female, 30, 5'5", 127, who loves nature, movies, skiing...seeks white, attractive, 35-50, professional, financially secure, mature man for commitment, marriage and children. Open to any religion. 2762✉

Single White Male—31, 5'10", blond hair, blue eyes, 170 lbs. I have an athletic build, with average looks. If I pass the physical test, you will not be disappointed with the mental aptitude portion of the exam. Everyone thinks they are a giver and not a taker, but I have dozens of sworn testimonials to support my claim. Now, if I can just meet a kindred spirit, we can be happy together forever. I am a firm believer in type-B living, so if everything from traffic to the weather gets you crazy, please do not respond. You should be athletic, intelligent, sensitive, and a big animal lover - because I have six dogs who need lots of attention. I love country living but the city is a nice diversion for entertainment. If you are between 20-30 years old and have similar qualities, please respond with a photo and note. 2797 ✉

These Big Blue Eyes—Belong to a 5'7", slender, beautiful (inside and out) Catholic female (35) who has high hopes of finding a really great guy. The handsome gentleman I seek should be a tall, slim, fun-loving, successful professional (34-44), who knows life is best when shared with someone special. Photo/note. 2752 ✉

Just Do It!—Beautiful, athletic, slender brunette (32) - loves the outdoors, fine food, travel, music, movies and the arts. Seeking successful and ambitious (30-40), athletic, family-minded, fun-loving man with similar interests. 2720✉☎

If You Are—A warm, playful, fun-loving, handsome, nonsmoking, 26-35, Jewish professional male who has a lust for life... then maybe we should meet. Very attractive Jewish attorney, 28, who is sincere, down-to-earth, caring, funny, Knicks/Seinfeld fan, animal-loving, tennis-playing female, looking for that special someone to experience life with. Note/photo/sparkle in the eye appreciated. 2768 ✉

Handsome, Gay White Male—Wall Street professional, 35, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 185 lbs, looking for similar, straight-acting and appearing, 25-35. I enjoy the beach, traveling, movies, working out and close friends. Please send note, photo and phone. 2790 ✉

We Both—Possess a kind disposition, a gentle touch and emotional/spiritual depth. We care about the feelings of others; therefore we try to think before we speak or act. We are fit and trim, with varied interests, sense of humor and traditional values. We are far too refined, sensitive and sensible to be part of the bar scene. I am a very attractive, sincere and successful, single Jewish male professional, 6', brown hair/eyes, very youthful 40, who is looking for that priceless woman to love and cherish. Note and photo, please. 2789 ✉

Tall, Good-Looking NYC Guy—Late 50s, 6', slim, fit, romantic, nonsmoker, looking for pretty, fit lady, 40-50, to be best friend, lover and enjoy life with. Photo a must. 2749 ✉

European—Christian professional gentleman, attractive, 32, 6', seeks intelligent, attractive lady. 2754 ✉ ☎

Character, Courage And Conscience—White male, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, never married. Sensitive, sentimental, successful. Seek woman of intelligence, inner strength, wisdom, Christian values. Average size or petite preferred. I don't believe in premarital sex! Live outside NYC area but travel often. 2760 ✉

Jewish Male, 31 Years Old—I can provide a comfortable life style for a sincere, pleasant young lady who appeals to me and who is thinking of settling down. Please respond with photo, note and phone number. 2742 ✉

Attractive, Fit Woman (46)—Seeks man seeking smart, independent thinker for equal partnership and an exciting second half. Nonsmoker. 2759 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Police Lieutenant—5'10 1/2", 190 lbs, young-looking 41, brown hair, blue eyes, MS degree, quite handsome, well-built, great sense of humor - enjoys working out, TV and music. Seeks emotionally stable woman, 23-36, ready, willing and able to commit to a long-term relationship with potential for marriage and children. Photo, please. 2724 ✉ ☎

A Cut Above The Rest—Sweet, sophisticated, sexy and smart, mid 40s, pretty, slender blond ready to meet a man with good values and character, who, like me, is tall, athletic, professional, and likes to have fun. If your life is fulfilling except for the romance that makes your heart race, let's talk. Photo please. 2750 ✉

Kind, Warm Jewish Male—44, 5'6", lawyer, intelligent, honest, unpretentious, very decent, fit, nonsmoker, sentimental, with a good sense of humor. Would love to meet a kind, pretty, NJ or NY Jewish female, 32-45, who very highly values her integrity and her family and friends, and who is empathic, reliable and affectionate. I am seeking to develop a wonderful friendship with her, and thereafter marry her. Note/photo/phone, please. 2777 ✉

Gay White Male—32, brown hair/eyes, 5'7", healthy. Small business owner, optimistic, great humor, ambitious, outgoing, real. Interests include rollerblading, movies. No drugs/disease/smoke. Looking for balanced equal. Photo. 2713 ✉

Pretty Lady Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 32-42, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 2718 ✉☎

Do You Like Curly Red Hair?—This petite, playful, professional NJ lady is seeking a man, 65-75, who is busy enjoying life and all its wonders, and wants someone to share it with. 2716 ✉

Exciting, Elegant, Exquisite—Ivy MA, honest, Demi Moore figure, city/country homes, super-successful, fit - seeks male equal, 44 plus. Photo for reply. 2763 ✉

Caring And Creative Male—Psychotherapist, 55, seeks adventurous and empathic, single white female professional, for companionship or commitment. Note and photo appreciated. 2732 ✉

own-To-Earth, Insightful—Friendly dy seeks single man (35-45) who's self-ware, intelligent, mature and dedicated the process of living and learning - to plore the possibility of starting a loving, mmitted relationship. 2702 ✉

ize 8 And Lookin' Great!—Profess-nal woman, 49, 5'6", with diverse terests from the athletic to the cerebral, eks a sensuous, sensitive, sincere man substance, 5'10" plus, for friendship, ve and more. Note/photo. 2717 ✉

m Old-Fashioned—I prefer IQ to GQ, ortsman to couch potato, self-evolved to lf-involved, talk to TV. Elegant, willowy, retty, 50, 5'8" lady seeking kindhearted, n-loving, romantic, secure, fit man with aditional values, to share simple plea-ures *and a quality relationship.* 2758 ✉

etite, Pentecostal, Pretty Woman—rofessional, 47, likes City, country, ports and you, I hope. Desires fit pirit-filled Christian man, same age, ell-educated, please. 2775 ✉

adiant, Dark-Haired—Successful wyer, 5'5", fun-loving, intuitive, great ugh. Loves beach, books, cooking - not aterialistic or looking for a high roller. eeks genuine good guy, 40s-50s, who nows how his baggage is packed, is egularly kind to himself and others, and looking for the real thing. 2708 ✉ ☎

ur Little Secret!—I never thought I ould answer an ad, let alone write one, ut I'm taking the plunge. Handsome, harming, warm, 5'11", businessman/ttorney, 34, Jewish, seeking extremely varm, sincere, pretty, loving woman, 7-34, religion not important. Please end note and photo. 2670 ✉

eady To Fall—Easygoing, financially ecure, relatively fit, single Jewish male nonreligious), who enjoys skiing, scuba, novies, dining out and laughing, looking or a bright, loving, attractive woman, 8-42, to fall for. Photo. 2722 ✉

ot Perfect But Not Bad—Very good-ooking, boyishly young - if that's possible with the dash of grey in my temples, in my 0s (look 40), stay in shape, 5'10". I'm ery bright, totally lapsed Catholic, upbeat, witty, successful and a gentleman to boot. augh all the time - however, often at my wn jokes. Kind, generous, strong and a ood friend. Not perfect - try somewhat mpatient and demanding. You're not erfect either, but you are a very pretty ady, 30-42, who is shapely and trim. You re bright, together, and have a real good ense of humor. Your religion and race re unimportant. Photo helpful. 2697 ✉

Fit, Fun And Forty—Pianist/writer, into karate, seeks female for romance and lots of laughter. Note/photo/phone. 2782 ✉ ☎

Latina Beauty Sought—By successful Jewish professional, JFK Jr. type, 38, 6'2", sweet, kind, caring, *affectionate, with a* heart of gold. 2791 ✉ ☎

Petite Brunette—30s, Jewish female seeks tall Jewish male, rugged/lean, sensual. Photo required. 2728 ✉

Very Pretty, Fit, Fun Lady—Of Italian roots, seeks single white male of character, 5'10" plus, 38-49, dining/theater/sports/travel/cuddles. Mug shot please. 2783 ✉

Looking To Share A Table For Two—Gay white male, 50, 6'. Sincerity and a sense of humor are important. Note and phone number. 2748 ✉

Average, Normal Man—53 years young, 5'8", seeks Jewish woman, 35-48, who does not smoke and lives in NYC. 2723 ✉

I Am Attractive And Cute—37, single white Jewish female, dark-haired, blue-eyed; professional, 5'3". You are 34-42 (preferably Jewish), tall, attractive, intelligent, stable and secure male. Let's meet. Photo/note for response. 2700 ✉

Where Are You?—Sincere, quick-witted, *beautiful, 39, slim, 5'5", Catholic woman* with big brown eyes, traditional values - looking for a classy, successful, handsome gentleman who is passionate about work/play, with an adventurous spirit, to enjoy all life has to offer. Photo/note. 2788 ✉

Home And Hearth—Successful, down-to-earth, 42-year-old mother of one sweet girl, seeks warm, kindhearted, successful man with integrity, 37-45, to share picnics in the country. Photo, please. 2784 ✉

Adventurous Manhattanite Traveler—Seeking woman, 50ish - for anywhere. Photo necessary. 2779 ✉

Attractive Jewish Gal—31, 5'5", thin, witty, seeks fun and romance with attractive, professional, nonsmoking man, 30-38. Photo. 2786 ✉ ☎

Your Chance To Meet—*A handsome* mensch, 36, whose interests include travel, movies, Seinfeld and NY. You are a Jewish, slim, laid-back, never-married professional, 24-32, and believe in happy endings. Photo, please. 2709 ✉

Be My 40th Birthday Present—Hard-working brunette, Brazilian, 5'6", 120 lbs, *nonsmoker - seeks stable man who is* ready for a commitment, marriage and children. Note/photo. 2705 ✉

"Woof! Woof!"—I'm looking for a playmate for me and my mom. She's 54, Jewish, petite, very pretty, warm, funny and successful! If you can buy me toys, too, laugh and love, please write us. Be honest and down-to-earth! Thanks. 2769 ✉

Let's Fall In Love—Sincere, successful Jewish dad, 48 - well-grounded, trim, athletic and bright. Enjoys jazz, cinema and outdoors. Seeks warmhearted, physically fit, interesting woman to share love and laughter. 2726 ✉ ☎

Energetic, Well-Traveled—Attractive Jewish female, 5'6", 120, 33, biologist, healthy life style, independent, playful, seeks partner in single/divorced Jewish male, 32-40, intelligent, fit, thought-provoking and energized by conversation, urban or outdoor adventures, and laughter. Photo/note. 2703 ✉

Warm, Witty, Pretty—Creative entrepreneur, 38 - politically active, world-traveled adventurer with passion for film, literature, camping, zydeco music, dogs, tabloid TV - Jewish, Ivy-educated. Seeks kindred spirit for friendship, romance, love. Photo/note. 2764 ✉

Zest For Life—Very successful, handsome professional - enjoys travel, dining, working out and all NYC has to offer. Seeks that special Christian female, 24-34, who is warm, outgoing and adventurous. Must be looking for laughing, loving relationship. Photo. 2761 ✉

Marathon Goddess Wanted—Are you running NY this year? Veteran marathoner (36, 6', affluent, attractive, single white *male) is taking the year off and wants to* experience the race vicariously through you. Unlimited support and encouragement offered. Heart more important than pace. Let's make this occasion the start of a wonderful relationship. 2776 ✉

Wanted:—Wasp, well-bred woman, 50s, athletic, by media person. If you've answered before, *please do so again.* 2787 ✉

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Attractive, Tall—Intelligent woman, 30, with a warm heart, genuine nature and adventurous spirit. Passions include world travel, backpacking, literature, city culture. Seeks brainy, down-to-earth, curious man with whom to share life's challenges and pleasures. Note and photo. 2755 ✉

The Perfect Boyfriend—I would rather spend time with you than be out with the guys, and would rather talk to you about your career, hopes and dreams than watch sports, drink beer or talk about myself. I take pride in being a perfect gentleman, love to buy flowers, and value caring, loyalty, intimacy and commitment. At 43, I am tall and slim with GQ looks, MD, MBA, tennis champ, author, jazz pianist, Catholic, healthy, wealthy and wise. I seek a sincere, warmhearted, accomplished, marriage-minded lady (nonsmoker) with depth of character, great personality and high moral values. Send bio/photo. 2707 ✉

Irish Eyes 'N' Smilin'!—Vivacious Irish (authentic) redhead, tall (5'9"), professional, 32 years... "Sexy, good-looking and great legs" (so I'm told, though...it's been a little while now!!!). Seeks fine, handsome man (32-47), kind, caring, sense of humor, to share good times. Recent photo/note. 2699 ✉

Elegant Black Woman, 50s—Seeks successful white male. Letter/photo. 2698 ✉

Romance In Roslyn—A rare male seeks kind, shapely, 45ish lady. Write to POB 127, Albertson, LI, NY 11507

Looking For A Relationship—This 6', blond, blue-eyed, attractive, slim, 43, well-traveled photographer seeks friendship, commitment and passion. Looking for an earthy, slender, creative soul - *white female, 30-35, to share good times* and more. Photo appreciated. 2745 ✉ ☎

Old-Fashioned Romantic—Loves sending flowers and cards, 35, 6', attractive, fit, Ivy-educated professional man who is *truly sensitive, caring and warmhearted,* seeks bright, pretty (212) professional woman, 23-35 years old, with a heart of *gold, who will appreciate all that I have* to offer. Letter/phone/photo. 2738 ✉

Strikingly Pretty, Unique—(Youthful 40s), 5'6", NYC female, slim, long auburn hair, successful, health-conscious, passionate, creative, thoughtful - loves dogs, films, etc. Seeks 6' plus male, very handsome, non-balding, intelligent, *extremely successful, adventurous, not con-*servative, emotionally and physically fit. Note/photo a must. Will exchange. 2696 ✉

Physician, NYC—Seeks warm, bright, upbeat woman to 50. Nonsmoker. 2793 ✉

The Sultan of Brunai has 42 wives.
Do you even know 42 women?

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MARY ANN MADDEN #863

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Reality Chick
Hi, Honey, I'm Homo.
Perignon(dom)
Editer
HairyBeast(m)

Above, actual virtual names: handles used online. Competitors are invited to devise one provocative and/or appalling nom de chat.

Results of Competition 860, in which you were asked for the opening line of human-to-Martian colloquy.

Report: It begins: Yo, whatup? How you doin'? Gimme three. Live around here? What's your sign? Come here often? How was your flight? Nice eye. Is that a xablonk in your pocket or are you just zklv to see me? Pleasure, Mr. Perot. You may already be a winner. So . . . are you single? Funny, you don't look Martian. How on earth did you get here? Topics: Green cards. Antennae. Planet Hollywood. Amway. Mileage. *Independence Day.* No-parking zones. Elvis. Walston. Welles. And, dubitably, ET. What we have is a swell read. One long series of earthy conversation openers, thanks to you. Oh, many thanks to you. The End. Or . . . is it?

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"Well, finally the voice has a face."
Maria Asencio, Brooklyn

"¡Hola! Conosca la Macarena?"
Bill Zimmerman, Cheltenham, Pa.
also prizes to: Barbara S. Migdal, N.Y.C.; Joan Cohen, N.Y.C.; Felice Itzkoff, Forest Hills, N.Y.

"Hi! We met in Roswell."
JeanAnn B. Abuhove
also prize to: Robert Bosnak, Baden, Pa.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"I'm white with envy."
Jordan Foster, N.Y.C.

"Why, Dennis Rodman! What a beautiful wedding dress!"
Lawrence S. Drexler, Wilmington, Del.
also prizes to: Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.; Shirley Brandsen, Zeeland, Mich.; Roy Plymale, N.Y.C.; Dana Kotter, New Rochelle, N.Y.

"Abduct my wife, please."
Leon Blitz, Passaic, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

"Green people, red planet—you must celebrate Christmas all the time."
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

"It's the economy, stupid."
Arnie Danoff, West Palm Beach, Fla.

"How do you stay so slim?"
Judy Mostowitz, Brooklyn

"No, the convention was last month."
Kenneth Levine, Washington, D.C.
similarly: David Gammon, Los Angeles, Calif.; Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.; John Zervoulakos, Greenwich, Conn.

"Didn't you go to Brown?"
John Manieri, N.Y.C.

"Nothing alien is human to me."
Francis Alsen, N.Y.C.

"So, who's your long-distance carrier?"
Charles Almon, Brooklyn,

"Mujibur, right?"
S. Leader, Narbeth, Pa.

"Can we talk?"
N. Rocco, Brooklyn

"You talkin' to me?"
The Rev. Thomas Farrelly, Bronx; April C. Knapp, Brooklyn

"I'm a woman—you probably already know my husband."
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.
similarly: Jane Catlett, Hilton Head, S.C.; Mona McKenna, N.Y.C.

"Have I got a Venusian for you!"
Wayne Maibaum, New Rochelle, N.Y.

"Put the card in with the magnetic strip down."
Max Tolan, Pasadena, Calif.

"Do you have Earth bars there?"
John DiLeo, N.Y.C.
similarly: Douglas Monaghan, Floral Park, N.Y.

"Weren't you in *New York*'s fashion issue?"
Helen Shaffer, Chambersburg, Pa.
similarly: Will Homisak, San Francisco, Calif.

"Small world, isn't it?"
Norman Kuperberg, N.Y.C.; Tim Chin, Bayside, N.Y.

"Sooooooo, you're here."
William A. Hinkley, Washington, D.C.

"Excuse me, are you a registered voter?"
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

"Hot enough for you?"
Rhea Malinofky, Hollis Hills, N.J.
Elizabeth Kane, Narvon, Pa.

"What kept you?"
Corin Graf, Austin, Tex.

"Brother, can you spare a dime?"
Peggy Welkie, Middletown, Pa.

"Smile, you're on *Candid Camera.*"
Joan Moore, Naperville, Ill.

"Been here, done this, right?"
Sally L. Levine, Chicago, Ill.

"Ray guns don't kill earthlings, Martians kill earthlings."
Skip Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

"Hey, dude, your head's smokin'."
Andrew Gordon, West Hollywood, Calif.

"From somewhere between a rock and a hard place, right?"
Peter Lucas, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Lisa Karbiner, N.Y.C.

"Welcome to planet Earth. Use as directed."
William H. Lederle Jr., West Milford, N.J.

"You must be Alien MacMahon . . . that's a joke."
Jan Leighton, N.Y.C.

"Hey there, you with the stars in your ears."
Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"You left your lights on."
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

"I see you have the latest John Grisham."
John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

"Neat hat. It is a hat, isn't it?"
Jeff Strate, Eden Prairie, Minn.

"You, too?"
J. M. O'Malley, Littleton, Ore.

"Uh, that a rental?"
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

"You can't have my Bud Light."
L. Dunn, N.Y.C.

"Okay, so your people will talk to my people about 25 percent at the back end for an exclusive option to your life-story rights regarding book, television, cable, and motion pictures, plus 10 percent net of all ancillary worldwide product sales for the first five years."
Lefty Steinbrocker, Los Angeles, Calif.
sp. ment.: Mark Wilson, N.Y.C.

"Pardon me, but would you have any Grey Poupon?"
Cheryl Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.; Bill Weiss, N.Y.C.

"You look like you just got off the red-eye!"
Allan Katz, Monsey, N.Y.

"Stay right where you are—this syringe is loaded with penicillin, and I'm not afraid to use it."
Murray J. Aronson, Long Beach, Miss.
sp. ment.: Leonard Stevenson, Levittown, N.Y.; Lana Weinbach, St. Louis, Mo.

"Hi! Here's the common cold."
John Michael Tribelli, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Mary Olson, Springfield, Va.;
H. Bartow Farr Jr., Winston-Salem, N.C.

"Awfully hot, what?"
Lauren Sheppard, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Whatever."
Dorna Vired, Bettendorf, Iowa

"Hey! That's a really weird-looking flashli—"
Bob Barrie, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Messrs. Spielberg, Katzenberg, Geffen on line one; Mr. Emmerich on line two."
Gregg Brettschneider, Brooklyn, N.Y.
similarly: David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

"Care for a lift in my Saturn?"
Susan Coburn, Branford, Conn.

"Please wipe your foot before entering. . . . Thank you."
Barbara Adams, Reston, Va.

"But of course that doesn't include shipping and handling . . ."
Carol Weiss Rosenberg, South Bend, Ind.

"How's the weather up there?"
Charlie Myers, Laurel, Md.

"One Big Mac and a small fries to go, please."
Phil Sugar, Yonkers, N.Y.

"With?"
Jean Pasche, Melrose, Minn.

"Would you care for fries with your order?"
R. Griffith, Huntington Station, N.Y.

"So, I understand you're here to meet Kathie Lee Gifford?"
Lee Bridge Cognetta, Staten Island

"Your pizza's here."
Frieda Morgenstern, San Diego, Calif.

"Seven. How many orifices in *your* head?"
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

"Is that to go?"
Mary Ann Gorman, Yonkers, N.Y.

"Are you better off now than you were four years ago?"
Orah Presby, Teaneck, N.J.

"Living stone, I presume."
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

"Do you know the way to San Jose?"
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

"Location, location, location."
Real-estate division, Olnick Orgnization, N.Y.C.

"They've moved. It's 444 Madison Avenue now."
Allen-Brookins-Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.
similarly: Tom Starzl, LeMars, Iowa

"Stick 'em up."
Jack Greenfield, Satellite Beach, Fla.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 863, ***NEW YORK* MAGAZINE, 444 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10022-6999** or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by October 11. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the November 18 issue.

Stevens *continued from page 67*

nized a show on the artist for MOMA and wrote: "The later de Chirico is a tragedy that turned into a farce."

In the Hunter exhibition, that farce is recast as a triumph. In their catalogue, the organizers write in the confident manner of those resurrecting a reputation and correcting a historical injustice. They admire late de Chirico for his "strategies" of appropriation, parody, and pastiche; they like the way he scrambles high and low traditions. After all, isn't that what our world is like today? Even de Chirico's reproduction of his work can be read as a Warholian attack on the idea of originality. Any dismissal of his "kitsch" or complaint about his declining formal skills seems, from this standpoint, an instance of modernist blindness, snobbery, and even intolerance.

There is no question, I think, that late de Chirico is a postmodern hero. For the same reason, however, he merits the contempt of many high modernists. This is where the exhibition displays a lack of critical empathy (toward the naysayers) and an unwillingness to honor the irreconcilable differences that mark modern culture. Many great artists in this century simply could not have achieved what they did and still admire late de Chirico. Their values are too different—and are grossly caricatured, incidentally, when presented as an elitist commitment to "formalism" or "originality."

ART

Late de Chirico, as Emily Braun rightly argues, is a figure in the tradition of camp, social critique, and dandified taste. This is a significant tradition in modern culture, and it flourishes in periods when there are few powerful secular or religious beliefs among intellectuals. Today it is dominant. Marcel Duchamp, who defended late de Chirico when few others did, is its great master. But this outlook also poses a serious challenge to many art traditions. The postmodern dislike for the judgmental—and horror of the earnest—undermines the cultural faith in high achievement in a great tradition. Its playful, skimming way with the past weakens any aspiration to some deeper relation to the old masters. (Not everyone wants to turn Dad into Dada.) Its tolerance of a slapdash style discourages a commitment to the craft of painting.

Of course, there remain connections between the two de Chiricos, but the differences are vital and deserve respect. You cannot ask a certain kind of modernist to admire late de Chirico any more than you can ask Andy Warhol to stop saying "Wow." You cannot finally reconcile Cézanne's stare with Duchamp's smile. ■

Leonard *continued from page 68*

had a lot more fun back in the Stone Age, before money became our only religion.

A SUBPLOT OF *OLIVER'S TRAVELS* INVOLVES A Scottish computer hacker (Charlotte Coleman) who aids and abets the middle-aged lovers by causing a convenient system crash. I wouldn't have mentioned it at all, but I need a segue to the oddest TV movie of the week, **Carver's Gate** (Saturday, October 5; 8 to 10 P.M.; Sci-Fi). The hacker as a futuristic cowboy-shamus-samurai is by now a convention of cyberpunk fiction: *High Noon* and *Yojimbo* in the data havens of the matrix. That these hackers could be female was obvious from Lori Singer in *VR.5* and Sandra Bullock in *The Net. Carver's Gate* is the next evolutionary step in meat-machine interface. Late in the twenty-first century, low on food, minerals, and breathable air, our only escape from living like moles in caves is a virtual-reality game of DreamLife, into which we jack ourselves for a hit of Wild West danger, forbidden sex, and religious ecstasy. Not only has Diana (Tara Maria Manuel) designed the program for every level of this addictive game; she has also populated all of cyberspace with her lurid notions of hell and damnation; managed somehow to computer-generate her own evil alter ego; and invented a "Transcender" capable of "materializing" these VR luridities—horned beasts, gang-bangers, ninjas—into the flesh-and-blood world through a "rift" in the density of digitized flimflam. A renegade cybercop named Carver (Michael Paré) must boot up to save humanity.

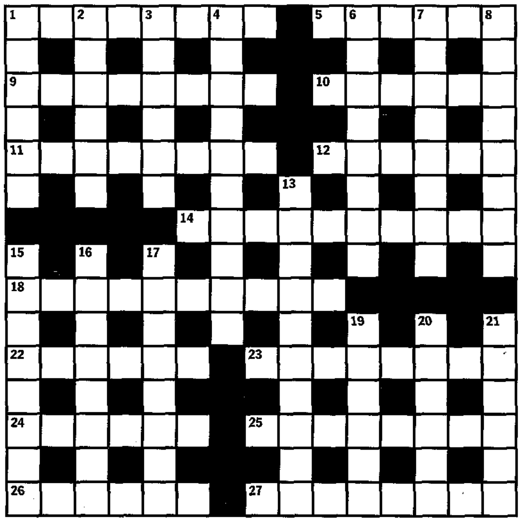
TELEVISION

There are some interesting ideas running around in this punk movie, like loose screws—cyberspace as an id, "trapped consciousness" like a trashed program, angels of ecological death, machine dreams, and cannibalism. And a trickier-than-usual psychodynamic—besides having been intimate with one mad scientist (Diana), Carver is the son of another mad scientist (who abandoned him when he was just a little pixel). He's got those R&D Oedipal blues. And Michael Paré is in many respects a perfect cyberpunk, an Elvis epigone with greasy antecedents in rock-and-roll B movies. If we can't imagine his hacking his way into a box of raisin bran, he'd still be biker-hip at a crash club, in black leather with a nipple ring. Of course, monotone and monochrome, he can't act. But bad acting seems almost the aesthetic point of *Carver's Gate*, as if in abject homage to fifties sci-fi. Bad acting, like bad writing, is a proof of sincerity and authenticity. Cyberpunk is nothing if not post-literate. ■

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Greeks without, Paris is lacking time within. (8)
5 A monkey rushes about. (6)
9 Plenty of corporal punishment. (8)
10 Cake found in city den. (6)
11 Whatever is inside is satisfactory. (8)
12 A lot of money in a carton. (6)
14 Tremendous object seen outside Neath? (10)
18 Queen holding imperial leader in Egypt. (10)
22 After midnight many see phantoms. (6)
23 Witches and social worker coming to a mutual agreement. (8)
24 Join together again in fact. (6)
25 Fellow involved in robbery is a pleasure-seeker. (8)
26 Fuel one found in parts of Leeds. (6)
27 Loose Nutcracker number. (8)



DOWN

1 Comfort a cold fish outside. (6)
2 Acquiescence when entrusted with a mission? (6)
3 Worked hard to set up food shop. (6)
4 A poisonous plant almost leads to terrible deaths. (10)
6 Measures the acres in a new way. (8)
7 Island resort—straight part with nothing round. (8)
8 Generalship: destruction of targets to military end. (8)
13 In a top position, church dignitary from Australasia? (10)
15 Sick with greed, terribly worried. (8)
16 Drink—one featured in French newspaper. (8)
17 Is ballet set in prison? (8)
19 Old English—not any lover of Paris. (6)
20 Like Hamlet and his play. (6)
21 Old coin for one setting forth. (6)

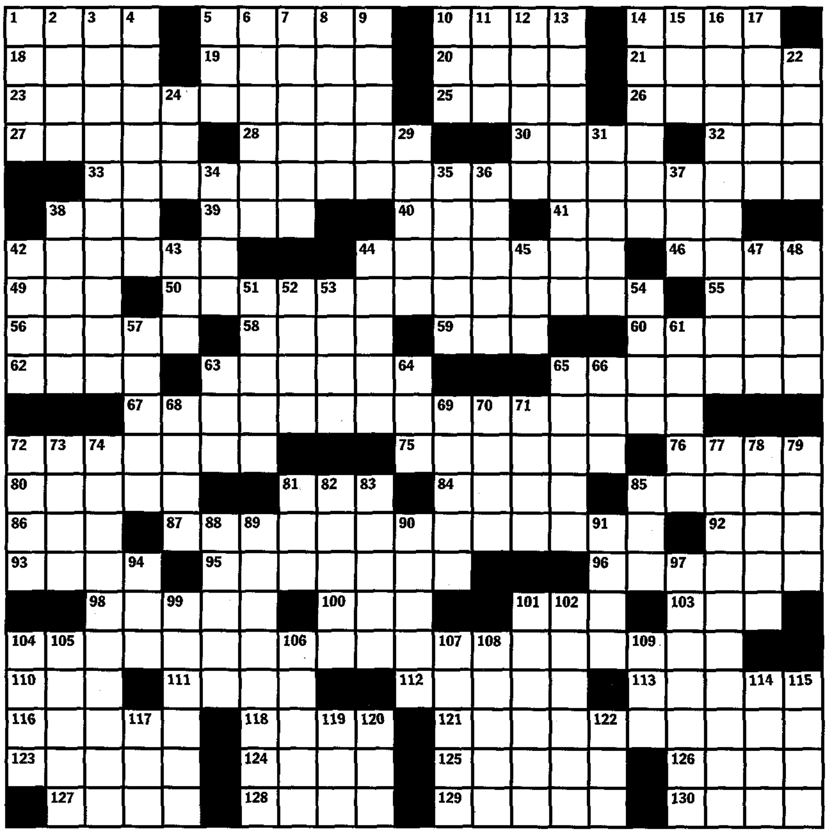
'Subtraction': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Shindig
5 Oklahoma National Park
10 Cheese burg
14 Guinea pig's cousin
18 "Able was I —— saw Elba"
19 Prefix with iliac
20 Much of Mongolia
21 Steer clear of
23 Phone Barnum? (minus 3)
25 Muscat's land
26 Diehard's cry
27 Baking potato
28 Unripe
30 Hasty, as a judgment
32 Abbr. in Montgomery
33 Where Clark's family lives? (minus 7)
38 Feathery scarf
39 Ethnic suffix
40 Darjeeling export
41 Fragrant bush
42 Lifestyle expert Stewart
44 Bar, to Bogart
46 Willing
49 Boxing great
50 Story of urban life? (minus 2)
55 Lair
56 LSD guru Timothy
58 Zero, in tennis
59 High train lines
60 Mountain nymph
62 Run in neutral
63 Oscar-winner Wright
65 Bears witness to
67 Answer to the quota system, with "The"? (minus 7)
72 Breaks faith with
75 Puckered fabric
76 Boric, for one
80 Really hate
81 Tree exudate
84 Poker chip-in
85 List of candidates
86 Hide —— hair
87 Wild kids? (minus 10)
92 Skip town
93 Biblical oldster
95 Place for Victor Herbert's "Babes"
96 Actress Andress
98 Uinta tribesmen
100 Doggy-bag item
101 Sash for Suzuki
103 Prepaid med. plan
104 Divorce certificates? (minus 6)
110 Stadium shout
111 Material for 66-Down
112 Repair a ship
113 Assault on the ears
116 Old Athenian mall
118 Type of vaccine
121 Bedroom furnishing? (minus 1)
123 Meadow flower
124 Recording ribbon
125 Towels off
126 Prince William's school
127 Ending for Ann or Nan
128 Outbuilding
129 Start of an Austen title
130 Singer McEntire

DOWN

1 Half a vitamin deficiency
2 Needing rain
3 Concerning the Upper House
4 Act uppity
5 Before omega
6 Slow musical movements
7 Grow, as interest on money
8 Aligns
9 "We're Off —— the Wizard"
10 Psyche component
11 DeLuise or Perignon
12 Put to shame
13 Garland's second
14 Kind of correspondent
15 Greeting to Caesar
16 Ceremonial parades
17 One of the Astaires
22 Eventful periods
24 Track star Sebastian
29 "—— I can help it!"
31 Nimble
34 Tropics topic
35 Buyer of stolen goods
36 Language of southern India
37 Caddie's tote
38 Packaged like cotton
42 Where Timbuktu is
43 Farm stack
44 "Whither thou ——, I will go": Ruth
45 Part of T.G.I.F.
47 Butcher's display
48 Football positions
51 Baldwin and Guinness
52 Folk history
53 Equally matched
54 "And —— bed"
57 Printed copy, for short
61 Of the kidneys
63 Make a stab at
64 Rattlesnake's relative
65 Without a clue
66 Four-in-hand
68 Rank above viscount
69 Star of Chan films
70 "The Swedish Nightingale"
71 —— nad Labem, Czech city
72 Thorn in the side
73 Black, in odes
74 In every part
77 Slander
78 Author Calvino
79 "La Plume —— Tante"
81 Hoggery
82 —— a sudden
83 Bartletts, e.g.
85 Ukr. was one
88 "With this ring —— wed"
89 Sots
90 Opposite of exhume
91 Night, in Nantes
94 Riv. boat
97 Gunman
99 Create fizziness
101 Source
102 Uses the Jacuzzi
104 Not colorful
105 America's bird
106 TV's Winfrey
107 Awaits decision
108 In flames
109 Those elected
114 Elitist
115 Poet Millay
117 Pensioned off: abbr.
119 Simian
120 Conducted
122 Between Mao and tung



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 99.

irschorn *continued from page 45*

own from that terrifying 150/100 to 30/90. More recently it has clocked in at 20/80 and, worrisome for different rea-ons, as low as 96/60.

By the end of ten weeks, I had lost 50 ounds, but Barretta was not done with e. He let me in on a secret: He had been sing me as a guinea pig for two new orkout programs he was developing. oth debuted at Equinox's four clubs last onth with a staff of twenty trainers. One rogram, now called E-CLIPS—short for the umbersome Equinox Customized ifestyle Improvement Performance Sys-em—I had just completed. I was just bout to begin the next one, called E-AX—for Equinox Masters of Advanced xercise—and designed, Barretta says, to et former athletes back into "top physical hape." Each program costs $7,500 to 10,000, depending on the package, and an be customized to fit the health and ime needs of the client. For instance, the esigner Nicole Miller and the actress Tra-y Pollan, Michael J. Fox's wife, both went hrough the program after giving birth. Full disclosure: I was allowed to partici-ate in the program free of charge with the nderstanding that I would write about my xperiences whether or not I lost weight.)

But forget the specifics: The combina-ion of diet and intensive training pays off ig-time. I was, I began to notice, becom-ng fitter than I had ever been in my life. On the treadmill, Barretta would push me o 6.0, 6.5, 7.0 miles per hour, then raise he incline to ten, twelve, even fifteen degrees. On the Cybex bike, I could cycle at 100 revolutions a minute at the top resis-ance. At one point, I ran into the ground a emiprofessional athlete Barretta invited long to train with us. She (I know, I now) stomped off in a huff.

On other days, Barretta would hand me off to super-beefy and wildly charismatic oxing pro Frank Bruchette, who let me se his pecs as literal punching bags and who, a couple of times, brought me in to work with his client Daniel Day-Lewis, who flailed away with fearsome intensity and spoke to no one.

At the end of twenty weeks—give or take two for the time I became overtaxed from exercise and work and almost pitched over onto my face and nearly ended up in the hospital—I had knocked off 80 pounds. At 228 (I've since regained a few), I was not exactly Calvin Klein–underwear material, but my waist size had dropped from 52 to 36 and I felt more healthy than I had since high school. I now run 15 miles a week, bike 20 to 40, and lift regularly. Make no mistake: This new freedom was hard-won. The program is a touch more difficult than sucking down a bunch of Slim-Fast shakes. But you probably figured that out by now. "This is," Barretta says a bit too cheerfully, "boot camp." ▬

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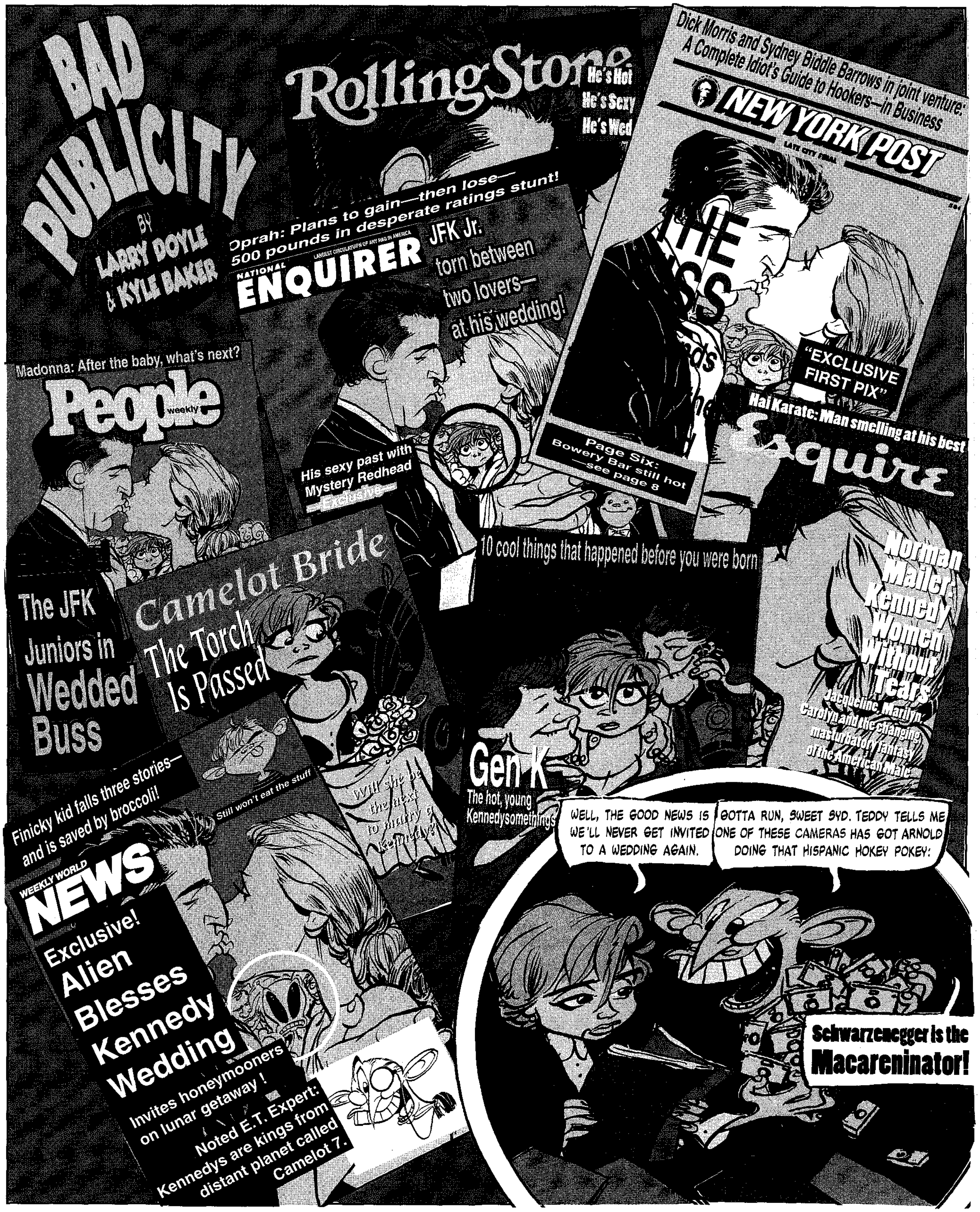
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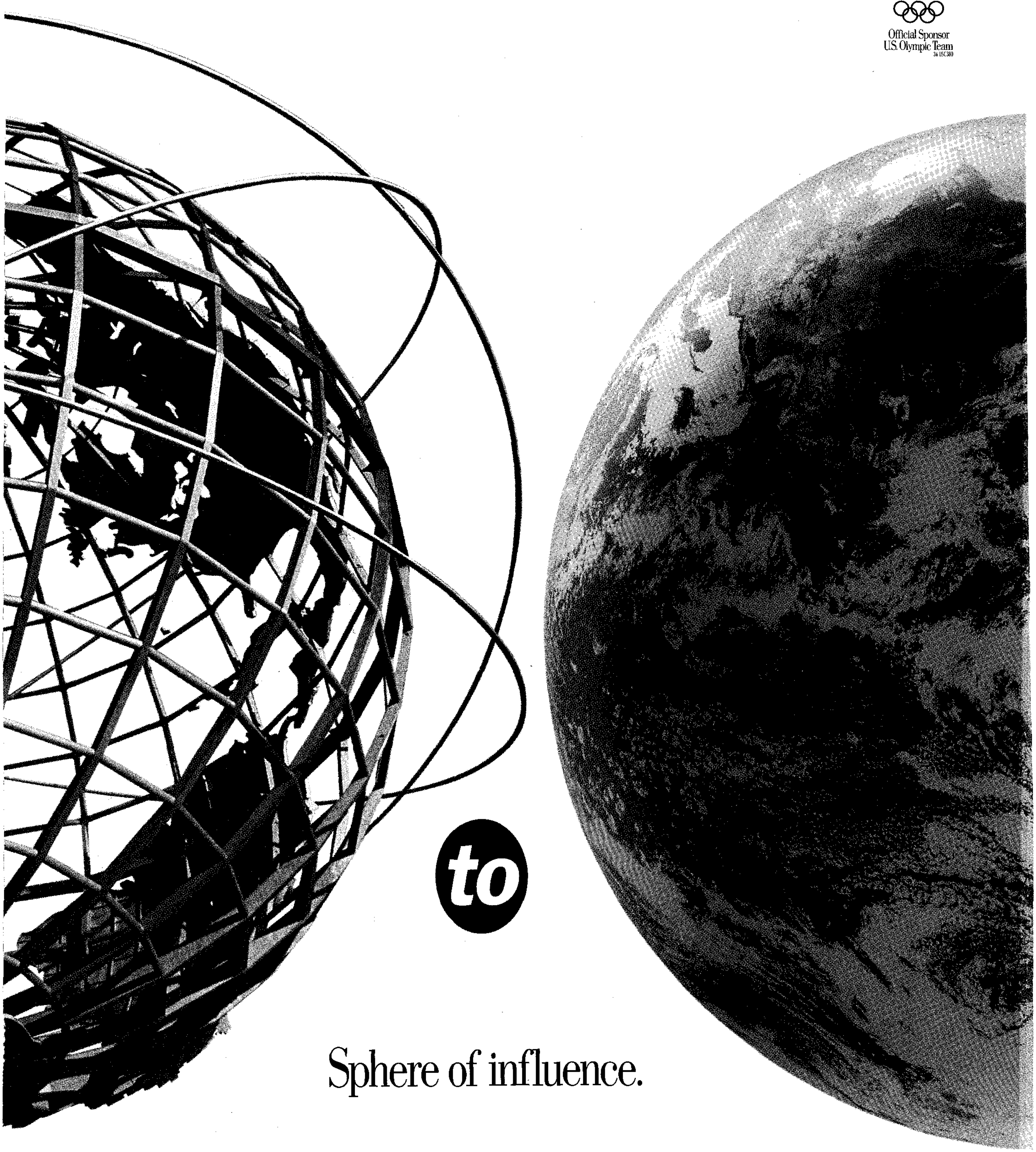

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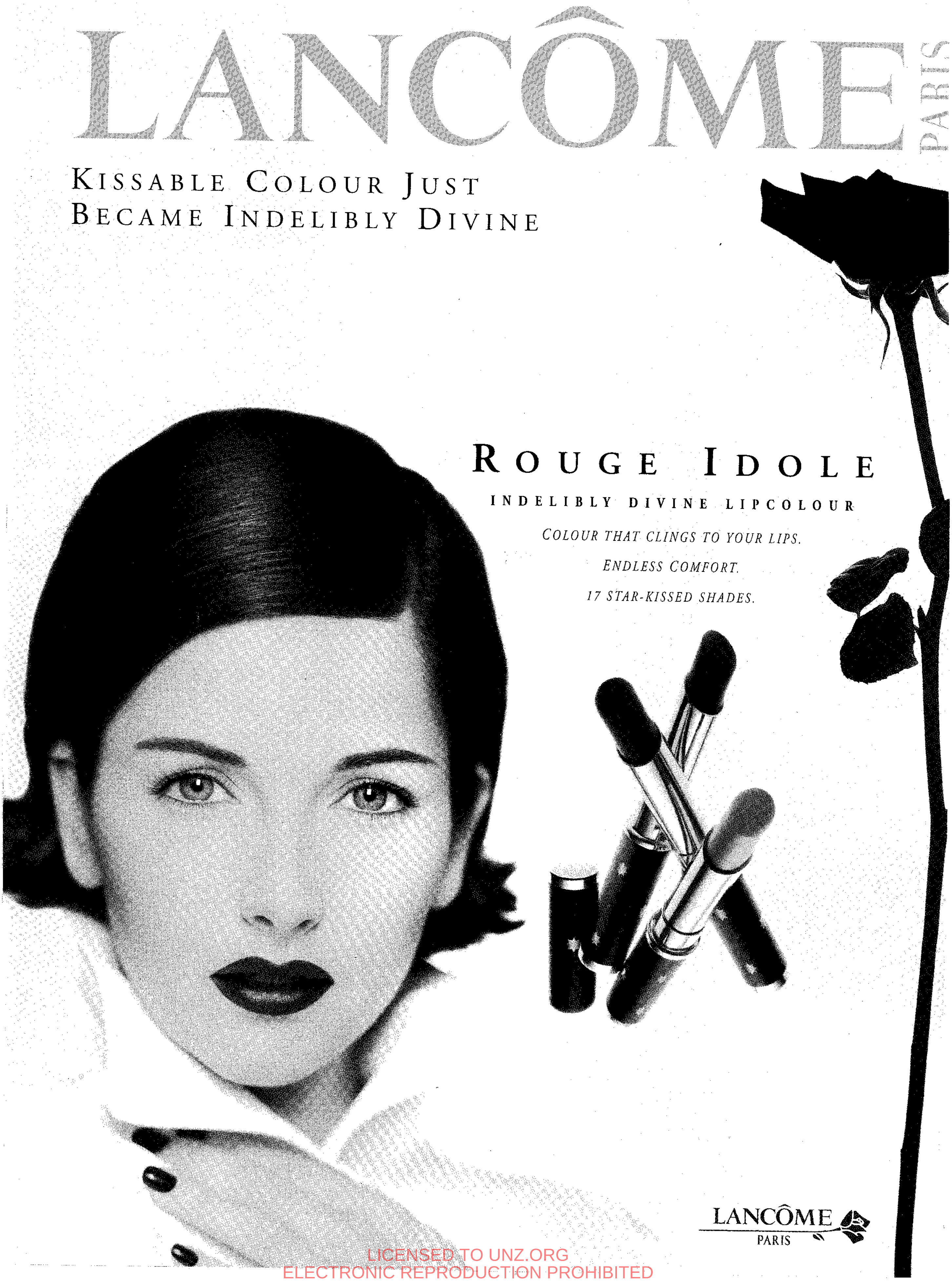

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